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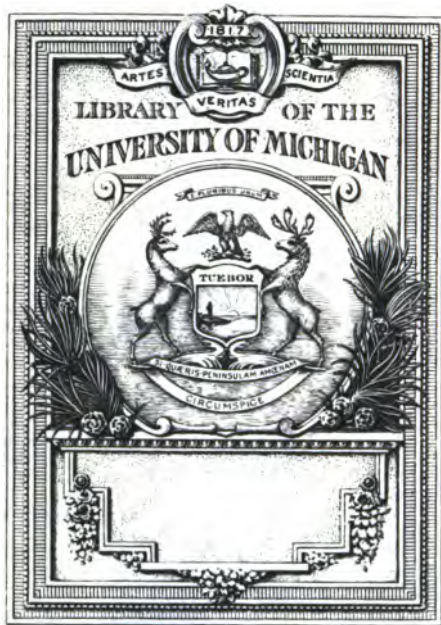
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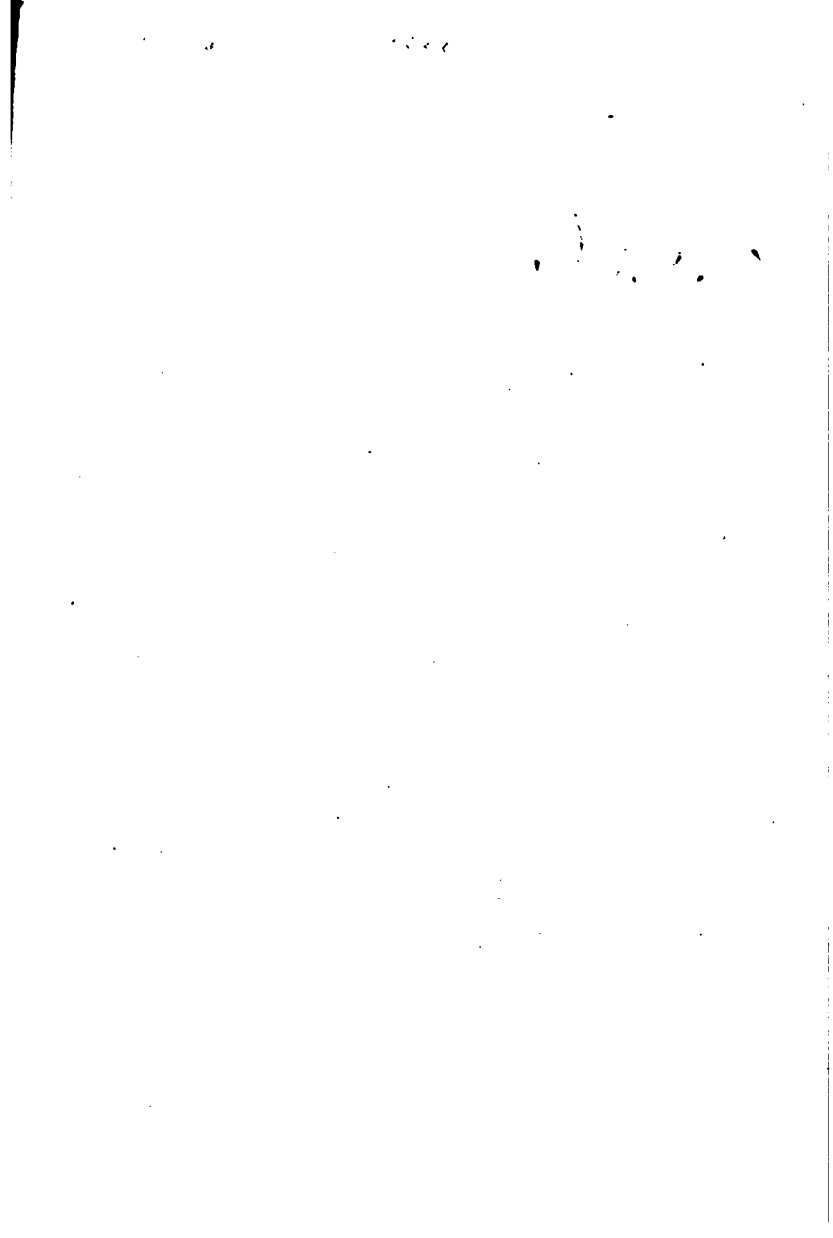
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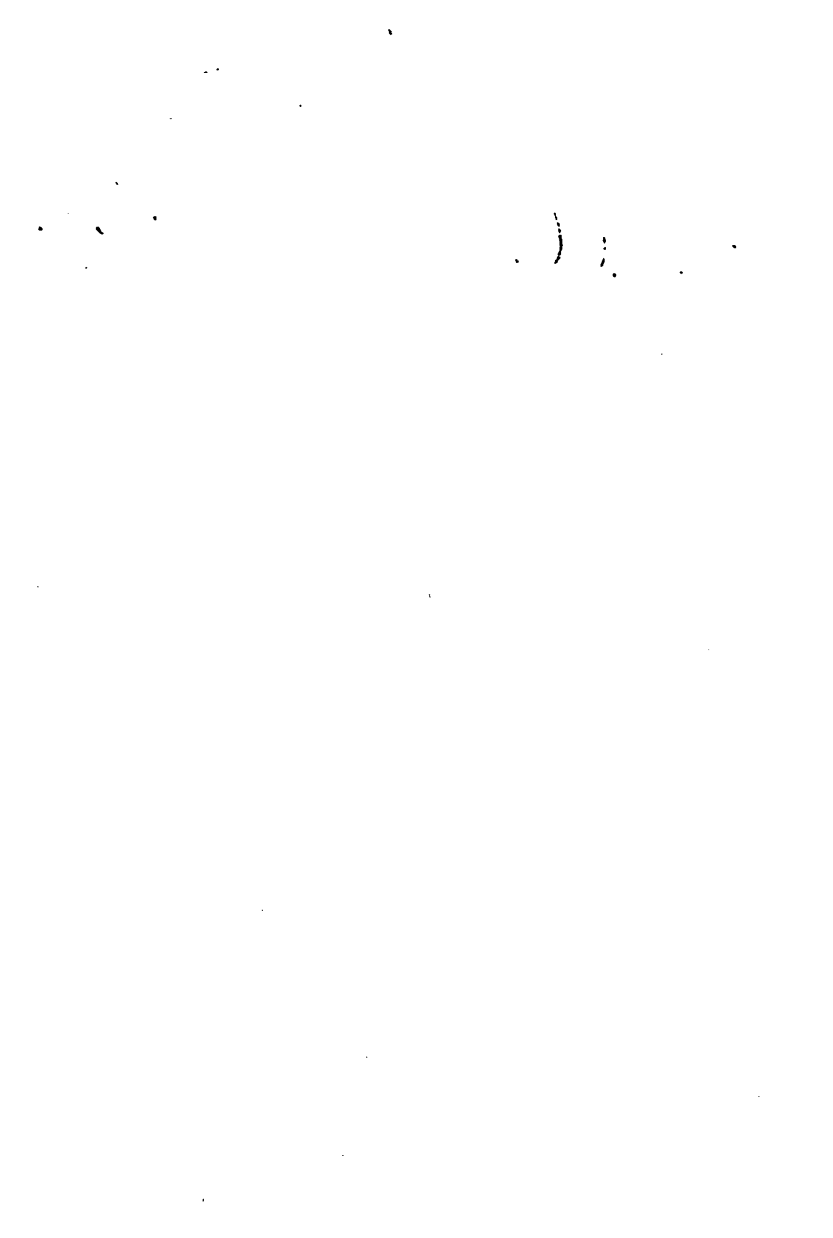
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LEISURE HOUR SERIES.—No. 100

A CENTURY
OF
AMERICAN LITERATURE

1776—1876

Edited by

Augustine
HENRY A. BEERS

Assistant Professor of English Literature in

YALE COLLEGE



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1878

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PREFACE.

THE retrospective turn given to American thought by the celebrations of the Centennial year, has stimulated an interest in the history of our literature. Mr. W. J. Linton's *Poetry of America** and Mr. Charles F. Richardson's *Primer of American Literature*† are perhaps symptomatic of this. Prof. M. C. Tyler's *History of American Literature*, long announced, is now also said to be forthcoming—at least the first part of it.

The aim of the present volume is to give a series of selections from some forty or fifty authors no longer living, illustrative of the growth of American literature from 1776 to 1876. It is designed to represent only polite literature in the narrow sense; poetry, fiction, humor, satire, sketches of life and character. History, biography, travel, oratory, and, in general, what Coleridge has called "the literature of knowledge," are excluded.

In the short notices prefixed to the selections, no attempt has been made at a bibliography. Where the

* London : George Bell & Sons, 1878.

† Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1878.

date of a publication is mentioned, it occurs merely as an incident in the writer's life.

The large collections of Kettell, Griswold, and Duyckinck have given valuable aid in the preparation of the book ; but I have "gone behind the returns" in all but a few instances, where the original works were not accessible to me. My thanks are due to the publishers who have kindly allowed me the use of copyrighted matter.

HENRY A. BEERS.

NEW HAVEN, November, 1878.

INTRODUCTION.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

THE literature of the American Colonies contains much of historical interest, little of purely artistic worth. The center of intellectual activity then, as later, was New England. The leaders of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay plantations were mainly clergymen, many of them graduates of Cambridge. Literature in England had taken a strong theological bias since the accession of James in 1603; and considering our forefathers' calling and errand into this wilderness, it is not surprising that New England's chief literary staples were sermons and controversial pamphlets. John Higginson, of Salem, in his eloquent "Attestation" to Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, describes Mather—born in 1663—as a minister of the third generation. Mather himself tells us that those who guided the Puritan Exodus came as middle-aged men, bringing children with them, whose earliest recollections would still be of England or Holland; so that only the grandchildren of the original settlers were born on New English soil, and the third generation were the first Americans. The first generation indeed, and, in a sense, the second, remained Englishmen, and never grew at home in the new country. After

1642, the colonists came into intimate relations with the party in power in England: many returned from their exile, and there was constant passing to and fro between Old and New England. Hugh Peters, for example, went back for life in 1641, and Nathaniel Ward, the author of the *Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, in 1647. This state of things lasted until the Restoration of the Stuarts, in 1660, when the New England settlers found themselves once more out of sympathy with the home government. Americans after this were provincials rather than colonists, if such a distinction may be admitted.

The literature of a colony is always imitative, and is usually distinguished from that of the mother country only by being worse than its model. If we look into American writings of the seventeenth century, we are reminded that Bradford, Winthrop, Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport were the contemporaries of Sylvester Donne, Phineas Fletcher, Quarles, Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. The Puritan divines of New England who gave a loose rein to their muse, exhibit the same crabbed learning and quaint conceit which marked in England the decay of a literary era. They wrote psalms in the manner of Sternhold and Hopkins; satires and divine poems after the style of Donne; riddles and anagrams which recall the emblems of Quarles, and epitaphs that smack of Cowley. There is no recognition in their verses of their own changed conditions, as offering fresh themes for poetry. The mysterious forest held for them no beautiful suggestions: it was merely a grim and hideous wilderness peopled by heathen "salvages," who were of interest to them only as bloodthirsty enemies or as devil-worshippers to be converted out of hand. With a stub-

born English resistance to foreign impressions, they fenced in a little spot wherein to set up their Mosaic church and Saxon state against all comers. While the French with lively curiosity were exploring the interior, hunting and trapping, and adapting themselves cheerfully to Indian ways, the English were concerning themselves more with protecting the orthodoxy of their little colony. It is curious to read of this jangling of Old World sects, Quakers, Familists, Anabaptists, on the edge of this new continent. The Pilgrims undertook their great adventure in a high but yet very practical spirit. They did a poetical thing unconsciously. Their Indian wars, witch-killings, Quaker ear-slittings, and suppressings of May-poles have become picturesque at this distance of time, and the tough Puritan stock has put forth a late blossom in the genius of Hawthorne. But the New England verse-makers of the seventeenth century found no challenge to their imaginations in their own strange lives or in the wild nature about them.

We may pass over, as not properly belonging to American literature, several early works, written by accident on American soil, such as Sandys's translation of Ovid, made in Virginia about 1625, and William Vaughan's *Golden Fleece*, produced in Newfoundland about the same time. Among books in the nature of reports brought back to England by authors who sojourned for a while in the new colonies, may be mentioned the travels, maps, histories, descriptions, etc., of Captain John Smith, the famous founder of Jamestown; the *Nova Anglia* of William Morell, a description in Latin hexameters of New England in 1623, accompanied with a translation of the same by the author into English heroics; and

William Wood's *New England's Prospect*, in prose and verse, published at London in 1634. The oldest original poem written by any colonist, is probably a short piece printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and thought to have been composed about 1630. It is anonymous, and is entitled *New England's Annoyances*. The following lines are curious, and perhaps worth quoting :

“ And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin ;
If we get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout.
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn ;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

“ If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish :
And is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the clam banks, and there we catch fish.
'Stead of pottage and puddings and custard and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies :
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

“ If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented and think it no fault ;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips. . . .”

The first book published in British America is known as “The Bay Psalm Book,” a new version of the Psalms in meter, made by three Massachusetts clergymen, and printed at Cambridge in 1640. We forbear to quote. One of these three clergymen was John El-

iot, the Apostle to the Indians, a man of great ability and zeal, who published in 1661-3 a translation of the Bible into the Algonquin tongue.

Nathaniel Ward, some time minister of the church at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and a humorist of the kind not uncommon in the days of Robert Burton and Thomas Fuller, published at London, in 1647, shortly after his return to England, his *Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, the title-page of which runs as follows :

"The Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America, willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to be paid for his work, by old English wonted pay.

"It is his trade to patch all the year long, gratis,
Therefore I pray, gentlemen, keep your purses.

"By Theodore de la Guard. *In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quaque consilia tutissima sunt.* Cic. In English :

"When boots and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Cobblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts.

"This is no time to feare *Apelles gramm :*
Ne sutor quidem ultra crepidam.

"London: Printed by J. D. and R. I. for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible, in Pope's Head Alley, 1647."

The *Simple Cobbler* was a tract directed against religious toleration and the multiplicity of sects, with a remonstrance to King Charles, and a satire on the extrava-

gance of female apparel, recalling the ponderous invectives of Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*. Although inclosing a serious purpose, the book is a diverting one, full of puns, quips, cranks, and all manner of whimsicalities, and it secured an approving mention in Fuller's *Worthies*, for having "in a jesting way, delivered much smart truth of the present times." The *Simple Cobbler* was written on American soil, but hardly belongs to American literature. It contains, however, a few interesting allusions to New English matters, one or two of which may be cited. Speaking of that profane person, Prince Rupert, the author says : "If I thought he would not be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker to make him a right Roundhead . . . to forgive all his sins, and at length to save his soul, notwithstanding all his God-damme mee's: yet I may do him wrong ; I am not certain he useth that oath ; I wish no man else would ; I dare say the Devils dare not. I thank God I have lived in a Colony of many thousand English these twelve years, am held a very sociable man ; yet I may considerately say, I never heard but one Oath sworn, nor never saw one man drunk, nor ever heard of three women adultresses in all this time." The book concludes as follows :

"So farewell England Old,
If evil times ensue
Let good men come to us
Wee'l welcome them to New.

"And farewell Honor'd friends,
If happy days ensue
You'll have some Guests from hence
Pray welcome us to you.

“ And farewell, Simple World,
If thou’lt thy cranium mend
There’s my Last and All
And a Shoem-Aker’s
END.”

The first volume of original poetry by an American colonist was the work of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, who came to Massachusetts in 1630, at the age of seventeen. She was the daughter of Governor Dudley, and the wife of Governor Bradstreet, and if the gods did not make her poetical, they have at least brought her literary aspirations to fruition in some of her descendants, among whom are numbered Mr. Richard H. Dana and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mrs. Bradstreet’s poems were published at London in 1650, under the title “*The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America.*” The first poem in the book is a series of dialogues between the four elements, the four bodily humors, the four ages of man, and the four seasons of the year. To this is added a long and dull historical epitome of the four great monarchies, and a number of lesser poems. There is something in the pedantic absurdity of these quadrated poetizings, with their mixture of personification, natural philosophy and morality, that suggests Phineas Fletcher’s *Purple Island*. The following from the Melancholy Humour’s vindication of herself against the detractions of “Sister Sanguine” and “Sister Choler” is especially good :

“Again thou dost confine me to the spleen,
As of that only part I were the Queen ;
Let me as well make thy precincts the Gall,
So prison thee within that bladder small.

Likewise the useful spleen, though not the best,
Yet is a bowell called well as the rest.
Again you often touch my swarthy hue ;
That black is black and I am black 'tis true ;
But yet more comely far I dare avow
Than is thy torrid nose or brazen brow,
But that which shows how high your spight is bent
Is charging me to be thy excrement ;
Thy loathsome imputation I defie ;
So plain a slander needeth no reply."

But Mrs. Bradstreet's acknowledged master was that darling of the Puritan muse, the Huguenot Du Bartas, whose *Divine Weeks and Works*, as translated by Sylvester, was one of the sources which fed *Paradise Lost*. Ward, in some complimentary verses, speaks of her as "a right Du Bartas girle." In 1678 a second edition of her poems was published at Boston, containing some additional pieces, one of which, *Contemplations*, is by general agreement her best. Her book was well bolstered with poetical addresses to the author, in the ancient and stately fashion of Elizabeth's reign. One of her admirers, John Norton, of Ipswich, punningly declares :

"Her breast was a brave palace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet ;
Where nature such a tenement had tane
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane."

And John Rogers, afterward President of Harvard, professes himself "twice to have drunk the nectar of her lines," and to be thereby "rapt to an extasie" and "sunk in sea of bliss." "Thus weltring in delight," he cries, "my virgin mind admits a rape," a figure worthy of Sylvester himself.

The following stanzas from *Contemplations* are a good example of Mrs. Bradstreet's manner :

“ The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas ;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

“ So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bower.
But sad affliction comes and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety ;
Only above is found all with security.

“ O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust ;
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.”

Byron, who was so much amused that there should be an American poet christened Timothy, was probably not aware of the surname of a still earlier bard, the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth (1631-1705), who published two volumes of religious verse ; *The Day of Doom*, a poetical description of the Judgment ; and *Meat out of the Eater*. One passage in the former has been often quoted for the compassionate way in which it softens the rigors

of infant damnation. The infants, after drawing near to the bar and receiving their sentence, complain of its injustice, but are answered as follows :

“ You sinners are, and such a share
 As sinners may expect
 Such you shall have ; for I do save
 None but my own elect. . . .
 A crime it is, therefore in bliss
 You may not hope to dwell,
 But unto you I shall allow
 The easiest room in hell.”

Meat out of the Eater is full of the quaint, far-fetched conceits, familiar to readers of Herbert, Vaughan, Quarles and the other English religious poets of the Commonwealth period. Wigglesworth had, however, an imagination of some vigor, and sometimes wrote a fine verse :

“ Endure a while, bear up,
 And hope for better things,
 War ends in peace, and *morning light*
Mounts upon midnight's wings.”

It was on Wigglesworth that Cotton Mather wrote the following epitaph :

THE EXCELLENT WIGGLESWORTH REMEMBERED BY SOME GOOD
 TOKENS.

His pen did once meat from the eater fetch,
 And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
 His body, once so thin, was next to none ;
 From hence, he's to unbodied spirits flown.
 Once his rare skill did all diseases heal,
 And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
 He to his paradise is joyful come,
 And waits with joy to see his day of Doom.

Most of the early clergymen of New England relieved their pens in the intervals of sermon-writing, of elegies, eulogistic verses, epitaphs and other grave trifles. The epitaphs and mortuary verses are particularly ingenious, though none of them quite equals Carew's famous one on the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth. We give two : the first is from Benjamin Woodbridge's funeral eulogy of John Cotton, himself a poet and the grandfather of Cotton Mather.

A living, breathing Bible ; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were ;
Gospel and law, in 's heart, had each its column ;
His head an index to the sacred volume ;
His very name a title-page ; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity !

The second is on Samuel Stone, who was born at Hartford, in England, and became the associate and successor of Thomas Hooker, first minister of Hartford, Connecticut.

A Threnodia upon our churches second dark eclipse, happening July 20, 1663, by death's interposition between us and that great light, and divine plant, Mr. Samuel Stone.

A stone more than the Ebenezer fam'd ;
Stone splendid diamond, right orient named ;
A cordial stone, that often cheered hearts ;
With pleasant wit, with Gospel rich imparts ;
Whetstone, that edgify'd th' obtusest mind ;
Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind ;

A pond'rous stone, that would the bottom sound
 Of Scripture depths, and bring out Arcan's found ;
 A stone for kingly David's use so fit,
 As would not fail Goliah's front to hit ;
 A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
 Of gangrene error, by convincing force ;
 A stone acute, fit to divide and square ;
 A squared stone became Christ's building rare.
 A Peter's living, lively stone (so rear'd)
 As 'live, was Hartford's life ; dead, death is fear'd.
 In Hartford old, Stone first drew infant breath,
 In New, effus'd his last : O there beneath
 His corps are laid, near to his darling brother,
 Of whom dead oft he sigh'd, *Not such another.*
Heaven is the more desirable, said he
For Hooker, Shepard, and Haynes' company.

Benjamin Thompson, some time schoolmaster at Boston, wrote, about 1675, a long poem on King Philip's war, entitled *New England's Crisis*. This is chiefly noteworthy for its curious prologue, which has been many times reprinted, and shows that even at that early date the *laudator temporis acti* had appeared among us. We give it entire :

THE PROLOGUE.

The times wherein old Pompion was a saint,
 When men fared hardly yet without complaint,
 On vilest cates ; the dainty Indian maize
 Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
 Under thatch'd huts without the cry of rent,
 And the best sauce to every dish, content.
 When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
 And men as well as birds had chirping notes.
 When Cimmels were accounted noble blood ;
 Among the tribes of common herbage food.

Of Ceres' bounty form'd was many a knack,
Enough to fill poor Robin's Almanack.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'Twas then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt."
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since "Your Servant Sir," and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'Twas in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs to religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon ;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbor's state,
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants car'd not a rush
For other fare than Jonakin and Mush.
Although men far'd and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'Twas long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dungy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautyes, which still seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'Twas ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak.
'Twas ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
'Twas ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarcely doe.

From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like ;
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest ; as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls :
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our counsellors sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace.
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theame is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but cloud and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand
No power except Divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings,
So that the mirror of the christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd,
Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceived the eye
Of the big-swoln expectant standing by :
Thus the proud ship after a little turn,
Sinks into Neptune's arms to find its urne :

Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn :
Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

If not the greatest, certainly the most voluminous, of American colonial authors was Cotton Mather (1663-1728), a prodigy of learning and precocity, whose printed works, including single tracts and sermons, number three hundred and eighty-two. The most valuable of these is the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, an ecclesiastical history of New England from 1620 to 1698, with a narrative of many special providences, criminal trials, Indian wars, and a host of biographies. The plan of the book partakes both of Thomas Fuller's *Worthies* and of his *Church History*, and Mather's style is almost as pregnant as Hooker's, abounding in quaint humors, anecdotes, and speculations, in which much curious learning is displayed. A few instances of these characteristics may be given. In his life of Cotton he writes : "Another time, when Mr. Cotton had modestly replied unto one that would much talk and crack of his insight into the revelations : 'Brother, I must confess myself to want light in those mysteries.' The man went home and sent him a pound of candles ; upon which action this good man bestowed only a silent smile. He would not set the beacon of his great soul on fire at the landing of such a little cock-boat." In his life of Mr. Urian Oakes, he says : "Litchfield was the place where this bright star became fixed ; there 'twas that, like a silkworm, he spent his own bowels or spirits to procure the

garments of righteousness for his hearers ; there twas that he might challenge the device and motto of the famous Dr. Sibbs, a wasting lamp with this inscription, *Præluendo pereō*, or, *My light is my death.*" Of this same Mr. Oakes, when President of Harvard, he writes : "Reader, let us now behold the students of Harvard College, as a rendezvous of happy Druids, under the influence of so rare a President. But, alas ! our joy must be short lived ; for on July 25, 1681, the stroak of a sudden death felled the tree—

*Qui tantum inter caput extulit omnes,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cypressi.*

Mr. Oakes thus being transplanted into the better world, the Presidentship was immediately tendered unto Mr. Increase Mather." He introduces his notice of Roger Williams with the following parable : "In the year 1654, a certain windmill in the Low Countries, whirling round with extraordinary violence, by reason of a certain storm then blowing ; the stone at length by its rapid motion became so intensely hot as to fire the mill, from whence the flames, being dispersed by the high winds, did set a whole town on fire. But I can tell my reader that, about twenty years before this, there was a whole country in America like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of one particular man." Mather's superstitious credulity in the matter of special providences, demoniac possessions, etc., is notorious, as also the part which he took in the witch executions at Salem. Of this unhappy affair he published an account in his *Wonders of the Invisible World*.

Many of the most important works of our colonial

period fall outside the scope of this Introduction, from the nature of their subject and style. Such are, for example, the controversial pamphlets of Roger Williams (1606-1683): the Journal of John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, which extended from 1630 to 1649: the theological and metaphysical writings of Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758): the works of Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790): William Stith's *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, 1747: The Journal of the Quaker John Woolman, 1774: and Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, 1775. Franklin, indeed, made some contributions to general literature. His *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which has added so largely to the stock of economic proverbial wisdom, was issued from 1732-1758. His *Autobiography* and *Letters* are highly entertaining; and he threw off a number of lighter things in prose and verse, two of which especially, *Paper, a Poem*, and a *Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout*, are still in general circulation in school readers and otherwise, and need not be here reproduced.

By the middle of the eighteenth century a great change had taken place in the tone of American writing. The growth of wealth, and of large towns, such as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; the increase of commerce between the different colonies; the decline of theocracy in New England, and the spread of democratic feeling had produced a new state of society. Newspapers were numerous and aggressive; politics claimed more attention and theology less. These changes of course kept pace with similar ones in the mother country; but the difference between the America of 1750 and the America of 1650 was not merely the difference between Georgian

England and Cromwell's Commonwealth : it was something more. A century's development, under conditions so unlike those which existed in England, had made the New World distinctive. American society in the eighteenth century was more un-English than in the seventeenth ; but this change affected very slightly the higher kinds of literature, poetry in particular. It simply substituted new patterns for the imitation of colonial writers. Wither, Quarles, and Sylvester were no longer in vogue, but Addisonian essays and Popish epistles in verse came into fashion. Franklin's *Busybody* was in imitation of the *Spectator*, and so was almost all the lighter prose written in America from 1750 down to the time of Irving. William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey, and in his time a statesman of some distinction, published, in 1747, a long poem entitled *Philosophic Solitude*. An extract from this will show how well our versifiers had caught the trick of Pope's antitheses and climaxes.

THE RETREAT.

FROM THE POEM, PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE.

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms ;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe, to be esteem'd at court ;
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife ;
Far from the painted belle, and white glov'd beau,
The lawless masquerade, and midnight show :
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.
Full in the centre of some shady grove,
By nature form'd for solitude and love :

On banks array'd with ever-blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days ;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall ;
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swelled with future wine :
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

Along my mansion, spiry firs should grow
And gloomy yews extend the shady row :
The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise,
Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies :
Among the leaves, refreshing zephyrs play,
And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray ;
Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
Securely sheltered from the battering storm ;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora blush'd along the sky :
While all around th' enchanting music rings,
And ev'ry vocal grove responsive sings.

The picture of Colonial society in the first of these stanzas, is as faithful as the description of American landscape in the rest.

The intellectual stir which preceded and accompanied the War of the Revolution, was not without its effect on literature, though little of permanent value was produced. The analogies between the young democracy and the ancient republics were obvious, and, as happened

in France, a certain pseudo-classicism infected the writings of the revolutionists. An effort was made to establish, by *tour de force*, a national literature of a bigness commensurate with the scale of American Nature, and the destinies of the new Republic. A band of young poets graduated from Yale, just as the struggle began, and, glowing with patriotic ardor, dedicated their muses to the service of Independence. The oldest of these was Timothy Dwight, who had completed in 1775 *The Conquest of Canaan*, a Scriptural epic in rhyming couplets. This remained unpublished until 1785, and was followed in 1794 by *Greenfield Hill*, an idyllic poem which has touches of Thomson and Goldsmith. Dwight, though his poetry was written *invita Minerva*, was nevertheless a man of great force and ability in many directions. He became President of Yale College in 1795, and his *Travels in New England and New York* is an interesting book.

Similar in style to the *Conquest of Canaan*, and written likewise in the rhymed heroics of Pope, was Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*, a ponderous, resounding epic, dealing with the history and topography of the North American continent, and abounding in prophecies of the future glory of the United States. Barlow was but a masquerader in true heroic, but showed himself a true poet in mock-heroic; whose *Hasty Pudding* was the best poem written up to that time in America.

The Revolution was not without its humorists, the most successful of them, John Trumbull, one of the Connecticut group, the first part of whose *M'Fingal* appeared in 1775, gained immense popularity and ran through many editions. *M'Fingal* was a Hudibrastic

satire on the Tories: it is written throughout with smartness and vivacity, attains often to drollery, sometimes to real wit, but rarely to genuine humor. A few of its lines have passed into current quotation, and are generally attributed to Butler; as, for example, the last couplet of the following passage:

“Nor less availed his optic sleight
And Scottish gift of second sight.
No ancient Sibyl famed in rhyme
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove
Could ever more oracular prove.
Not only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Though former days produced a plenty:
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.”

Another Revolutionary wit was Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, whose *Battle of the Kegs*, written about 1776, was the most popular of the Whig ballads during the war, though its edge has been somewhat blunted by time. Hopkinson was a genuine humorist, and his *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*, published in 1792, have an agreeable lightness rare in those days of elephantine jests. The *Letter on White-washing* is a bit of domestic humor that foretokens the *Danbury News* man; and *Modern Learning*, a series of dialogues in ridicule of college examinations, is also excellent fooling, though a little too protracted.

Freneau and others also wrote political squibs and

verses of a humorous or satirical intention, but of these the less said the better. And, in general, it may be affirmed that there is nothing very characteristic about early American attempts in this direction. Butler and Addison and Swift set the fashion here as in England. It was not until some fifty years or more after the Declaration of Independence, that the audacious and peculiar thing now known as "American humor," made its first appearance. We will conclude this Introduction with the text of a ballad written about 1775 to the air of *Yankee Doodle*.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David ;
And what they wasted every day,
I wished it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a winter ;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again :
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it ;
It scar'd me so, I shrink'd it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason ;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so taring fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about, 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.


A CENTURY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PHILIP FRENEAU

was of Huguenot stock, and was born at New York in 1752. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1771, where James Madison was his room-mate. He was taken prisoner by the British during the war of the Revolution, and confined on the prison ship *Scorpion* in the Hudson River. He has commemorated this experience in his poem *The British Prison Ship*. After the close of the war he engaged alternately in journalism and navigation. He edited successively the *New York Daily Advertiser*, the *Philadelphia National Gazette*, the *Jersey Chronicle*, and the *New York Time-piece and Literary Companion*. His politics were anti-Federalist, and he enjoyed the patronage of Jefferson, who appointed him translating-clerk in the State Department. The best edition of Freneau's poems, which are largely satirical and political, was printed in 1795, at his own press at Mount Pleasant N. J. He died in 1832.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep :
The posture that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.



Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul—
Activity that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt'come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains,)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played !

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dew,
 In vestments for the chase arrayed,
 The hunter still the deer pursues,—
 The hunter and the deer a shade !

And long shall timorous fancy see
 The painted chief and pointed spear,
 And Reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows and delusions here.



THE INDIAN STUDENT ; OR, FORCE OF NATURE.

From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
 Where savage tribes pursue their game
 (His blanket tied with yellow strings),
 A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
 Expressed his wish with visage sad :
 "Ah why," he cried, "in Satan's waste,
 Ah why detain so fine a lad ?

"In white-man's land there stands a town
 Where learning may be purchased low :
 Exchange his blanket for a gown,
 And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,
 And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
 To Cambridge Hall, o'er wastes of snows,
 They sent the copper-colored boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin ;
The feathers in vermilion dyed
Himself did from a turkey win.

Thus dressed so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills alone, alone !
His guide a star, he wandered far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er
To please the Muses—twice a week.

A while he writ, a while he read,
A while he conned their grammar rules—
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)

Some thought he would in law excel,
Some said in physic he would shine ;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,

He to the woods a-hunting went—
Through lonely wastes he walked, he ran.

No mystic wonders fired his mind,
He sought to gain no learned degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possessed,
The dewy lawn his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colors drest.

“And why,” he cried, “did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls?
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For musty books and college halls?”

“A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honor give me more?
Or will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?”

“Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see;
I only bow to Nature's god—
The land of shades will do for me.

“These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly?
And is the earth indeed a sphere?”

“Let planets still their course pursue,
And comets to the center run ;

In him, my faithful friend, I view
The image of my God—the sun.

“Where Nature’s ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fixed, and I must go
To die among my native shades.”

He spoke, and to the western springs
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings),
The shepherd of the forest went.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER

was born in Bermuda in 1752, and educated at William and Mary College. He held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the American Army of the Revolution. His life was spent in Virginia, where he became a member of the General Court and Judge of the Court of Appeals. He also held the professorship of law in William and Mary College, and was appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court. He published a number of legal works, among others an edition of Blackstone. His death occurred in 1827. The following stanzas were favorites with John Adams.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away :
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray :
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more :
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o’er ;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone :
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall :
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall :
 Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen :
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been :
 Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray :
 Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past :
 Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last :
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight :
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light :
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod :
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

JOEL BARLOW

was born at Reading, Conn., in 1755. He was graduated at Yale College in 1778, and served through the Revolution as chaplain in the American Army. After the close of the war, he studied law at Hartford, editing meanwhile *The American Mercury*, and engaging in other literary occupations. In 1788 he sailed for Europe, and stayed abroad seventeen years, most of the time in France, where he assisted at the Revolution of '93 and made a fortune in speculations. He returned to America in 1805 and established himself in the neighborhood of Washington. In 1811 he was sent as Minister to France, and died in 1812 at a small village in Poland. His most ambitious work is the *Columbiad*, an American epic in ten books, published at Philadelphia in 1808. *The Hasty Pudding* was written in Savoy in 1793, and accompanied by an introductory epistle to Mrs. Washington.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies ;

Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field ;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring ;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,—
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh ! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame ;
But, rising grateful to the accusom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere !

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race ;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),

First gave thee to the world ; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour :
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy !
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end :
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee, through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wander'd up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea,
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee ;

The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize :
A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
The same ! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air ;
For endless years, through every mild domain
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call ; the French of course, Polante.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush !
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name Suppawn.
All spurious appellations, void of truth.
I've better known thee from my earliest youth ;
Thy name is Hasty Pudding ! thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires ;
And while they argued in thy just defense
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense :
"In haste the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize ;
In haste 'tis served, and then in equal haste,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.

No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate ;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the hasty honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste,
Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute,
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling man to pamper'd pigs ;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious ; am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine ?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims, I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days,
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize ;
From thee what health, what vigor he possessed
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest ;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain ! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,

In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my Hasty Pudding, most in thee.
Let the green succotash with thee contend ;
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend ;
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side ;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride !
Rich Johnny-cake this mouth has often tried ;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot :
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot ;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast ;
The Charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides ;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows,—
You tempt me not ; my favorite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour ;

For this the Kitchen Muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweats to stream from every cook ;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee ! his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord ;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.

While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
The mother sees the morning caldron boil ;
To stir the pudding next demands their care ;
To spread the table and the bowls prepare ;
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art ;
E'en Hasty Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man :
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies,—
Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring ;
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.

But since, O man ! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize ;

She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repay's the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire ;
The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw,
Swift flies the field before your man of straw.
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
When met to burn the pope or hang the king.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
Wield the strong plowshare and the faithful hoe ;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.

Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains ;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand ;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upwards and the leaves unfold :
The busy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them ; all your cares are done ;
Leave the last labors to the parent sun ;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky ;
The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,
And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend ;
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows ;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love.
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade,
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill ;
Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these ; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow trees the sly raccoon ;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors through the day.
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man ;
We've one advantage where they take no part—
With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art
To boil the Hasty Pudding ; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine ;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain ;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious cornhouse fill ;
The sack distended marches to the mill ;

The laboring mill beneath the burthen groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stones ;
Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

The days grow short ; but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subject to my various song.
For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the husking come ;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed beaus,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack ;
The dry husks rustle, and the corncobs crack ;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well :
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains :
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favor'd beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains ;

Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high ; and as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks,)
Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand ;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand ;
The husband takes his turn : and round and round
The ladle flies. At last the toil is crown'd ;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More copious matters to my faithful song.
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise ;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow ! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy ;
Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.

How oft thy teats these precious hands have press'd !
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast !
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain !
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain !

Yes, swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah ! house her well from winter's angry skies ;
Potatoes, pumpkins should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer ;
When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose ;
To this in future I confine my muse
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding ; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide ;
But when their growing mass no more can sink ;
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand ; you've got the portion due :
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings ;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,

Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
 A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
 Experienced feeders can alone impart
 A rule so much above the lore of art.
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song ; the muse but poorly shines
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines ;
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the center to the side.

Fear not to slaver ; 'tis no deadly sin :
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
 Suspend the ready napkin ; or, like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee,
 Just in the zenith your wise head project ;
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall,—
 The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all !

ROYAL TYLER

was born at Boston in 1756, and graduated at Harvard College in 1776. He studied law in the office of John Adams, and in 1800 was elected Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Vermont. He was one of the earliest writers for the American stage, to which he contributed a number of comedies, *The Contrast*, *May Day*, and *The Georgia Spec*. He also wrote for various periodicals many papers in prose and verse, chiefly of a humorous and satirical cast. In 1797 he published *The Algerine Captive*, a fictitious narrative in two volumes. The following verses are from a series of papers contributed to *The Farmers' Museum*, a weekly journal published at Walpole, New Hampshire. Tyler died in 1826.

FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

ODE COMPOSED FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, calculated for the meridian of some country towns in Massachusetts, and Rye in New Hampshire.

Squeak the fife, and beat the drum,
 Independence day is come ! !
 Let the roasting pig be bled,
 Quick twist off the cockerel's head,
 Quickly rub the pewter platter,
 Heap the nut cakes fried in butter,
 Set the cups, and beaker glass,
 The pumpkin, and the apple sauce.
 Send the keg to shop for brandy,
 Maple sugar we have handy.
Independent, staggering Dick,
 A noggin mix of *swinging thick*.
 Sal, put on your russet skirt,
 Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
 To-day we dance to tiddle diddle,
 —Here comes Sambo with his fiddle ;
 Sambo, take a dram of whisky,
 And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.
 Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
 And let us have a reel of six.
 Father and mother shall make two ;
 Sall, Moll, and I stand all a-row,
 Sambo, play and dance with quality ;
 This is the day of blest Equality.
 Father and *mother* are but men
 And Sambo—is a *Citizen*.
 Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
 And mother, you dance up to him ;

Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious *Independent Day*.
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the squire, too, with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the squire our great arm-chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great case-bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon,—never mind ;
Squire, drink until you're blind ;
Come, here's the trench—and guillotine,
And here is good Squire Gallatin,
And here's each noisy Jacobin,
Here's friend Madison so hearty,
And here's confusion to the treaty.
Come, one more swig to southern Demos,
Who represent our brother negroes.
Thus we drink and dance away
This glorious *Independent Day*!

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD

was born at Leicester, Mass., in 1764. He was graduated at Yale College in 1782, studied law at Albany, and entered on the practice of his profession at Salem, N. Y., where he resided till his death in 1798. A volume of his poems was published at New York in 1801.

 THE PURSE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

The author was journeying with a friend : for convenience they pursed their money. When they parted they divided their money and their purse (which was of the double construction), each taking one half of it. When he understood his friend was a candidate for matrimony, he returned the half purse, with the following lines :—

This purse, long sever'd from its mate,
 The grateful muse returns to thee ;
 'Tis not oppressed with golden weight,
 Nor yet from cash entirely free.

This trifling sum, in prudent hands,
 May raise, in time, a fair estate ;
 And, truth to say, its silken bands
 Are well constructed to dilate.

Adieu ! fond purse ; what though no more
 You hold society with me,
 May fortune bless thy master's store,
 And cram thy sides with many a fee.

For well I ween the marriage state
 Full oft thy succor must require,
 With gen'rous food to heap the plate—
 To crown the glass and feed the fire.

The parson, sure, will ask his hire
For making *one* who once were *two* ;
And eke, when seasons may require,
For sprinkling round the holy dew.

The licens'd quack, of solemn face,
Of want and pinching times shall tell ;
And take a fee, devoid of grace,
For making sick what late was well.

The merchant next, with craving airs,
Hopes to receive his bill from you ;
And, in sarcastic tones, declares,
“He will discharge the balance due.”

The landlord, rough, ungen'rous wight,
Proclaims your *year* and *credit* spent ;
Then swears, occasions press so tight,
“He must expect a higher rent.”

The tailor, cloth-curtailing rogue,
His long-stretched bill will oft display :
The lingo-prating pedagogue
Shall greet thee every quarter-day.

The French *friseur* shall oft complain
Of thirst, of hunger, heat and cold ;
And what would best relieve his pain,
I trust you never need be told.

The simp'ring milliner shall prate
Of caps, of stays, and negligees :
Then bode, O purse ! impending fate,
Whene'er she whispers, *if you please*.

The cobbler, too, when hunger plies,
At madam's foot will lowly bend ;
Admire its shape and handsome size,
And hope that *you will prove his friend.*

Then honest John comes in to tell,
He longs to drink your worship's health,
And that, your honor knows full well,
Poor servants are not born to wealth.

Next Doll, with ill-affected blush,
Hints how she soon expects to wed ;
That cash don't grow on every bush,
And that she late was brought to bed.

Then every *black* that dwells below
In sable order shall arise ;
First beg they may a *Pinxt'ring** go,
Then hint the want of fresh supplies.

Now Master Jack or Dick shall come,
And in discordant whine, relate
How the rude boys have broke his drum,
And stole away his other skate.

Start not, my friend, thy better half
Shall join to bear the burden down :
She screams and tells you in a laugh,
" The sweetest china's come to town.

" 'Tis true, we should not run in debt ;
But such rare bargains must not pass :
And *Mrs. Mayor* has bought a set,
And so have all the better class.

* Whitsuntide, a holiday for servants and slaves.

“And oh ! my dear I cannot bear
 To miss the *Family of West* ;
 The ablest connoisseurs declare
 Of all engravings 'tis the best.

“Ten guineas only is the price ;
 'Twill do to pay the money soon :
 It is so elegant and nice
 To hang in parlor or saloon.

“A harpsichord, at price still lower,
 The auctioneer has now to sell ;
 And *little Billy** always swore,
 My fingers moved divinely well.

“A singing-bird, of tender age,
 From India's groves has lately flown :
 'Twill match the robin in the cage ;
 And birds should never live alone.”

“Stop here,” you cry, “O wretch profuse !”
 Have patience, friend, I scarce begin :
 Proceed, and tell, celestial Muse,
 The charges of a *lying-in* !

The accoucheur, in gratitude,
 Must be well paid for every boy ;
 And surely all would deem it rude,
 You treat not such as wish you joy.

Panada, *caudle*, many a cup ;
 Choice figs and raisins of the sun ;
 And cakes of every sort made up—
Pound cake, *wig*, *woffal*, *cruller*, *bun* :

* A teacher of music.

Imperial, Souchong, Congo teas,
When gossips come to pay their court ;
But bucks will not take up with these ;
Be theirs, *madeira*, *sherry*, *port*.

Pins, too, in many a shining row ;
Caps, bibs, and shoes of crimson skin ;
Small ornaments of wond'rous show,
And robes to wrap the infant in.

A cradle to receive the child,
When fortune sends a downy nap ;
A pious nurse, of temper mild,
To hush its cries, and get the pap.

Get many a volume neatly bound,
And give the wanton bairn to tear ;
Whistles of shrill unpleasing sound,
And coral sticks, the gums to wear.

And next—but stop, nor think to count
Unnumber'd cares, unnumber'd things :
First tell the stars, then the amount
Of the vast cost which wedlock brings.

O ! who in this unfathom'd pit,
In sober sense would dare to plunge,
Run the mad chance of duns and debt,
To rot in jail—to starve—to sponge ?

Far better on his luckless throat
A millstone's pond'rous bulk were hung ;
Far better, in unmanly note,
He to Italian ears had sung.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

the son of the second President of the United States, was born at Braintree, Mass., in 1767. In 1778 he went with his father on his mission to France, and was put to school at Paris for a year. In 1781 he again went abroad as private secretary to the American Minister to Russia. He returned to America in 1785; entered an advanced class at Harvard College, and was graduated in 1787. In 1790 he was admitted to practice law; in 1794 he was sent as Minister to the Hague. From this point Mr. Adams's public career belongs to the history of the country. He was successively State Senator, U. S. Senator, Minister to Russia, Minister to England, Secretary of State, President of the United States (1825-29), and Member of the House of Representatives. He died at Washington in 1848. His published writings include, besides much political matter, a number of more purely literary efforts, such as his *Letters on Silesia*; *Letters on Rhetoric and Oratory*, delivered during the years 1806-9, when he held the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric at Harvard; *Dermot McMorrough*, an historical poem in four cantos; and finally a thin volume of poems, mostly religious, published in 1848, from which the following specimen is taken.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Goldsmith's Hermit.

I.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with ME exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine ;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire ;—
Black sable furs, for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire ;
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace,
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile ;
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine ;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park,
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark),
With walls encompassed round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls—
For comfort and for ease.
But here, as space is somewhat scant,
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

VII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks ;
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms ;
Correggio's "Magdalen," and "Night,"
The matron of the chair ;
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems ;
A printing press for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems ;
And plants, and minerals, and shells ;
Worms, insects, fishes, birds ;
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold ;
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould ;
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes—all the same ;
And porcelain vases, with the stamp
Of Sévres, Angoulême.

X.

And maples, of fair, glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors ;
My walls with tapestry bedeck'd,
Must never be outdone ;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought ;
And sandal-wood and bamboo cane,
For chairs and tables bought ;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share ;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refin'd.

XIII.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas ! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

XIV.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

XV.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasur'd sweets return ;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

XVI.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and dose,
A southern chamber holds my bed,
For nature's soft repose ;
With blankets, counterpanes and sheets,
Mattress, and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

XVII.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power ;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see ;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

XVIII.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel ;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel ;
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

XIX.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear ;
A tongue, to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain ;
And lips the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

XX.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near ;
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow ;
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

XXI.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold ;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

XXII.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land.
Nor crown, nor scepter would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

XXIII.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind ;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man ;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

XXV.

And oh ! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy WANT may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

was born at Philadelphia in 1771. He began the practice of the law in his native city, but soon relinquished it for literary pursuits, joined the "Belles Lettres Club," of Philadelphia, and began contributing to the *Columbus Magazine*, the *Literary Magazine*, the *Weekly Magazine*, and other periodicals. In 1798 he published his first romance, *Wieland*. This was followed, in 1799 and 1800, by *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntley*, and in 1801 by *Clara Howard* and *Jane Talbot*. In 1799 Brown started in New York a magazine which lived about a year, and in 1803 he started at Philadelphia the *Literary Magazine and American Register*, which lasted five years. He died in 1809. His writings include, besides the prose fictions already mentioned, a number of political tracts. He was the first American novelist, and in some respects a forerunner of Hawthorne.

YELLOW FEVER SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA, 1793.

FROM ARTHUR MERVYN.

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farmhouse was filled with supernumerary tenants; fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous, for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers, and dismayed children,

attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished ; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theater of disasters ; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing, seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control ; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded, was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travelers, contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng

of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would, at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place and each side of this magnificent avenue were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghost-like, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panics. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremors, when I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognized to be a *hearse*.

The driver was seated on it. I stood still, to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued

from the house. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity.

One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, "I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the *fever* that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?"

The other surlily muttered, "Their legs, to be sure."

"But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to be sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but damn it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! He could not live. The sooner dead the better for him, as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a few paces distant and listening to their discourse, "What's wanted? Anybody dead?"

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behoved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs*, but many

were without inhabitants. At length, I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open, and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such ; and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and in a tone of peevishness demanded what I wanted ? I told her that I wanted lodging.

"Go hunt for it somewhere else," said she ; "you'll find none here." I began to expostulate ; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men ; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money, but a horse, shelter, or a morsel of food, could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn ; but what would become of me, should this fatal malady be contracted ? To hope that an asylum would be afford-

ed to a sick man, which was denied to one in health, was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections, was to hasten back to Malverton ; which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before the morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run, as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

This impulse was quickly counteracted by new ideas. I thought with indignation and shame on the imbecility of my proceeding. I called up the images of Susan Hadwin, and of Wallace. I reviewed the motives which had led me to the undertaking of this journey. Time had, by no means, diminished their force. I had, indeed, nearly arrived at the accomplishment of what I had intended. A few steps would carry me to Thetford's habitation. This might be the critical moment when succor was most needed, and would be most efficacious.

I had previously concluded to defer going thither till the ensuing morning ; but why should I allow myself a moment's delay ? I might at least gain an external view of the house, and circumstances might arise, which would absolve me from the obligation of remaining an hour longer in the city. All for which I came might be performed ; the destiny of Wallace be ascertained ; and I be once more safe within the precincts of Malverton before the return of day.

I immediately directed my steps toward the habitation of Thetford. Carriages bearing the dead were frequently discovered. A few passengers likewise occurred, whose hasty and perturbed steps denoted their participa-

tion in the common distress. The house of which I was in quest quickly appeared. Light from an upper window indicated that it was still inhabited.

I paused a moment to reflect in what manner it became me to proceed. To ascertain the existence and condition of Wallace was the purpose of my journey. He had inhabited this house ; and whether he remained in it, was now to be known. I felt repugnance to enter, since my safety might, by entering, be unawares and uselessly endangered. Most of the neighboring houses were apparently deserted. In some there were various tokens of people being within. Might I not inquire, at one of these, respecting the condition of Thetford's family ? Yet why should I disturb them by inquiries so impertinent, at this unseasonable hour ? To knock at Thetford's door, and put my questions to him who should obey the signal, was the obvious method.

I knocked dubiously and lightly. No one came. I knocked again, and more loudly ; I likewise drew the bell. I distinctly heard its distant peals. If any were within, my signal could not fail to be noticed. I paused, and listened, but neither voice nor footsteps could be heard. The light, though obscured by window curtains, which seemed to be drawn close, was still perceptible.

I ruminated on the causes that might hinder my summons from being obeyed. I figured to myself nothing but the helplessness of disease, or the insensibility of death. These images only urged me to persist in endeavoring to obtain admission. Without weighing the consequences of my act, I involuntarily lifted the latch. The door yielded to my hand, and I put my feet within the passage.

The more I paused. The passage was of considerable

extent, and at the end of it I perceived light as from a lamp or candle. This impelled me to go forward, till I reached the foot of a staircase. A candle stood upon the lowest step.

This was a new proof that the house was not deserted. I struck my heel against the floor with some violence ; but this, like my former signals, was unnoticed. Having proceeded thus far, it would have been absurd to retire with my purpose uneffected. Taking the candle in my hand, I opened a door that was near. It led into a spacious parlor, furnished with profusion and splendor. I walked to and fro, gazing at the objects which presented themselves ; and involved in perplexity. I knocked with my heel louder than ever ; but no less ineffectually.

Notwithstanding the lights which I had seen, it was possible that the house was uninhabited. This I was resolved to ascertain, by proceeding to the chamber which I had observed from without to be illuminated. This chamber, as far as the comparison of circumstances would permit me to decide, I believed to be the same in which I had passed the first night of my late abode in the city. Now was I, a second time, in almost equal ignorance of my situation, and of the consequences which impended, exploring my way to the same recess.

I mounted the stair. As I approached the door of which I was in search, a vapor, infectious and deadly, assailed my senses. It resembled nothing of which I had ever before been sensible. Many odors had been met with, even since my arrival in the city, less supportable than this. I seemed not so much to smell as to taste the element that now encompassed me. I felt as if I had inhaled a poisonous and subtle fluid, whose power insta-

bereft my stomach of all vigor. Some fatal influence appeared to seize upon my vitals ; and the work of corrosion and decomposition to be busily begun.

For a moment I doubted whether imagination had not some share in producing my sensation ; but I had not been previously panic-struck ; and even now I attended to my own sensations without mental discomposure. That I had imbibed this disease was not to be questioned. So far the chances in my favor were annihilated. The lot of sickness was drawn.

Whether my case would be lenient or malignant ; whether I should recover or perish, was to be left to the decision of the future. This incident, instead of appalling me, tended rather to invigorate my courage. The danger which I feared had come. I might enter with indifference on this theater of pestilence. I might execute, without faltering, the duties that my circumstances might create. My state was no longer hazardous ; and my destiny would be totally uninfluenced by my future conduct.

The pang with which I was first seized, and the momentary inclination to vomit, which it produced, presently subsided. My wholesome feelings, indeed, did not revisit me, but strength to proceed was restored to me. The effluvia became more sensible as I approached the door of the chamber. The door was ajar ; and the light within was perceived. My belief that those within were dead, was presently confuted by a sound, which I first supposed to be that of steps moving quickly and timorously across the floor. This ceased, and was succeeded by sounds of different, but inexplicable import.

Having entered the apartment, I saw a candle on the

hearth. A table was covered with vials and other apparatus of a sick chamber. A bed stood on one side, the curtain of which was dropped at the foot, so as to conceal any one within. I fixed my eyes upon this object. There were sufficient tokens that some one lay upon the bed. Breath, drawn at long intervals ; mutterings scarcely audible ; and a tremulous motion in the bedstead, were fearful and intelligible indications.

If my heart faltered, it must not be supposed that my trepidations arose from any selfish considerations. Wallace only, the object of my search, was present to my fancy. Pervaded with remembrance of the Hadwins ; of the agonies which they had already endured ; of the despair which would overwhelm the unhappy Susan, when the death of her lover should be ascertained ; observant of the lonely condition of this house, whence I could only infer that the sick had been denied suitable attendance ; and reminded by the symptoms that appeared, that this being was struggling with the agonies of death ; a sickness of the heart, more insupportable than that which I had just experienced, stole upon me.

My fancy readily depicted the progress and completion of this tragedy. Wallace was the first of the family on whom the pestilence had seized. Thetford had fled from his habitation. Perhaps, as a father and husband, to shun the danger attending his stay was the injunction of his duty. It was questionless the conduct which selfish regards would dictate. Wallace was left to perish alone ; or, perhaps, which indeed was a supposition somewhat justified by appearances, he had been left to the tendance of mercenary wretches ; by whom, at this desperate moment he had been abandoned.

I was not mindless of the possibility that these forebodings, specious as they were, might be false. The dying person might be some other than Wallace. The whispers of my hope were, indeed, faint ; but they, at least, prompted me to snatch a look at the expiring man. For this purpose I advanced, and thrust my head within the curtain.

The features of one whom I had seen so transiently as Wallace, may be imagined to be not easily recognized, especially when those features were tremulous and deathful. Here, however, the differences were too conspicuous to mislead me. I beheld one in whom I could recollect none that bore resemblance. Though ghastly and livid, the traces of intelligence and beauty were undefaced. The life of Wallace was of more value to a feeble individual, but surely the being that was stretched before me, and who was hastening to his last breath, was precious to thousands.

Was he not one in whose place I would willingly have died ? The offering was too late. His extremities were already cold. A vapor, noisome and contagious, hovered over him. The flutterings of his pulse had ceased. His existence was about to close amidst convulsion and pangs.

I withdrew my gaze from this object, and walked to a table. I was nearly unconscious of my movements. My thoughts were occupied with contemplations of the train of horrors and disasters that pursue the race of man. My musings were quickly interrupted by the sight of a small cabinet, the hinges of which were broken and the lid half raised. In the present state of my thoughts, I was prone to suspect the worst. Here were traces of pillage. Some casual or mercenary attendant had not only con-

tributed to hasten the death of the patient, but had rifled his property, and fled.

This suspicion would, perhaps, have yielded to mature reflections, if I had been suffered to reflect. A moment scarcely elapsed, when some appearance in the mirror, which hung over the table, called my attention. It was a human figure. Nothing could be briefer than the glance I fixed upon this apparition, yet there was room enough for the vague conception to suggest itself that the dying man had started from his bed and was approaching me. This belief was, at the same instant, confuted, by the survey of his form and garb. One eye, a scar upon his cheek, a tawny skin, a form grotesquely misproportioned, brawny as Hercules, and habited in livery, composed, as it were, the parts of one view.

To perceive, to fear, and to confront this apparition were blended into one sentiment. I turned toward him with the swiftness of lightning, but my speed was useless to my safety. A blow upon my temple was succeeded by an utter oblivion of thought and of feeling. I sank upon the floor prostrate and senseless.

My insensibility might be mistaken by observers for death, yet some part of this interval was haunted by a fearful dream. I conceived myself lying on the brink of a pit, whose bottom the eye could not reach. My hands and legs were fettered, so as to disable me from resisting two grim and gigantic figures, who stooped to lift me from the earth. Their purpose, methought, was to cast me into this abyss. My terrors were unspeakable, and I struggled with such force, that my bonds snapped, and I found myself at liberty. At this moment my senses returned and I opened my eyes.

The memory of recent events was, for a time, effaced by my visionary horrors. I was conscious of transition from one state of being to another, but my imagination was still filled with images of danger. The bottomless gulf and my gigantic persecutors were still dreaded. I looked up with eagerness. Beside me I discovered three figures, whose character or office was explained by a coffin of pine boards which lay upon the floor. One stood with hammer and nails in his hand, as ready to replace and fasten the lid of the coffin, as soon as its burthen should be received.

I attempted to rise from the floor, but my head was dizzy and my sight confused. Perceiving me revive, one of the men assisted me to regain my feet. The mist and confusion presently vanished, so as to allow me to stand unsupported and to move. I once more gazed at my attendants, and recognized the three men whom I had met in High Street, and whose conversation I have mentioned that I overheard. I looked again upon the coffin. A wavering recollection of the incidents that led me hither and of the stunning blow which I had received, occurred to me. I saw into what error appearances had misled these men, and shuddered to reflect by what hairbreadth means I had escaped being buried alive.

Before the men had time to interrogate me, or to comment upon my situation, one entered the apartment, whose habit and mien tended to encourage me. The stranger was characterized by an aspect full of composure and benignity, a face in which the serious lines of age were blended with the ruddiness and smoothness of youth, and a garb that bespoke that religious profession, with whose benevolent doctrines the example of Hadwin had rendered me familiar.

On observing me on my feet, he betrayed marks of surprise and satisfaction. He addressed me in a tone of mildness.

"Young man," said he, "what is thy condition? Art thou sick? If thou art, thou must consent to receive the best treatment which the times will afford. These men will convey thee to the hospital at Bush Hill."

The mention of that contagious and abhorred receptacle inspired me with some degree of energy. "No," said I, "I am not sick; a violent blow reduced me to this situation; I shall presently recover strength enough to leave this spot without assistance."

He looked at me with an incredulous but compassionate air. "I fear thou dost deceive thyself or me. The necessity of going to the hospital is much to be regretted, but, on the whole, it is best. Perhaps, indeed, thou hast kindred or friends who will take care of thee."

"No," said I; "neither kindred nor friends. I am a stranger in the city. I do not even know a single being."

"Alas!" returned the stranger, with a sigh; "thy state is sorrowful—but how camest thou hither?" continued he, looking around him, "and whence comest thou?"

"I came from the country; I reached the city a few hours ago; I was in search of a friend who lived in this house."

"Thy undertaking was strangely hazardous and rash; but who is the friend thou seekest? Was it he who died in that bed, and whose corpse has just been removed?"

The men now betrayed some impatience; and inquired of the last comer, whom they called Mr. Estwick, w

they were to do. He turned to me, and asked if I were willing to be conducted to the hospital?

I assured him that I was free from disease, and stood in no need of assistance ; adding that my feebleness was owing to a stunning blow received from a ruffian on my temple. The marks of this blow were conspicuous, and after some hesitation he dismissed the men ; who, lifting the empty coffin on their shoulders, disappeared.

He now invited me to descend into the parlor ; “ For,” said he, “ the air of this room is deadly. I feel already as if I should have reason to repent of having entered it.”

He now inquired into the cause of those appearances which he had witnessed. I explained my situation as clearly and succinctly as I was able.

After pondering in silence on my story :—“ I see how it is,” said he ; “ the person whom thou sawest in the agonies of death was a stranger. He was attended by his servant and a hired nurse. His master’s death being certain, the nurse was dispatched by the servant to procure a coffin. He probably chose that opportunity to rifle his master’s trunk, that stood upon the table. Thy unseasonable entrance interrupted him ; and he designed, by the blow which he gave thee, to secure his retreat before the arrival of a hearse. I know the man, and the apparition thou hast so well described, was his. Thou sayest that a friend of thine lived in this house—thou hast come too late to be of service. The whole family have perished. Not one was suffered to escape.”

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1779, and educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He was a lawyer by profession, and resided most of his life at Washington. He died in 1843. His famous national song, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, was written on the occasion of the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British during the war of 1812. A volume of Key's poems was published at Baltimore in 1857, with an introductory letter by his brother-in-law, Chief Justice Taney. They consist largely of album verses and other occasional pieces, not originally intended for publication.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing ;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner ! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave '

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



WASHINGTON ALLSTON

was born at Charleston in 1779, and graduated at Harvard College in 1796. He decided to embrace an artist's career, and having sold his patrimony in South Carolina, sailed for England in 1801, and became a student in the Royal Academy. Much of Mr. Allston's life was spent abroad. At Rome, where he lived for four years, he formed an intimacy with Coleridge. On his final return to America in 1818, he took up his residence at Boston. He died in 1843. Allston is better known by his paintings than by his poetry. In 1813 he published at London and Boston *The Sylphs of the Seasons and Other Poems*; and in 1841, at Boston, *Monaldi*, a prose romance. A collection of his poems, together with his lectures on art, was published at New York in 1850, edited by his brother-in-law, Richard H. Dana.

ROSALIE.

O pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain ;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies !

No,—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before ; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be,—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres ;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this,—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play,—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden reverie,
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

CLEMENT C. MOORE

was born at New York in 1779, and graduated at Columbia College in 1798. He held for many years the professorship of Biblical Learning and afterwards of Oriental and Greek Literature in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. In 1809 he published a Hebrew and English Lexicon. A collection of his poems was printed at New York in 1844. He died in 1863.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;
" Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and Blitzen !

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

WASHINGTON IRVING

was born at New York in 1783. At the age of sixteen he began the study of law, which was interrupted by an absence of two years in Europe from 1804-1806. In the latter year he returned to New York, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. His earliest important contributions to literature were the *Salmagundi Papers*, a series of town satires and humors, written in partnership with his brother William Irving and J. K. Paulding, in 1807. In 1809 was published *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. In 1815 Irving again went abroad and remained for seventeen years, residing mainly in England, but also spending much time in France, Germany and Spain. During this protracted absence he published in England and New York simultaneously many of his best books, including *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, and *The Alhambra*. In 1829 he was appointed American Secretary of Legation at London. In 1832 he returned to America, and in the summer of the same year traveled in the Far West, accumulating materials for his *Tour on the Prairies*, published in 1835, along with *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey* in the *Crayon Miscellany*. In the same year was published *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. In 1842 he was sent as U. S. Minister to Spain. He returned finally to America in 1846 and took up his residence at his country seat of "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where he died in 1859. His *Mahomet* was published in 1849-50 and his *Life of Washington* in 1855.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
 From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
 Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
 Unto thylike day in which I creep into
 My sepulchre —————

CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismem-

bered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky ; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace !) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so

gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man ; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity ; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation ; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing ; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles ; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity ; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuper-

able aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance ; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences ; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own ; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm ; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country ; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces ; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages ; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do ; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotte-

in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but

what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from

morning until night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movement as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds ; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught ; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee !" Wolf would wag his tail, look wist-

fully in his master's face ; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene ; evening was gradually advancing ; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys ; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, " Rip Van Winkle ! Rip Van Winkle ! " He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He

thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air : " Rip Van Winkle ! Rip Van Winkle ! "—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him ; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place ; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and buckles at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied, with his usual alacrity ; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it

to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brink of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening clouds. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages, playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Domine Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been

brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling ; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another ; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and

the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip,—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up;

sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre ; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog ; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice ; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done ? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun ; he dreaded to meet his wife ; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture in-

duced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long !

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered ; it was larger and more populous ; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him ; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly !”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed.

“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me !”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame

Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes ;—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, **GENERAL WASHINGTON.**

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke

instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short, but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A

tory ! a tory ! a spy ! a refugee ! hustle him ! away with him ! ” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order ; and, having assumed a ten-fold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking ? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“ Well—who are they ?—name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “ Where’s Nicholas Vedder ? ”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, “ Nicholas Vedder ! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years ! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“ Where’s Brom Dutcher ? ”

“ Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war ; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.”

“ Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster ? ”

“ He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand : war—Congress—Stony Point—he *had no courage* to ask after any more friends, but cried

out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end;—"I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the cor-

ners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-Moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the

farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war,—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England,—and that instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes ; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to

vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale that I have related, and not a man, woman, or child, in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE STORM SHIP.

FROM "BRACEBRIDGE HALL."

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain fell in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the Church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times in vain to strike its weather-cock. Garrett Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and

Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms which only happen once within the memory of the venerable personage known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length, the storm abated ; the thunder sank into a growl, and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the Old World, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed ; to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessities. The good vrouw could not have her new cap nor new gown until the arrival of the ship : the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus, every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam ; and from one end of the

year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the Battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the Battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents; but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea-captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt, had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colors. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvas, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The by-standers looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he

would say to this report ; Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing ; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side ; but no notice was taken of it ! What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbor-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her ; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success. Sometimes he got within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands ; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets, high hats and feathers ; not a word was spoken by any one on board ; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the

whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly, to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, smoking his long jasmine pipe, and listening to all his counsellors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing ; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were dispatched to various places on the river, but they returned without any tidings—the ship had made no port. Day after day, week after week, elapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river ; sometimes near the Palisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the highlands ; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions ; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm ; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the

wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her topsails glittering in the moonbeams ; by the time, however, that the voyagers reached the place, no ship was to be seen ; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold ! there she was again with her topsails in the moonshine ! Her appearance was always just after, or just in the midst of unruly weather ; and she was known among the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "The Storm-Ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever ; and it would be useless to repeat the conjectures and opinions uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the flying Dutchman, which had so long haunted Table Bay ; but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbor. Others suggested, that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the *Half-Moon* ; who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river in seeking a northwest passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors ; for indeed it had always been reported that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountains ; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled, or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the storm-ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, a matter of popular belief and marvelous anecdote through the whole time of the Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province by the English squadron. About that time the storm-ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappan Zee, and about Weehawk, and even down as far as Hoboken; and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no other authentic accounts of her; though it is said she still haunts the highlands, and cruises about Point-no-Point. People who live along the river insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loafed hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps about the Dunderberg.* They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving

* The "Thunder-Mountain," so called from its echoes.

orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets; tumbling head-over-heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, she labored dreadfully, and the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued laboring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard, and seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the highlands, until she had passed Pollopol's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourn, than the little hat spun up into the air like a top, whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast,—a wise precaution against evil spirits, since adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ouselsticker, of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit, riding his sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's Nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of Saint Nicholas ; whereupon the goblin threw himself up into the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife ; which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus church-steeple, at least forty miles off ! Several events of this kind having taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain ; and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested.

"Such," said Antony Vander Heyden, "are a few of the stories written down by Selyne the poet, concerning the storm-ship,—which he affirms to have brought a crew of mischievous imps into the province, from some old ghost-ridden country of Europe. I could give a host more, if necessary ; for all the accidents that so often befall the river craft in the highlands are said to be tricks played off by these imps of the Dunderberg ; but I see that you are nodding, so let us turn in for the night."

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

was born at Scituate, Mass., in 1785. After serving an apprenticeship to a Boston printer, he started a literary weekly at New Haven, Conn. This proving a failure, he removed to New York, and conducted several successive papers and magazines, among others *The New York Mirror*, jointly with Gen. G. P. Morris. Woodworth wrote for the stage, and in 1818 and 1826 he published collections of his poems. He died in 1842.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew !
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it ;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it ;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell !
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well !

JOHN PIERPONT

was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1785, and graduated at Yale College in 1804. He spent four years as private tutor in the family of Col. William Allston of South Carolina, and returning to the North he studied law at the Litchfield Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. He soon gave up practice, however, and went into business at Boston, and afterwards at Baltimore. Not succeeding in business, he turned to theology, and entered the Harvard Divinity School. He left the Seminary in 1818, and in 1819 was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835-6 he traveled in Europe. He died in 1866. In 1816 he published *Airs of Palestine*, a poem ; and in 1840 a collection entitled *Airs of Palestine and other Poems*. His poems are mostly occasional, and largely of a religious character.

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair :
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—he is not there !

He lives !—In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me there !”

Yes we all live to God !
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
’Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Stand ! the ground's your own, my braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
 Hope ye mercy still ?
What's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle-peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will ye to your *homes* retire ?
Look behind you ! they're a-fire !
 And, before you, see
Who have done it !—From the vale
On they come !—and will ye quail ?
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust !
Die we may,—and die we must ;—
But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell !

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

was born at Burlington, N. J., in 1789. In 1790 his family moved to the new settlement of Cooperstown, near Otsego Lake, in New York State, and the scene of Cooper's novel, *Deerslayer*. Here his childhood was passed. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College, but left in his junior year, and became a midshipman in the navy. After spending six years in the service, he resigned his commission, in 1811, married, and settled in the village of Mamaroneck, near New York City. The first novel of Cooper's which made any impression was *The Spy*, a Revolutionary tale, published in 1821. This was followed by a long series of romances written in rapid succession, and dealing some with Indian life and some with nautical adventure. The most important of these were, first, "The Leatherstocking Tales," consisting of *The Pioneers*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Deerslayer*; and secondly, the sea stories, consisting of *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing and Wing*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *Jack Tar*, and *The Sea-Lions*. He also wrote many other fictions of American and European life, several volumes of travels, and numerous controversial and historical works. The years from 1823-33 he spent in Europe. In 1833 he returned to America, and took up his residence at Cooperstown, where he died in 1851. His last novel, *The Ways of the Hour* was published in 1850.

AN INDIAN ELOPEMENT.

FROM "THE DEERSLAYER."

The Delaware girl, Hist, the betrothed of Chingachgook, has been stolen by the hostile tribe of Hurons. The young chief, with his white friend, the Deerslayer, are going by appointment to meet the girl and carry her back to the Delaware village. The scene is the border of Otsego Lake. The "castle" alluded to is a fortified log-dwelling, built on piles in the lake, and belonging to a white trapper, and the "ark" is his scow, from which the rescuers have set out.

Chingachgook and his pale-face friend set forth on their hazardous and delicate enterprise with a coolness and method that would have done credit to men who were on their twentieth, instead of being on their first war-path. As suited his relation to the pretty fugitive, in whose service they were engaged, the Indian took his place in the

head of the canoe, while Deerslayer guided its movements in the stern. By this arrangement, the former would be the first to land, and of course the first to meet his mistress. The latter had taken his post without comment, but in secret influenced by the reflection that one who had so much at stake as the Indian, might not possibly guide the canoe with the same steadiness and intelligence as another who had more command of his feelings. From the instant they left the side of the ark, the movements of the two adventurers were like the manœuvres of highly-drilled soldiers, who for the first time were called on to meet the enemy in the field. As yet, Chingachgook had never fired a shot in anger, and the *debut* of his companion in warfare is known to the reader. It is true, the Indian had been hanging about his enemy's camp for a few hours, on his first arrival, and he had even once entered it, as related in the last chapter, but no consequences had followed either experiment. Now, it was certain that an important result was to be effected, or a mortifying failure was to ensue. The rescue, or the continued captivity of Hist, depended on the enterprise. In a word, it was virtually the maiden expedition of these two ambitious young forest soldiers ; and while one of them set forth, impelled by sentiments that usually carry men so far, both had all their feelings of pride and manhood enlisted in their success.

Instead of steering in a direct line to the point, then distant from the ark less than a quarter of a mile, Deerslayer laid the head of his canoe diagonally toward the centre of the lake, with a view to obtain a position from which he might approach the shore, having his enemies in his front only. The spot where Hetty had landed,

and where Hist had promised to meet them, moreover, was on the upper side of the projection, rather than on the lower; and to reach it, would have required the adventurers to double nearly the whole point, close in with the shore, had not this preliminary step been taken. So well was the necessity for this measure understood, that Chingachgook quietly paddled on, although it was adopted without consulting him, and apparently was taking him in a direction nearly opposite to that one might think he most wished to go. A few minutes sufficed, however, to carry the canoe the necessary distance, when both the young men ceased paddling, as it were, by instinctive consent, and the boat became stationary.

The darkness increased rather than diminished, but it was still possible, from the place where the adventurers lay, to distinguish the outlines of the mountains. In vain did the Delaware turn his head eastward, to catch a glimpse of the promised star; for, notwithstanding the clouds broke a little near the horizon in that quarter of the heavens, the curtain continued so far drawn as effectually to conceal all behind it. In front, as was known by the formation of land above and behind it, lay the point, at a distance of about a thousand feet. No signs of the castle could be seen, nor could any movement in that quarter of the lake reach the ear. The latter circumstance might have been equally owing to the distance, which was several miles, or to the fact that nothing was in motion. As for the ark, though scarcely further from the canoe than the point, it lay so completely buried in the shadows of the shore, that it would not have been visible even had there been many degrees more of light than actually existed.

The adventurers now held a conference in low voices, consulting together as to the probable time. Deerslayer thought it wanted yet some minutes to the rising of the star, while the impatience of the chief caused him to fancy the night further advanced, and to believe that his betrothed was already waiting his appearance on the shore. As might have been expected, the opinion of the latter prevailed, and his friend disposed himself to steer for the place of rendezvous. The utmost skill and precaution now became necessary in the management of the canoe. The paddles were lifted and returned to the water in a noiseless manner ; and, when within a hundred yards of the beach, Chingachgook took in his altogether, laying his hand on his rifle in its stead. As they got still more within the belt of darkness that girded the woods, it was seen that they were steering too far north, and the course was altered accordingly. The canoe now seemed to move by instinct, so cautious and deliberate were all its motions. Still it continued to advance, until its bows grated on the gravel of the beach, at the precise spot where Hetty had landed, and whence her voice had issued, the previous night, as the ark was passing. There was, as usual, a narrow strand, but bushes fringed the woods, and in most places overhung the water.

Chingachgook stepped upon the beach, and cautiously examined it, for some distance, on each side of the canoe. In order to do this, he was often obliged to wade to his knees in the lake. No Hist rewarded his search. When he returned, he found his friend also on the shore. They next conferred in whispers, the Indian apprehending that they must have mistaken the place of rendezvous. Deerslayer thought it was probable they had mistaken the

hour. While he was yet speaking, he grasped the arm of the Delaware, caused him to turn his head in the direction of the lake, and pointed toward the summits of the eastern mountains. The clouds had broken a little, apparently behind rather than above the hills, and the selected star was glittering among the branches of a pine. This was every way a flattering omen, and the young men leaned on their rifles, listening intently for the sound of approaching footsteps. Voices they often heard, and mingled with them were the suppressed cries of children, and the low but sweet laugh of Indian women. As the native Americans are habitually cautious, and seldom break out in loud conversation, the adventurers knew by these facts that they must be very near the encampment. It was easy to perceive that there was a fire within the woods, by the manner in which some of the upper branches of the trees were illuminated, but it was not possible, where they stood, to ascertain exactly how near it was to themselves. Once or twice it seemed as if stragglers from around the fire were approaching the place of rendezvous ; but these sounds were either altogether illusions, or those who had drawn near returned again without coming to the shore. A quarter of an hour was passed in this state of intense expectation and anxiety, when Deerslayer proposed that they should circle the point in the canoe ; and by getting a position close in, where the camp could be seen, reconnoitre the Indians, and thus enable themselves to form some plausible conjectures for the non-appearance of Hist. The Delaware, however, resolutely refused to quit the spot, plausibly enough offering as a reason, the disappointment of the girl, should she arrive in his absence. Deer-

slayer felt for his friend's concern, and offered to make the circuit of the point by himself, leaving the latter concealed in the bushes to await the occurrence of any fortunate event that might favor his views. With this understanding, then, the parties separated.

As soon as Deerslayer was at his post again, in the stern of the canoe, he left the shore with the same precautions, and in the same noiseless manner as he had approached it. On this occasion he did not go far from the land, the bushes affording sufficient cover, by keeping as close in as possible. Indeed, it would not have been easy to devise any means more favorable to reconnoitring round an Indian camp, than those afforded by the actual state of things. The formation of the point permitted the place to be circled on three of its sides, and the progress of the boat was so noiseless as to remove any apprehensions from an alarm through sound. The most practiced and guarded foot might stir a bunch of leaves or snap a dried stick in the dark, but a bark canoe could be made to float over the surface of smooth water, almost with the instinctive readiness, and certainly with the noiseless movements, of an aquatic bird.

Deerslayer had got nearly in a line between the camp and the ark, before he caught a glimpse of the fire. This came upon him suddenly, and a little unexpectedly, at first causing an alarm, lest he had incautiously ventured within the circle of light it cast. But, perceiving at a second glance that he was certainly safe from detection, so long as the Indians kept near the centre of the illumination, he brought the canoe to a state of rest, in the most favorable position he could find, and commenced his observations.

We have written much, but in vain, concerning this extraordinary being, if the reader requires now to be told that, untutored as he was in the learning of the world, and simple as he ever showed himself to be in all matters touching the subtleties of conventional taste, he was a man of strong, native, poetical feeling. He loved the woods for their freshness, their sublime solitudes, their vastness, and the impress that they everywhere bore of the divine hand of their Creator. He rarely moved through them, without pausing to dwell on some peculiar beauty that gave him pleasure, though seldom attempting to investigate the causes; and never did a day pass without his communing in spirit, and this, too, without the aid of forms or language, with the Infinite Source of all he saw, felt, and beheld. Thus constituted in a moral sense, and of a steadiness that no danger could appall or any crisis disturb, it is not surprising that the hunter felt a pleasure at looking on the scene he now beheld, that momentarily caused him to forget the object of his visit. This will more fully appear when we describe it.

The canoe lay in front of a natural vista, not only through the bushes that lined the shore, but of the trees also, that afforded a clear view of the camp. It was by means of this same opening that the light had been first seen from the ark. In consequence of their recent change of ground, the Indians had not yet retired to their huts, but had been delayed by their preparations, which included lodging as well as food. A large fire had been made, as much to answer the purpose of torches, as for the use of their simple cookery; and at this precise moment it was blazing high and bright, having recently received a large supply of dried brush. The effect was to illuminate

the arches of the forest, and to render the whole area occupied by the camp as light as if hundreds of tapers were burning. Most of the toil had ceased, and even the hungriest child had satisfied its appetite. In a word, the time was that moment of relaxation and general indolence which is apt to succeed a hearty meal, and when the labors of the day have ended. The hunters and the fishermen had been equally successful; and food, that one great requisite of savage life, being abundant, every other care appeared to have subsided in the sense of enjoyment dependent on this all-important fact.

Deerslayer saw at a glance that many of the warriors were absent. His acquaintance, Rivenoak, however, was present, being seated in the foreground of a picture that Salvator Rosa would have delighted to draw, his swarthy features illuminated as much by pleasure as by the torch-like flame, while he showed another of the tribe one of the elephants that had caused so much sensation among his people. A boy was looking over his shoulder, in dull curiosity, completing the group. More in the background, eight or ten warriors lay half recumbent on the ground, or sat with their backs inclining against trees, so many types of indolent repose. Their arms were near them, sometimes leaning against the same trees as themselves, or were lying across their bodies, in careless preparation. But the group that most attracted the attention of Deerslayer was that composed of the women and children. All the females appeared to be collected together, and, almost as a matter of course, their young were near them. The former laughed and chatted in their rebuked and quiet manner, though one who knew the habits of the people might have detected that everything was not going

on in its usual train. Most of the young women seemed to be light-hearted enough ; but one old hag was seated apart, with a watchful, soured aspect, which the hunter at once knew betokened that some duty of an unpleasant character had been assigned her by the chiefs. What that duty was he had no means of knowing ; but he felt satisfied it must be, in some measure, connected with her own sex, the aged among the women generally being chosen for such offices, and no other.

As a matter of course, Deerslayer looked eagerly and anxiously for the form of Hist. She was nowhere visible, though the light penetrated to considerable distances in all directions around the fire. Once or twice he started, as he thought he recognized her laugh ; but his ears were deceived by the soft melody that is so common to the Indian female voice. At length the old woman spoke loud and angrily, and then he caught a glimpse of one or two dark figures in the background of trees, which turned as if obedient to the rebuke, and walked more within the circle of the light. A young warrior's form first came fairly into view ; then followed two youthful females, one of whom proved to be the Delaware girl. Deerslayer now comprehended it all. Hist was watched, possibly by her young companion, certainly by the old woman. The youth was probably some suitor of either her or her companion ; but even his discretion was distrusted under the influence of his admiration. The known vicinity of those who might be supposed to be her friends, and the arrival of a strange red man on the lake, had induced more than the usual care, and the girl had not been able to slip away from those who watched her, in order to keep her appointment. Deerslayer traced her uneasiness, by her

attempting, once or twice, to look up through the branches of the trees, as if endeavoring to get a glimpse of the star she had herself named as the sign for meeting. All was vain, however, and after strolling about the camp a little longer, in affected indifference, the two girls quitted their male escort, and took seats among their own sex. As soon as this was done, the old sentinel changed her place to one more agreeable to herself, a certain proof that she had hitherto been exclusively on watch.

Deerslayer now felt greatly at a loss how to proceed. He well knew that Chingachgook could never be persuaded to return to the ark, without making some desperate effort for the recovery of his mistress, and his own generous feelings well disposed him to aid in such an undertaking. He thought he saw the signs of an intention among the females to retire for the night; and should he remain, and the fire continue to give out its light, he might discover the particular hut, or arbor, under which Hist reposed; a circumstance that would be of infinite use in their future proceedings. Should he remain, however, much longer where he was, there was great danger that the impatience of his friend would drive him into some act of imprudence. At each instant, indeed, he expected to see the swarthy form of the Delaware appearing in the background, like the tiger prowling around the fold. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, he came to the conclusion it would be better to rejoin his friend, and endeavor to temper his impetuosity by some of his own coolness and discretion. It required but a minute or two to put this plan in execution, the canoe returning to the strand some ten or fifteen minutes after it had left it.

Contrary to his expectations, perhaps, Deerslayer found the Indian at his post, from which he had not stirred, fearful that his betrothed might arrive during his absence. A conference followed, in which Chingachgook was made acquainted with the state of things in the camp. When Hist named the point as the place of meeting, it was with the expectation of making her escape from the old position, and of repairing to a spot that she expected to find without any occupants; but the sudden change of localities had disconcerted all her plans. A much greater degree of vigilance than had been previously required, was now necessary; and the circumstance that an aged woman was on watch, also denoted some special grounds of alarm. All these considerations, and many more that will readily suggest themselves to the reader, were briefly discussed, before the young men came to any decision. The occasion, however, being one that required acts, instead of words, the course to be pursued was soon chosen.

Disposing of the canoe in such a manner that Hist must see it, should she come to the place of meeting previously to their return, the young men looked to their arms, and prepared to enter the wood. The whole projection into the lake contained about two acres of land; and the part that formed the point, and on which the camp was placed, did not comprise a surface of more than half that size. It was principally covered with oaks, which, as is usual in the American forests, grew to a great height without throwing out a branch, and then arched in a dense and rich foliage. Beneath, except the fringe of thick bushes along the shore, there was very little underbrush; though, in consequence of their shape, the trees

were closer together than is common in regions where the axe has been freely used, resembling tall, straight, rustic columns, upholding the usual canopy of leaves. The surface of the land was tolerably even, but it had a small rise near its centre, which divided it into a northern and southern half. On the latter the Hurons had built their fire, profiting by the formation to conceal it from their enemies, who, it will be remembered, were supposed to be in the castle, which bore northerly. A brook also came brawling down the sides of the adjacent hills, and found its way into the lake on the southern side of the point. It had cut for itself a deep passage through some of the higher portions of the ground, and, in latter days, when the spot has become subjected to the uses of civilization, by its windings and shaded banks, it has become no mean accessory in contributing to the beauty of the place. This brook lay west of the encampment, and its waters found their way into the great reservoir of that region on the same side, and quite near to the spot chosen for the fire. All these peculiarities, so far as circumstances allowed, had been noted by Deerslayer, and explained to his friend.

The reader will understand that the little rise in the ground that lay behind the Indian encampment, greatly favored the secret advance of the two adventurers. It prevented the light of the fire diffusing itself on the ground directly in the rear, although the land fell away toward the water, so as to leave what might be termed the left, or eastern flank of the position, unprotected by this covering. We have said "unprotected," though that is not properly the word, since the knoll behind the huts and the fire offered a cover for those who were now stealthily

approaching, rather than any protection to the Indians. Deerslayer did not break through the fringe of bushes immediately abreast of the canoe, which might have brought him too suddenly within the influence of the light, since the hillock did not extend to the water ; but he followed the beach northerly until he had got nearly on the opposite side of the tongue of land, which brought him under the shelter of the low acclivity, and, consequently, more in shadow.

As soon as the friends emerged from the bushes, they stopped to reconnoitre. The fire was still blazing behind the little ridge, casting its light upward into the tops of the trees, producing an effect that was more pleasing than advantageous. Still, the glare had its uses ; for, while the background was in obscurity, the foreground was in strong light, exposing the savages and concealing their foes. Profiting by the latter circumstance, the young men advanced cautiously toward the ridge, Deerslayer in front, for he insisted on this arrangement, lest the Delaware should be led by his feelings into some indiscretion. It required but a moment to reach the foot of the little ascent, and then commenced the most critical part of the enterprise. Moving with exceeding caution, and trailing his rifle, both to keep its barrel out of view, and in readiness for service, the hunter put foot before foot, until he had got sufficiently high to overlook the summit, his own head being alone brought into the light. Chingachgook was at his side, and both paused to take another close examination of the camp. In order, however, to protect themselves against any straggler in the rear, they placed their bodies against the trunk of an oak, standing on the side next the fire.

The view that Deerslayer now obtained of the camp was exactly the reverse of that he had perceived from the water. The dim figures which he had formerly discovered must have been on the summit of the ridge, a few feet in advance of the spot where he was now posted. The fire was still blazing brightly, and around it were seated on logs thirteen warriors, which accounted for all whom he had seen from the canoe. They were conversing with much earnestness among themselves, the image of the elephant passing from hand to hand. The first burst of savage wonder had abated, and the question now under discussion was the probable existence, the history and habits of so extraordinary an animal. We have not leisure to record the opinions of these rude men on a subject so consonant with their lives and experience; but little is hazarded in saying that they were quite as plausible, and far more ingenious, than half the conjectures that precede the demonstrations of science. However much they may have been at fault, as to their conclusions and inferences, it is certain that they discussed the questions with a zealous and most undivided attention. For the time being, all else was forgotten, and our adventurers could not have approached at a more fortunate instant.

The females were collected near each other, much as Deerslayer had last seen them, nearly in a line between the place where he now stood and the fire. The distance from the oak against which the young men leaned and the warriors, was about thirty yards; the women may have been half that number of yards nigher. The latter, indeed, were so near as to make the utmost circumspection, as to motion and noise, indispensable. Although they con-

versed in their low, soft voices, it was possible, in the profound stillness of the woods, even to catch passages of the discourse ; and the light-hearted laugh that escaped the girls occasionally might have reached the canoe. Deerslayer felt the tremor that passed through the frame of his friend, when the latter first caught the sweet sounds that issued from the plump, pretty lips of Hist. He even laid a hand on the shoulder of the Indian, as a sort of admonition to command himself. As the conversation grew more earnest, each leaned forward to listen.

"The Hurons have more curious beasts than that," said one of the girls, contemptuously ; for, like the men, they conversed of the elephant and his qualities. "The Delawares will think this creature wonderful, but to-morrow no Huron tongue will talk of it. Our young men will find him if the animal dares to come near our wigwams !"

This was, in fact, addressed to Wah-ta !-Wah, though she who spoke uttered her words with an assumed diffidence and humility that prevented her looking at the other.

"The Delawares are so far from letting such creatures come into their country," returned Hist, "that no one has even seen their images there ! Their young men would frighten away the *images* as well as the *beasts*."

"The Delaware young men !—the nation is women—even the deer walk when they hear their hunters coming ! Who has ever heard the name of a young Delaware warrior ?"

This was said in good-humor, and with a laugh ; but it was also said bitinglly. That Hist so felt it was apparent by the spirit betrayed in her answer.

"Who has ever heard the name of a young Delaware!" she repeated earnestly. "Tamenund, himself, though now as old as the pines on the hill, or as the eagle in the air, was once young; his name was heard from the great salt lake to the sweet waters of the west. What is the family of Uncas? Where is another as great, though the pale-faces have plowed up its graves, and trodden on its bones? Do the eagles fly as high, is the deer as swift, or the panther as brave? Is there no young warrior of that race? Let the Huron maidens open their eyes wider, and they may see one called Chingachgook, who is as stately as a young ash, and as tough as the hickory."

As the girl used her figurative language, and told her companions to "open their eyes and they would see" the Delaware, Deerslayer thrust his fingers into the sides of his friend, and indulged in a fit of his hearty, benevolent laughter. The other smiled; but the language of the speaker was too flattering, and the tones of her voice too sweet, for him to be led away by any accidental coincidence, however ludicrous. The speech of Hist produced a retort, and the dispute, though conducted in good-humor, and without any of the coarse violence of tone and gesture that often impairs the charms of the sex in what is called civilized life, grew warm and slightly clamorous. In the midst of this scene the Delaware caused his friend to stoop, so as completely to conceal himself, and then he made a noise so closely resembling the little chirrup of the smallest species of the American squirrel, that Deerslayer himself, though he had heard the imitation a hundred times, actually thought it came from one of the little animals skipping about over his

head. The sound is so familiar in the woods that none of the Hurons paid it the least attention. Hist, however, instantly ceased talking, and sat motionless. Still, she had sufficient self-command to abstain from turning her head. She had heard the signal by which her lover so often called her from the wigwam to the stolen interview, and it came over her senses and her heart as the serenade affects the maiden in the land of song.

From that moment Chingachgook felt certain that his presence was known. This was effecting much, and he could now hope for a bolder line of conduct on the part of his mistress than she might dare to adopt under an uncertainty of his situation. It left no doubt of her endeavoring to aid him in his effort to release her. Deerslayer arose as soon as the signal was given, and though he had never held that sweet communion which is known only to lovers, he was not slow to detect the great change that had come over the manner of the girl. She still affected to dispute, though it was no longer with spirit and ingenuity, but what she said was uttered more as a lure to draw her antagonists on to an easy conquest; than with any hopes of succeeding herself. Once or twice, it is true, her native readiness suggested a retort or an argument that raised a laugh, and gave her a momentary advantage; but these little sallies, the offspring of mother wit, served the better to conceal her real feelings, and to give to the triumph of the party a more natural air than it might have possessed without them. At length the disputants became wearied, and they rose in a body as if about to separate. It was now that Hist, for the first time, ventured to turn her face in the direction whence the signal had come. In doing this, her

movements were natural but guarded, and she stretched her arm and yawned, as if overcome with a desire to sleep. The chirrup was again heard, and the girl felt satisfied as to the position of her lover, though the strong light in which she herself was placed, and the comparative darkness in which the adventurers stood, prevented her from seeing their heads, the only portion of their forms that appeared above the ridge at all. The tree against which they were posted had a dark shadow cast upon it by the intervention of an enormous pine that grew between it and the fire, a circumstance which alone would have rendered objects within its cloud invisible at any distance. This Deerslayer well knew, and it was one of the reasons why he had selected this particular tree.

The moment was near when it became necessary for Hist to act. She was to sleep in a small hut, or bower, that had been built near the spot where she stood, and her companion was the aged hag already mentioned. Once within the hut, with this sleepless old woman stretched across the entrance, as was her nightly practice, the hope of escape was nearly destroyed, and she might, at any moment, be summoned to her bed. Luckily, at this instant, one of the warriors called to the old woman by name, and bade her bring him water to drink. There was a delicious spring on the northern side of the point, and the hag took a gourd from a branch, and, summoning Hist to her side, she moved toward the summit of the ridge, intending to descend and cross the point to the natural fountain. All this was seen and understood by the adventurers, and they fell back into the obscurity, concealing their persons by trees, until the two females had passed them. In walking, Hist was held tightly by

the hand. As she moved by the tree that hid Chingachgook and his friend, the former felt for his tomahawk, with the intention to bury it in the brain of the woman. But the other saw the hazard of such a measure, since a single scream might bring all the warriors upon them, and he was averse to the act on considerations of humanity. His hand, therefore, prevented the blow. Still as the two moved past, the chirrup was repeated, and the Huron woman stopped and faced the tree whence the sounds seemed to proceed, standing, at the moment, within six feet of her enemies. She expressed her surprise that a squirrel should be in motion at so late an hour, and said it boded evil. Hist answered that she had heard the same squirrel three times within the last twenty minutes, and that she supposed it was waiting to obtain some of the crumbs left from the late supper. This explanation appeared satisfactory, and they moved toward the spring, the men following stealthily and closely. The gourd was filled, and the old woman was hurrying back, her hand still grasping the wrist of the girl, when she was suddenly seized so violently by the throat, as to cause her to release her captive, and to prevent her making any other sound than a sort of gurgling, suffocating noise. The Serpent passed his arm round the waist of his mistress, and dashed through the bushes with her, on the north side of the point. Here he immediately turned along the beach and ran toward the canoe. A more direct course could have been taken, but it might have led to a discovery of the place of embarking.

Deerslayer kept playing on the throat of the old woman, like the keys of an organ, occasionally allowing her to breathe, and then compressing his fingers again nearly

to strangling. The brief intervals for breath, however, were well improved, and the hag succeeded in letting out a screech or two that served to alarm the camp. The tramp of the warriors, as they sprang from the fire, was plainly audible ; and, at the next moment, three or four of them appeared on the top of the ridge, drawn against the background of light, resembling the dim shadows of the phantasmagoria. It was now quite time for the hunter to retreat. Tripping up the heels of his captive, and giving her throat a parting squeeze, quite as much in resentment at her indomitable efforts to sound the alarm, as from any policy, he left her on her back, and moved toward the bushes ; his rifle at a poise, and his head over his shoulders, like a lion at bay.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

was born at Dublin in 1789. His family emigrated to America in 1797, and settled at Baltimore. In 1802 his father died, and his mother soon after removed to Augusta, Georgia. Young Wilde was admitted to the Georgia bar, and represented his State for several terms in Congress. From 1835 to 1840 he traveled in Europe, residing for three years at Florence, engaged in the study of Italian literature. In 1842 he published at New York *Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso*. Shortly after his return to America he removed to New Orleans, and devoted himself to the study and practice of the civil law. His death occurred in 1847. In 1867 his son published, at Boston, a poem entitled *Hesperia*, which had been left by Mr. Wilde in MS. The following stanzas were the subject of a once famous hoax. A Greek translation of them was published in a Southern newspaper, and ascribed to Alcæus, from whom it was asserted Mr. Wilde had borrowed them. "I know, in the whole range of imitative verse," says Prof. G. P. Marsh, "no line superior to that in Wilde's celebrated nameless poem—

" ' On that lone shore loud moans the sea. ' "

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die !
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see,—
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

was born at New York in 1792. He entered Union College, but left without completing his course, and became an actor. After having won a reputation by his performances in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other American cities, he sailed for England in 1813, and remained abroad until 1832, residing chiefly at London, where he was well known in theatrical circles as a player, stage-manager, and dramatic author. He died in 1852 at Tunis, where he had served for a time as Consul for the United States. The song *Home, Sweet Home* is from an opera entitled *Clari, or The Maid of Milan*, written by Payne for the Covent Garden Theater.

SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet home !
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call—
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He studied for two years at Williams College, but left in 1812 without taking a degree. From that time until 1825 he devoted himself to the study and practice of the law, first at Plainfield, and afterward at Great Barrington, both in his native State. In 1825 he went to New York, and entered the pursuit of journalism. He edited at first a monthly magazine, *The New York Review and Athenæum*, but in 1826 he assumed the editorship of the *New York Evening Post*, with which he remained connected till his death in 1878. His first publication was *The Embargo*, a political satire, printed at Boston in 1808. *Thanatopsis* was first published in the *North American Review* in 1817. Mr. Bryant's poems have mostly been given to the public in various periodicals, and have been from time to time collected and arranged in new editions. His prose publications include contributions to *The Talisman*, an annual published at New York from 1827-30; to the *Tales of the Glauber Spa*, 1832; two series of *Letters of a Traveler*; and various addresses, etc. In 1870-2 he published a translation in blank verse of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, pour'd round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATER-FOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids !
Thy birth was in the forest shades ;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild ;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks ;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen ;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast ;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round ;
And thought, that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away !—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick, young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell ;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent ?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument ?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow ;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go ;
Soft airs and song and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,

And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves ;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires ;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens,
and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they :
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way ;
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western
main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure
walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
High toward the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun ;
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and
cloud.

On thine unaltering blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their foot-
steps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful
way.

OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath !
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South ! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearest yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh ;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

was born at Baltimore, in 1795, and graduated from Baltimore College in 1812. In 1816 he was admitted to the bar. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1820, and in 1837 to the House of Representatives in Congress, when he served for three terms. In 1818-19 he published *The Red Book*, a series of social sketches; in 1832, *Swallow Barn*, sketches of country life in Virginia; in

1835, *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, a novel of revolutionary times; in 1838, *Rob of the Bowl*, a story of colonial life, and in 1840, *The Annals of Quodlibet*, a political satire. His miscellaneous works include a number of political writings and of addresses, speeches, etc. In 1852 he was appointed by Mr. Fillmore Secretary of the Navy. He died in 1870.

THE GOBLIN SWAMP.

FROM "SWALLOW BARN."

The sun was not above half an hour high when we took our departure from the Drakes, and the heat of the atmosphere was beginning to yield to the partial distillation of the dew, and the slow invasion of the night breeze. The road lay principally along the river, upon the bank, some ten or twelve feet above the tide, shaded with low black-jacks, dogwood, cedar, or tall pines. It occasionally digressed to head an inlet, or thread a brake; and sometimes extended with a single meandering track through the neighboring fields, which were guarded—according to a common arrangement in the Old Dominion—by a succession of peculiarly inconvenient, rickety, and weather-worn gates, that dragged heavily upon their wood hinges, and swung to again, with a misdirected aim at their awkward bolts, to the imminent peril of the tails of all way-faring animals that traveled through them.

In a short time we reached a point where the road turned abruptly from the river and took an inland direction, making a circuit of a mile or more, to pass the famous Apple-pie, which it does at some distance below the old mill, so conspicuous in my former sketches. At this turn Ned Hazard proposed that we should perform the rest of our journey on foot. He wished to show me the Goblin Swamp, a region of marsh, about half a mile

distant, formed by the diffusion of the Apple-pie over the flat grounds, near its confluence with the James River. An old road had once traversed the swamp at this place, and the remains of the causeway were yet, Ned affirmed, sufficiently solid to afford a passage to pedestrians ; besides, the Goblin Swamp showed to great advantage about twilight.

We accordingly committed our little companions to the guardianship of Carey ; and quitting the coach, entered a wood that bordered the road, where we soon found ourselves involved in a labyrinth of young pine trees springing up so close together as almost to forbid a passage through them. The ground was strewn with a thick coat of pine-straw—as the yellow sheddings of this tree are called—so slippery as to render it difficult to walk over it ; and the tangled branches caught in our clothes, and frequently struck our hats from our heads. But we succeeded at last in gaining an obscure path, so much embowered in shade as to be scarcely discernible. This conducted us through the mazes of the wood, and in a few moments we emerged upon the confines of an open country.

Before us lay a plain, surrounded by forest, which in front towered above a copse that sprang from an extensive marsh at the further extremity of the plain. The earth was clothed with a thin vesture of parched grass, and the still distinct furrows of ancient cornfields furnished proof that the tract had been, at some remote period, under cultivation, but long since abandoned, perhaps on account of its sterility. A few clumps of meager persimmon trees were scattered over this forsaken region, and deep gullies washed into the gravelly soil exposed to view its signal poverty.

Somewhere near the middle of this open ground stood a solitary, low brick chimney, conspicuous for its ample fire-place, and surrounded by a heap of ruins, to which a more striking air of desolation was added by a luxuriant growth of weeds that had taken root in the rank compost formed by the wreck of household timber. Amongst these relics of former habitation were the vestiges of a draw-well, choked by the wash of the land; the weeds sprang from its mouth, and the tall post, with the crotch in its upper extremity, still supported the long piece of timber that balanced the bucket, according to a device yet in use in many parts of the country. Immediately around the ruin, in what was once the curtilage of the dwelling, a few crabbed fruit trees, with chalky joints, and bowed down with years, flung their almost leafless and distorted limbs athwart the mouldering homestead. There were also to be seen, about fifty paces off, a black heap of dross, and some faint traces of the fire of a former smithy, of which the evidence was more unequivocal in the remains of a door, on which was burnt the figure of a horse-shoe.

When we arrived at this spot, the sun was just peering with his enlarged disk through the upper branches of the trees in the western horizon. The clouds were gorgeous with the golden and purple tints that give such magnificence to our summer evenings; and the waning light, falling on the volume of forest around us, communicated a richer gloom to its shades, and magnified the gigantic branches of some blasted oaks on the border of the plain, as they were seen relieved against the clear sky. Long and distorted shadows fell from every weed, bush, and tree, and contributed, with the forlorn aspect of the landscape, to

impress us with an undefined and solemn sensation that for a moment threw us into silence. Flights of crows traversed the air above our heads, and sang out their discordant vespers, as they plied their way to a distant nest ; the fish hawk had perched upon the highest naked branch of the tallest oak, and at intervals was seen to stretch forth his wings and ruffle his feathers, as if adjusting his position for the night. All animated objects that inhabited this region seemed to be busy with individual cares ; and the nocturnal preparations for rest or prey resounded from every quarter.

Hazard, taking advantage of the impression made by the somber imagery around us, as we marched onward to the ruin, threw out some hints that we were now upon a haunted spot, and began to converse in a lower tone, and walk closer to my side, with an air of mystery and fear, put on to sort with the nature of the story he was telling. The ruin, he informed me, was formerly the habitation of Mike Brown, who had strange doings with the devil, and both Mike and his companion were frequently seen in the swamp after dark ; the negroes, he said, and many of the white people about the country, held this place in great terror ; which, he believed, was one reason why the road that formerly crossed the marsh at this place had been disused. Certainly, the devil and Mike Brown could not have chosen a more secluded and barren waste for their pranks.

At length we reached the opposite side of the plain, where it became necessary to halt, and examine more minutely our road. Ned was under great embarrassment to discover the old causeway. The shrubbery had grown up so thick as to render this a task of uncertain accom-

plishment. There were several paths leading into the morass, made by the tramp of cattle. These so far perplexed my companion that he was obliged to confess his ignorance of the right way. We determined, however, to go on ; the approaching night began already to darken our view, and the undertaking seemed to be sufficiently perilous, even in daylight. I kept pace with Hazard, and shared with him the difficulties of a path that at every step became more intricate ; until, at last, we found ourselves encompassed by deep pools of stagnant water, with a footing no better than that afforded by a mossy islet, scarcely large enough for one person to stand upon ; where we were obliged to cling to the bushes for support ; whilst the soft texture of the earth yielded to our weight, and let in the water above our shoe-tops.

Here Ned began to swear that the place was strangely altered since he had last visited it, and to charge himself with a loss of memory, in not knowing better how to get through this wilderness. He protested that Mike Brown or his comrade had bewitched him, and brought him into this dilemma, as a punishment for his rashness. "I wish their devilships," he continued, "would condescend to favor us with the assistance of one of their imps, until we might arrive safely beyond the confines of their cursed dominion. What, ho, good Mr. Beelzebub !" he cried out jocularly, "have you no mercy on two foolish travelers ?"

Ned had no sooner made this invocation, which he did at the top of his voice, than we heard, at a distance from us, the indistinct rustling of leaves, as of one brushing through them, and the frequent plash of a footstep treading through the marsh. The sounds indicated the move-

ment of the object toward us, and it became obvious that something was fast making its way to the spot where we stood.

"Truly," said Ned, "that Mr. Beelzebub is a polite and civil demon. He scarce has notice of our distresses, before he comes himself to relieve them."

By this time a grotesque figure became faintly visible through the veil of twigs and branches that enveloped us. All that we could discern was the murky outline of something resembling a man. His stature was uncommonly low and broad; apparently he wore no coat, and upon what seemed his head was an odd-shaped cap, that fitted closely to his skull.

"Who goes there?" cried Ned briskly, as the figure came to a halt, and looked wildly about: "ghost or devil?"

"Neither," replied the figure, with a husky voice—such as that of a man with a bad cold—and at the same instant stepping boldly before us, "but an old sinner, who is a little of both; a sort of castaway, that has more gray hairs than brains; yet not so much of a buzzard as to be ignorant that the roundabout way is often the nearest home." Hereupon, the figure broke out into a loud, hollow, and unnatural laugh.

"What, Hafen? Is it possible? What, in the name of the foul fiend, brings you here?" cried out Ned, recognizing the speaker, who was Hafen Blok, a short, thick-set, bandy-legged personage, bearing all the marks of an old man, with a strangely weather-beaten face, that was intersected by as many drains as the rugged slope of a sand-hill. He had a large mouth, disfigured with tobacco, and unprovided with any show of teeth. He had, more-

over, a small upturned nose, a low forehead, and diminutive eyes that glistened beneath projecting brows of grizzled and shaggy hair. For a man verging upon sixty-five, his frame was uncommonly vigorous, although it was apparent that he was lame of one leg. His headgear, which had attracted our attention, even at a distance, was nothing more than the remnant of an antique cocked hat, now divested of its flaps, so as to form a close, round cap. His scraggy throat was covered with a prurient beard of half an inch in length, and laid open to view between the collar of a coarse brown shirt. Across his arm was flung a coat of some homely material, with huge metal buttons appearing to view ; and his trowsers and shoes were covered with the mud of the swamp. A belt crossed his shoulder, to which was suspended a bag of hempen cloth, and in his hand he bore two or three implements for trapping. There was a saucy waggishness in his gestures, of which the effect was heightened by the fox-like expression of his countenance, and the superlatively vagabond freedom of his manners.

"You are well met, Hafen," continued Ned. "The devil of the swamp could never have sent us a better man. How are we to get through the bog?"

"It is easy enough, Mister Ned Hazard, for a traveler that knows a tussock from a bulrush," replied Hafen.

"And pray, how old should he be to arrive at that knowledge?"

"He should be old enough to catch a black snake in the water, Mister Ned ; or, at least, he ought to have cut his eye-teeth," said Hafen, with another of his strange, nollow laughs.

"Save your jests for dry land, old fellow !" interrupted

Hazard, "and tell us plainly how we shall find our way to Swallow Barn without going round."

"They that have the folly to get in, ought to carry wit enough with them to get out," replied Hafen dryly.

"Come, old gentleman," said Ned, with a tone of entreaty, "we shall take an ague if you keep us here. It grows late; and if we can save a mile by crossing the swamp, who knows but you may be all the better for it when we get safe to the other side?"

"You see, sir," said Hafen, with more respect in his manner than before, "a fool's counsel is sometimes worth the weighing; but an old dog, you know, Mister Ned, can't alter his way of barking; so you and that gentleman must excuse my saucy tongue; and if you will follow me, I will put you across the swamp as clean as a bridge of gold. Though I don't mean to insinuate, Mister Hazard, that you couldn't soon learn the way yourself."

Saying this he conducted us back to the margin of the marsh, and passing some distance higher up, entered the thicket again by the path of the old causeway, along which we proceeded with no other caution than carefully to step in the places pointed out by Hafen, who led the way with the vigorous motion of a man in the prime of life; and in a brief space we found ourselves in safety on the opposite side.

Here we gave our guide a liberal reward for his services, that so elated the old man as to arouse all his talkativeness.

Hafen is a person of some notoriety in this district. He is a Hessian by birth, and came to America with Count Donop, during the war of the Revolution, as a

drummer, not above fourteen years old ; and he was present at the action at Red Bank on the Delaware, when that unfortunate officer met his fate. He was afterward engaged in the southern campaigns, when he found means to desert to the American lines in time to witness the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. At the close of the war, Hafen took up his quarters in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, where he set up the trade of a tinker, as being most congenial with his vagrant propensities. Being a tolerable performer on the violin, he contrived to amass a sufficient capital to purchase an instrument, with which he ever afterward sweetened his cares, and divided his business, wandering through the country, where he mended the kettles, and fiddled himself into the good graces of every family within the circuit of his peregrinations. This career was interrupted by but one episode, which happened in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-one, when, being attacked by an unusual restlessness, he enlisted in the army, and marched with St. Clair against the Indians. The peppering that he got in the disastrous event of that expedition brought him home in the following year with a more pacific temper and a lame leg. It was like Cincinnatus returning to his plow. He took up his nippers and fiddle again, and devoted himself to the affairs of the kitchen and parlor. Being one of those mortals whose carelessness of accommodation is mathematically proportioned to their aversion to labor, Hafen was equally idle and ragged, and contrived generally, by a shrewd and droll humor, to keep himself in good quarters, though upon a footing that rendered him liable at all times to be dismissed without ceremony. He had always been distinguished

for his stores of old ballads ; and the women about the families where he gained a seat in the corner of the kitchen fire, were indebted to him for the most accepted versions of *The Gosport Tragedy*, *Billy Taylor*, and some other lamentable ditties, recording the fates of "true lovyers" and "ladies fair and free," which he taught them to sing in long meter, with a touching sadness, and agreeably to their authentic nasal tunes. Besides this, he was the depository of much of the legendary lore of the neighborhood, picked up from the old people of the Revolutionary time ; and, according to his own account, he had a familiar acquaintance with sundry witches, and was on good terms with every respectable ghost that haunted any house along the James River.

These characteristics gave him many immunities, and often gained him access to bower and hall ; and as he was gifted with a sagacity that always knew how to flatter his patrons, he was universally regarded as a well-meaning, worthless, idle stroller, who, if he could not make himself useful, was at least in nobody's way. On all festive occasions his violin was an ample recommendation ; and as he could tell fortunes, and sing queer old songs, he was connected in the imaginations of the younger folks with agreeable associations. From these causes he was seldom an unwelcome visitant ; and not being fastidious on the score of personal entertainment, he was well content to get his supper in the kitchen, a dram—for which he had the craving of the daughter of the horseleech—and the privilege of a corner in the hay-loft.

Of late, Hafen had lost some favor by his increasing propensity for drink, and by the suspicion, that stood upon pretty strong proofs, of not being over scrupulous

in his regard for the rights of property. Besides, for many years past, his tinkering had fallen into disuse, by reason, as he said, of these Yankee peddlers breaking up his honest calling. So that, at this time, Hafen may be considered like an old hound whose nose has grown cold. His employments are, in consequence, of a much more miscellaneous character than formerly.

Such was the individual who had rescued us from the perils of the swamp, and who now, having brought us to firm ground, had no further pretext for keeping our company. But he was not so easily shaken off. His predominant love of gossip took advantage of the encouragement he had already met, and he therefore strode resolutely in our footsteps, a little in the rear, talking partly to himself and partly to us, without receiving any response. At length, finding that no further notice was likely to be taken of him, he ventured to say in a doubtful tone,

"The next time the gentlemen have a fancy to cross this way, perhaps they'll think a few pennies in the tinker's pouch better than a pair of swamp stockings."

"And many thanks beside, Hafen," said I. "But how came you to be so close at hand this evening?"

"Oh, sir," replied Hafen, availing himself of this overture, and coming up to our side, "bless you! this is a quite natural sort of place to me. I am too good for nothing to be afraid of spirits, for I am not worth the devil's fetching, sir;" here he laughed in his usual singular way.

"The swamp is a very good mother to me, although I am a simple body, and can pick up a penny where rich folks would never think of looking for it."

"How is that?" I asked.

"There is a power of musk-rats about these parts, sir," he replied, "and with the help of these tools," holding up his snares, "I can sometimes gather a few ninepences with no more cost than a wet pair of breeches, which is fisherman's luck, sir, and of no account, excepting a little rheumatism, and not even that, if a man has plenty of this sort of physic."

So saying, he thrust his hand into his bag, and pulled out a green flask that contained a small supply of whisky.

"Perhaps the gentlemen wouldn't be above taking a taste themselves?" he continued, "for it's a mighty fine thing against the ague."

We excused ourselves; and Hafen put the flask to his mouth, and smacking his lips as he concluded his draught, observed:

"It's a kind of milk for old people, and not bad for young ones."

"What success have you had to-day, with your traps?" I inquired.

"I have come off poorly," he replied; "the vermin are getting shy, and not like what they used to be. Now, I have got no more than two rats. Some days even I don't get that much."

"Then, I take it, Hafen, that you do not thrive much in the world," I remarked.

"Ah, sir," replied Hafen, still holding the flask in his hand, and beginning to moralize, "it is a great help to a man's conscience to know that he earns his bread lawfully: a poor man's honesty is as good as a rich man's gold. I am a hobbling sort of person, and no better than I ought to be, but I never saw any good come out of deceit. Virtue is its own reward, as the parson says;

and away goes the devil when he finds the door shut against him. I am no scholar, but I have found that out without reading books—”

At this moment the half-smothered cluck of a fowl was heard from Hafen's bag.

“God never sends mouths,” continued Hafen, “but he sends meat, and any man who has sense enough to be honest, will never want wit to know how to live; but he must plow with such oxen as he has. Some people have bad names, but all are not thieves that dogs bark at.”

“So, you have only taken two musk-rats to-day?” said Ned. “Have you nothing else in the bag?”

“Nothing else, Mister Hazard.”

“Are they dead or alive?” asked Ned.

“Oh, dead! dead as old Adam! they were swinging by their necks long enough to strangle nine lives out of them.”

“This swamp is haunted, Hafen,” said Ned archly.

“Yes, sir,” replied Hafen, “there are certainly some queer doings here sometimes. But, for my share, I never saw anything in these hobgoblins to make an honest man afraid. All that you have to do is to say your prayers, and that will put any devilish thing out of heart.”

“Did you ever know a dead musk-rat,” asked Ned, “to be changed into a live pullet? Now, master honest tinker, I can conjure up a devil to do that very thing.”

Here Hafen put on a comic leer, and hesitated for a moment, as if collecting himself, whilst he was heard giving out a confused chuckling laugh. At length he observed:

“Mister Ned Hazard has always got some trick. I often tell folks Mister Hazard is a pleasant man.”

“See now,” said Hazard, striking the bag with his hand, “does not that sound marvelously like a clucking hen?”

"Oh, I grant you!" exclaimed Hafen, assuming a tone of surprise, "I had like to have forgotten; when I said there was nothing but the rats in my bag, I set no account upon a pullet that Sandy Walker gave me this evening, for putting a few rivets in his copper still."

"Come, Hafen," said Ned, "no lies amongst friends; Sandy Walker never owned a still in his life."

"Did I say a still, Mister Hazard? I spoke in a sort of uncertain way, which was as much as to signify—" said Hafen, puzzling his brain for a better account of the matter, and twisting his face into some shrewd contortions, which at last ended by his coming close to Hazard, and putting his finger against his nose, as he said in a half whisper, "it was an old grudge against Sandy that I had, upon account of his abusing me before company for drinking, and insinuating that I made free with a shirt that his wife lost from the line in a high wind last April, and some other old scores I had. So I thought a pullet was small damages enough for such a scandal. Pick-up law is the cheapest law for a poor man, Mister Hazard; and possession is nine points out of ten. Isn't that true?" Here he laughed again.

"I think a gentleman who brags so much of his honesty and virtue, might practice a better code. But, as between you and Sandy," said Ned, "your merits are so nearly equal, that take what you can, and keep what you get, is a pretty sound rule; although you are like to get the best of that bargain."

"Oh," replied Hafen, "I want nothing more than justice."

The night was now closing in fast. We were walking along a narrow tongue of land that stretched into the

swamp, from the corner of which, on either side, arose a forest of lofty trees, whose topmost branches were traced upon the sky with that bold configuration that may be remarked at the twilight, whilst the dusk rapidly thickened below, and flung its increasing gloom upon our path. Here and there a lordly cypress occurred to view, springing forth from the stagnant pool, and reposing in lurid shade. Half sunk in ooze, rotted the bole and bough of fallen trees, coated with pendant slime. The ground over which we trod took an easy impression from our footsteps, and the chilling vapor of the marsh, mingled with the heavy dew, was to be felt in the dampness of our clothes, and compelled us to button up our coats.

This dreary region was neither silent nor inanimate; but its inhabitants corresponded to the genius of the place. Clouds of small insects, crossed now and then by a whizzing beetle, played their fantastic gambols around our heads, displaying their minute and active forms against the western horizon, as they marshaled us upon our way. The night-hawk arose at intervals, with a hoarse scream into this fading light, and swept across it with a graceful motion, sometimes whirling so near that we could hear the rush of his wing, and discern the white and spectral spot upon it, as he darted past our eyes. Thousands of fire-flies lit up the gloom, and sped about like sprites in masquerade; at one moment lifting their masks as if to allure pursuit, and instantly again vanishing, as in a prankish jest. A populous congregation of frogs piped from the secret chambers of the fen with might and main. The whippoorwill reiterated, with a fatiguing and melancholy recurrence, his sharp note of discord. The little katydid pierced the air with his shrill

music. The fox-fire,—as the country people call it,—glowed hideously from the cold and matted bosom of the marsh ; and far from us, in the depths of darkness, the screech-owl sat upon his perch, brooding over the slimy pool, and whooping out a dismal curfew, that fell upon the ear like the cries of a tortured ghost.

We trudged briskly upon our way, but almost without exchanging words, for the assemblage of striking objects in the scene had lulled us into silence. I do not wonder that a solitary traveler should grow superstitious amidst such incentives to his imagination. Hafen followed our steps, and, as I fancied, completely subdued by faint-heartedness. I thought he walked closer on our skirts than a man perfectly at ease would do, and his loquacity was entirely gone. He firmly believed in the stories of the goblin swamp, and I was anxious to get them from his own lips, as Hazard had given me to understand that I could not meet a better chronicler. With this purpose, I gave him timely encouragement to follow us to Swallow Barn. And now, having passed the confines of the wood, we found but little to attract our attention for the rest of the journey.

“You must tell me the story of Mike Brown to-night,” said I to Hafen, as I invited him to bear us company.

In an instant, Hafen’s imagination was full of the comforts of the kitchen at Swallow Barn, as well as of the self-consequence that belongs to a genuine story-teller. He consented with a saucy alacrity, and then remarked,—

“That the gentlemen always knew how to get something to please them out of Hafen ; and that he always did like himself to keep company with quality.”

It was after candle-light when we arrived at Swallow Barn.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

was born at Berlin, Connecticut, in 1795, and graduated at Yale College in 1815. After leaving college, he studied medicine in New Haven, and was admitted to practice in 1820, in which year he went to Charleston, S. C., to follow his profession. But he soon abandoned medicine for literature, and returned to New Haven. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at West Point, but resigned his position in a few months, and went to Boston as a military surgeon. In 1827 he again came back to New Haven, where he continued to reside until 1853, in which year he accepted an offer from the American Mining Company to survey their lead-mining region in Wisconsin. In 1854 he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin, and remained actively engaged in the survey of the State until shortly before his death in 1856. In 1820 he published his first volume, containing the first part of *Prometheus*, and other poems. In 1822 he published at Charleston and New Haven, respectively, the first and second parts of *Clio*, a miscellany in prose and verse. *The Dream of a Day*, and other poems, were published in 1843. Percival was also known as a linguist and geologist; and among his contributions to scholarship and science were a revised translation of Malte Brun's *Geography*, a *Report on the Geology of the State of Connecticut*, and valuable work done in the preparation of the first quarto edition of *Webster's Dictionary*.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow:
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of open air :
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

SEA PICTURES.

Steadily breathes the ever-blowing gale ;
The ship rides proudly on the silent sea ;
There's music in the bosom of the sail,
Like the soft night-wind in a cypress tree.

Spread smoothly as a temple's marbled floor,
Heaves onward to the sky a long, long swell ;
Nothing is heard but the far-uttered roar,
Stealing in undulations from the shore,
Like the low murmur in a twisted shell.
Steadily moves the ship along its way,
Sporting its streamers in the tropic sun,
While overhead glows a redoubled day.
And the still hours in higher circles run,
Till evening, in a wreath of glory drest,
Comes blushing from the rosy kindling west.

There is no visible motion in the air ;
'Tis one eternal tide forever going
On with the glorious orb that guides it there,
Like rivers down to ocean's hollow flowing :
The gull wheels round them on his balanced wing,
Light as a snow-flake calmly floating by,
Watching with fixed eye, where with sudden spring
The blue-fin leaps to catch the painted fly :
So deep a calm broods over all, the crew
Slumber at mid-day on the shaded deck,
While the lone pilot safely steers them through
Seas that have rarely borne the shattered wreck ;
Where the ship glides upon the pointed rock
So gently, not a sleeper feels the shock,
Then, slowly rocking, dips its plunging prow,
And rushes headlong to the abyss below.

The glory and the beauty of a calm ;
The sun throned proudly in a deep blue sky ;
No mist, no stain to dim its Tyrian dye ;
The air all living with a breathing balm

Sent from the scarlet flower-tufts of the palm
On the lone rocky islet lifted high ;
There the flamingo, like a thing of fire,
Shoots in a meteor flight, and grandly there
Sits the sea-eagle poised in middle air,
Rolling his red eye with a monarch's ire.
The ocean, as it moves along below,
Just strikes the rock, and heaves one foaming wave,
Or sends a hollow murmur though the cave,
Then softly steals away in silent flow.

How high, and yet how soothing, thus to sail
Steadily o'er a sheet of glassy green,
Curved to its center like a verdant vale,
Where, all her canvas spread to catch the gale,
The vessel walks her way like ocean's queen,—
Seeming at distance through the crystalline air,
Her bright sails fringed with each aerial hue,
An iris floating on its ground of blue,
Or white-winged spirit calmly hovering there.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

was born in New York, in 1795. After completing his medical studies and taking his degree, he traveled for a year or two in Europe. Returning to New York in 1819, he wrote, with his friend Halleck, the *Croaker Pieces*, a series of humorous and satirical verses printed anonymously in the *Evening Post*. His health failing at this time, he spent the winter of 1819-20 in New Orleans. He returned to New York in the spring, and died September 21, 1820. A small volume of his selected poems was published at New York in 1835.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE ELVES.

(FROM "THE CULPRIT FAY.")

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright ;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Crownest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below ;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnish'd length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will.

Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry ;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell :)—
"Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither, wing your way !
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour ;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
And some had open'd the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.

And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms array'd
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When Freedom, from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle bearer down ;
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows, on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

III.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on ;
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

v.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
 By angel hands to valor given ;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1795. In 1813 he went to New York, and entered a banking-house. He was afterward engaged in commercial pursuits, and was for many years confidential clerk to Mr. John Jacob Astor. In 1849 he retired from business and removed to his native town, where he died in 1867. In 1819 Halleck took part with Drake in writing *The Croakers* for the *Evening Post*. In 1821 he published *Fanny*, a satire on New York life, and the longest of his poems. In 1822-23 he visited Europe. In 1827 he published his first volume of collected poems, including *Marco Bossaris* and others previously contributed to periodicals. In 1864, after a silence of many years, he published a poem in various metres entitled *Young America*.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle and their grave !

Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours ;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katharine was a happy bride
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile ;
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum ;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the abbey towers

Are gay in their young bud and bloom :
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,

A Templar's knightly tomb.

He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,

Where the Cross was damp'd with his dying
breath,

When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine

Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,

What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"

Those giant oaks could tell,

Of beings born and buried here,
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,

The welcome and farewell,

Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard

The Norman's curfew-bell.

I wander'd through the lofty halls

Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls

Each high, heroic name,

From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;

To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

* * * * *

That last half stanza—it has dash'd
From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
The light that o'er my eye-beam flash'd,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world is gone ;
And Alnwick's but a market town,
And this, alas ! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way ;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line ;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy.
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy :
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has call'd, "the era of good feeling :"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,

Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing ;
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings :
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come : to-day the turban'd Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)
Is England's friend and fast ally ;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the Cross and altar stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die :
And not a sabre blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the arm'd pomp of feudal state ?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his " gentle Kate,"
Are some half-dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn :

A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke nature's aristocracy ;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bow'd me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power ;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring :
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king.
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke ;
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land !”

They fought—like brave men, long and well :
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won :
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance and wine :
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men ;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone ;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells :
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch, and cottage bed ;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow ;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free ;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD

was born at New London, Conn., in 1796, and graduated at Yale College in 1815. After leaving college, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and began to practice at Middletown. But in 1822 he relinquished his profession for the editorship of the *Connecticut Mirror*, a weekly paper published at Hartford. With this he remained connected till shortly before his death in 1828. Most of his poetry was contributed to the *Mirror*. He published a small collection of poems in 1825. His *Literary Remains* were printed in 1832, with a life by his friend, the poet Whittier; another edition of his poems was published at Hartford in 1842.

 ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain,
 That links the mountain to the mighty main,
 Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
 Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
 Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
 The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
 The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
 Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore :—
 The promontories love thee—and for this
 Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

Stern at thy source, thy northern guardians stand,
 Rude rulers of the solitary land,
 Wild dwellers by thy cold, sequester'd springs,
 Of earth the feathers, and of air the wings;
 Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
 Cover'd thy couch, and swathed in snow thy form—
 Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
 The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,

The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills ;
By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge ;
'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
And trains them in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by the quiet brink ;—
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practicing to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strew'd the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found ;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle ball ;
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose ;
Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
No more shall they thy welcome waters bless ;
No more their forms thy moon-lit banks shall press ;
No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou did'st not shake, thou did'st not shrink when, late
The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
An avalanche of acres at a slide.
Nor dost thou stay, when winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods, and sweeps along the heath—
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice, it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
Yet as the unharm'd swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze ;
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores ! where the tall steeple shines,
At mid-day, higher than thy mountain pines ;
Where the white school-house, with its daily drill
Of sun-burn'd children, smiles upon the hill ;
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Deck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity—
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit, honor, and gives labor health ;
Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band
To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What art can execute, or taste devise,
Decks thy fair course, and gladdens in thine eyes—
As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
Here cities rise, and sea-wash'd commerce hails
Thy shores and winds, with all her flapping sails,
From tropic isles, or from the torrid main—
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane,
Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play,
By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
Here safe return'd from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,—
That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
Of yon vast deep, whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
Are warmer hearts, or manlier feelings found,
More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
To make the curious "tarrying" stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side ;
Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years.
Cracking his shag-barks, as the aged crone,—
Mixing the true and doubtful into one—
Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild ;
Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
How drums and flags, and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,

And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,
 When to the Old French War her husband went.
 How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
 The golden spoils of far-famed Robert Kidd ;
 And then the chubby grandchild wants to know,
 About the ghosts and witches long ago,
 That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—
 The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then
 The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
 Of elders in thy puritanic school.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
 And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
 Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes ;
 As brightly lit, and bluer than thy skies ?
 Voices as gentle as an echo'd call,
 And sweeter than the softened waterfall
 That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
 Leaping in sportive innocence away :—
 And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
 As wild-brier budding in an April day !
 How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears—
 Their sinless purposes and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping fathers ! when the sound
 Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
 How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
 Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
 How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
 Their sisters tell them to defend the right :—

How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall—
The earth their coffin, and the turf their pall ;
How did the aged pastor light his eye,
When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
To pledge life, name, fame, all—for liberty.
Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
Still in the grave the body of that sage,
Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal
Made patriots act, and listening statesmen feel—
Brought thy green mountains down upon their foes,
And thy white summits melted of their snows,
While every vale to which his voice could come,
Rang with the fife, and echoed to the drum.

Bold river ! better suited are thy waves,
To nurse the laurels clustering round thy graves,
Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
They ne'er should see their happy home again.
Thou hadst a poet once,—and he could tell,
Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell ;
Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
But we shall hear his classic lays no more !
He loved thee, but he took his aged way,
By Erie's shore, and Perry's glorious day,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarl'd Charter-Oak put forth a bough,
Whose leaves shall grace thy TRUMBULL's honored brow.

STANZAS.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away, where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The northern breeze that rustles by
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight,
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
And leave me lonely with the night.

I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1797. He was educated at King's College, and admitted to the bar in 1820. He was elected a member of the House of Assembly, and in 1829 appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1840 he became a judge of the Supreme Court. In 1842 he went to England, where he passed the rest of his life. He was elected to Parliament in 1859, and sat till shortly before his death in 1865. His *Lucubrations of Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*, was contributed in 1835 to a weekly journal in Nova Scotia. He wrote after his removal to England a second series, *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England*, and later still a third series. His other works include an *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*; *Letters to Lord Durham*; *Bubbles of Canada*; *The Letter Bag of the Great Western*; *The Old Judge*; *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*; *Nature and Human Nature*, and *Wise Saws*. Although Judge Haliburton was a Nova Scotian by birth, his *Sam Slick* belongs to American literature, the hero being a Yankee clock-peddler from New England.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

"Jist look out of the door," said the Clockmaker, "and see what a beautiful night it is—how calm, how still, how clear it is; bean't it lovely? I like to look up at them 'are stars, when I am away from home; they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first flag in the univarse now. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. It's near about the prettiest sight I know of, is one of our first-class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea; it's like the great American

Eagle, on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, afeared of nothin' of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?"

There was no evading so direct, and at the same time so conceited an appeal as this. "Certainly," said I, "the emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your naval buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. That was a natural idea, taken from an ordinary occurrence; a bird purloining the anchor of a frigate—an article so useful and necessary for the young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of; boasting of what you cannot perform; grasping at what you cannot attain; an emblem of arrogance and weakness; of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretension."

"It's a common phrase," said he with great composure, "among seamen to say 'Damn your buttons,' and I guess it's natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals; I guess you have a right to that 'are oath. It's a sore subject, that, I reckon, and I believe I hadn't ought to have spoken of it to you at all. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better one."

He was evidently annoyed, and with his usual dexterity gave vent to his feelings by a sally on the Bluenoses, who, he says, are a cross of English and Yankee, and therefore first cousins to us both. "Perhaps," said he, "that 'are Eagle might with more propriety have been taken off as perched on an anchor, instead of holding it in his claws, and I think it would have been more nateral; but I suppose it was some stupid foreign artist that made

that 'are blunder. I never seed one yet that was equal to our'n. If that Eagle is represented as trying what he can't do, it's an honorable ambition arter all ; but these Bluenoses won't try what they can do. They put me in mind of a great big hulk of a horse in a cart, that won't put his shoulder to the collar at all for all the lambastin' in the world, but turns his head round and looks at you, as much as to say, 'What an everlastin' heavy thing an empty cart is, isn't it?' *An Owl should be their emblem, and the motto, 'He sleeps all the days of his life.'* The whole country is like this night ; beautiful to look at, but silent as the grave—still as death, asleep, becalmed.

"If the sea was always calm," said he, "it would pyson the univarse ; no soul could breathe the air, it would be so uncommon bad. Stagnant water is always on-pleasant, but salt water when it gets tainted beats all natur' ; motion keeps it sweet and wholesome, and that, our minister used to say, is one of the 'wonders of the great deep.' This province is stagnant ; it ain't deep like still water, neither, for it's shaller enough, gracious knows, but it is motionless, noiseless, lifeless. If you have ever been to sea in a calm, you'd know what a plaguy tiresome thing it is for a man that's in a hurry. An everlastin' flappin' of the sails and a creekin' of the booms, and an onsteady pitchin' of the ship, and folks lyin' about dozin' away their time, and the sea a heavin' a long heavy swell, like the breathin' of the chist of some great monster asleep. A passenger wonders the sailors are so plaguy easy about it, and he goes a lookin' out east, and a spyin' out west, to see if there's any chance of a breeze, and says to himself, 'Well, if this ain't dull music, it's a pity.' Then how streaked he feels when he sees a steam-

boat a clippin' it by him like mad, and the folks on board pokin' fun at him, and askin' him if he has any word to send home. 'Well,' he says, 'if any soul ever catches me on board a sail vessel again, when I can go by steam, I'll give him leave to tell me of it, that's a fact!'

"That's partly the case here. They are becalmed, and they see us going ahead on them, till we are e'en almost out of sight; yet they hain't got a steamboat, and they hain't got a railroad; indeed, I doubt if one half on 'em ever seed or heerd tell of one or t'other of them. I never seed any folks like 'em except the Indians, and they won't even so much as look; they haven't the least morsel of curiosity in the world; from which one of our Unitarian preachers (they are dreadful hands at *doubtin'*, them,—I don't *doubt* but some day or another, they will *doubt* whether everything ain't a *doubt*), in a very learned work, doubts whether they are ever descended from Eve at all. Old marm Eve's children, he says, are all lost, it is said, in consequence of too much curiosity, while these copper-colored folks are lost from havin' too little. How can they be the same? Thinks I, that may be logic, old Dubersome, but it ain't sense—don't extremes meet? Now, these Bluenoses have no motion in 'em, no enterprise, no spirit, and if any critter shows any symptoms of activity, they say he is a man of no judgment, he's speculative, he's a schemer—in short, he's mad. They vegetate like a lettuce plant in a sarse garden,—they grow tall and spindlin', run to seed right off, grow as bitter as gall, and die.

"A gal once came to our minister to hire as a house help; says she, 'Minister, I suppose you don't want a young lady to do chamber business and breed worms, do

you?—for I've half a mind to take a spell at livin' out!" She meant," said the clockmaker, "housework and rearing silk-worms. 'My pretty maiden,' says he, a patten' her on the cheek (for I've often observed old men always talk kinder pleasant to women,) 'my pretty maiden, where was you brought up?' 'Why,' says she, 'I guess I warn't brought up at all, I growed up.' 'Under what platform,' says he (for he was very particular that all his house-help should go to his meetin'), 'under what church platform?' 'Church platform!' says she, with a toss of her head, like a young colt that got a check of the curb, 'I guess I warn't raised under a platform at all, but in as good a house as your'n, grand as you be.'

"'You said well,' said the old minister, quite shocked, 'when you said you growed up, dear, for you have grown up in great ignorance!' 'Then I guess you had better get a lady that knows more than me,' says she, 'that's flat. I reckon I am every bit and grain as good as you be. If I don't understand a bum-byx' (silk-worm), 'both feedin', breedin', and rearin', then I want to know who does, that's all; church platform, indeed!!' says she; 'I guess you were raised under a glass frame in March, and transplanted on Independence Day, warn't you?' And off she sot, lookin' as scorney as a London lady, and leavin' the poor minister standin' starin' like a stuck pig. 'Well, well,' says he, liftin' up both hands, and turnin' up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, 'if that don't bang the bush! It fearly beats sheep shearin' after the blackberry bushes have got the wool. It does, I vow; them are the tares them Unitarians sow in our grain fields at night; I guess they'll ruin the crops yet, and make the ground so everlasting foul, we'll have to pare the sod

and burn it, to kill the roots. Our fathers sowed the right seed here in the wilderness, and watered it with their tears, and watched over it with fastin' and prayer, and now it's fairly run out, that's a fact, I snore. It's got choked up with all sorts of trash in natur', I declare. Dear, dear, I vow I never seed the beat o' that in all my born days !'

"Now the Bluenoses are like that 'are gal ; they have grown up, and grown up in ignorance of many things they hadn't ought not to know ; and it's as hard to teach grown-up folks as it is to break a six-year old horse ; and they do rile one's temper so—they act so ugly, that it tempts one sometimes to break their confounded necks ; it's near about as much trouble as it's worth."

"What remedy is there for all this supineness?" said I ; "how can these people be awakened out of their ignorant slothfulness into active exertion?"

"The remedy," said Mr. Slick, "is at hand, it is already workin' its own cure. They must recede before our free and enlightened citizens, like the Indians ; our folks will buy them out, and they must give place to a more intelligent and active people. They must go to the lands of Labrador, or be located back of Canada ; they can hold on there a few years, until the wave of civilization reaches them, and then they must move again, as the savages do. It is decreed ; I hear the bugle of destiny a soundin' of their retreat, as plain as anything. Congress will give them a concession of land, if they petition, away to Alleghany's backside territory, and grant them relief for a few years ; for we are out of debt, and don't know what to do with our surplus revenue. The only way to shame them, that I know, would be to sarve them as Uncle Enoch sarved a neighbor of his in Varginny.

“There was a lady that had a plantation near hand to his’n, and there was only a small river atwixt the two houses, so that folks could hear each other talk across it. Well, she was a dreadful crossgrained woman, a real catamount, as savage as a she-bear that has cubs; an old farrow critter, as ugly as sin, and one that both hooked and kicked too—a most particular onmarciful she-devil, that’s a fact. She used to have some of her niggers tied up every day, and flogged uncommon severe, and their screams and screeches were horrid—no soul could stand it; nothin’ was heard all day but ‘*O Lord, Missus! O Lord, Missus!*’ Enoch was fairly sick of the sound, for he was a tender-hearted man, and says he to her one day, ‘Now do, marm, find out some other place to give your cattle the cowskin, for it worries me to hear ’em take on so dreadful bad; I can’t stand it, I vow; they are flesh and blood as well as we be, though the meat is a different color!’ But it was no good; she jist up and told him to mind his own business, and she guessed she’d mind her’n. He was determined to shame her out of it; so one mornin’ after breakfast he goes into the cane field, and says he to Lavender, one of the black overseers, ‘Muster up the whole gang of slaves, every soul, and bring ’em down to the whippin’ post, the whole stock of them, bulls, cows, and calves!’ Well, away goes Lavender, and drives up all the niggers, ‘Now you catch it,’ says he, ‘you lazy villains; I tole you so many a time—I tole you massa he lose all patience wid you, you good for nothin’ rascals, I grad, upon my soul, I werry grad; you mind, now, what old Lavender say anoder time!’ The black overseers, are always the most cruel,” said the Clockmaker; “they have no sort of feeling for their own people.”

“Well, when they were gathered there according to orders, they looked streaked enough, you may depend, thinkin’ they were going to get it all round; and the wenches they fell to a cryin’, wringin’ their hands, and boo-hooing like mad. Lavender was there with his cow-skin, grinnin’ like a chessy cat, and crackin’ it about, ready for business. ‘Pick me out,’ says Enoch, ‘four that have the loudest voices.’ ‘Hard matter dat,’ says Lavender, ‘hard matter dat, massa; dey all talk loud, dey all lub talk more better nor work—de idle villains; better gib ’em all a little tickle, jist to teach ’em larf on t’other side of de mouf; dat side bran new, dey never use it yet!’ ‘Do as I order you, sir,’ said Uncle, ‘or I’ll have you triced up, you cruel old rascal you!’ When they were picked out and sot by themselves, they hanged their heads, and looked like sheep going to the shambles. ‘Now,’ says Uncle Enoch, ‘my pickaninies, do you sing out as loud as Niagara, at the very tip end of your voice—

‘Don’t kill a nigger, pray,

Let him lib another day.

O Lord, Missus—O Lord, Missus!

‘My back be very sore,

No stand it any more.

O Lord, Missus—O Lord, Missus!’

‘And all the rest of you join chorus, as loud as you can bawl, ‘O Lord, Missus.’” The black rascals understood the joke real well. They larfed ready to split their sides; they fairly lay down on the ground, and rolled over and over with lafter. Well, when they came to the chorus, ‘O Lord, Missus,’ if they didn’t let go, it’s a pity. They

made the river ring ag'in—they were heerd clean out to sea. All the folks ran out of the lady's house to see what on airth was the matter on Uncle Enoch's plantation; they thought there was actilly a rebellion there; but when they listened awhile, and heerd it over and over again, they took the hint, and returned a larfin' in their sleeves. Says they, 'Master Enoch Slick he upsides with Missus this hitch, anyhow.' Uncle never heerd anything more of 'O Lord, Missus,' after that. Yes, they ought to be shamed out of it, those Bluenoses. When reason fails to convince, there is nothin' left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelings, clap a blister on their pride, and it will do the business. It's like a puttin' ginger under a horse's tail; it makes him carry up real handsome, I tell you. When I was a boy, I was always late to school; well, father's preachin' I didn't mind much, but I never could bear to hear my mother say, 'Why Sam, are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly risin' won't hurt you, I declare. What on airth is a goin' to happen now? Well, wonders will never cease!' It raised my dander; at last, says I, 'Now, mother, don't say that 'are any more for gracious' sake, for it makes me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airly as any on you;' and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin' in this life,—an airly start makes easy stages."

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

was born at Providence, R.I., in 1802 and graduated at Brown University in 1820. He was admitted to the Providence Bar in 1823. In 1832 he was chosen clerk of the Common Council in his native city and from 1858-67 held office as Judge of the Municipal

Court. In 1833 he established and edited the *Providence Literary Journal*, which was continued only a year. He died at Cleveland, O., in 1868. His popular ballad *Old Grimes* was written at the age of sixteen, when its author was an undergraduate.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest
ray,
Where in his last strong agony a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er
been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are
o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more ;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now,
that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—that I, ha ! ha !
must die.

"And what is death ? I've dared him oft before the Pay-
nim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me
here ?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot,—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power ; defy, and fear
him not.

“Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the cul-
verin,
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board pre-
pare ;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor
there !”

An hundred hands were busy then—the banquet forth
was spread—
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial
tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er the
proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate the mailed retainers
poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged
around the board ;
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of
state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering
wine ;
There’s life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to
the vine !
Are ye all there, my vassals true ?—mine eyes are waxing
dim ;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to
the brim.

“You’re there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each
trusty sword—
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board ;
I hear it faintly—louder yet !—What clogs my heavy
breath ?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto Death !’”

Bowl rang to bowl—steel clang to steel—and rose a deaf-
ening cry
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags
on high :—
“Ho ! cravens, do ye fear him ?—Slaves, traitors ! have
ye flown ?
Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone ?

“But I defy him :—let him come !” Down rang the
massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half
way up ;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling
on his head,
There in his dark, carved oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat,
dead !

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead ; that good old man
We never shall see more ;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned ;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design ;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown ;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay ;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.



EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

was born in London in 1802, his father, William Pinkney, being at the time U. S. Minister at the Court of St. James. Nine years of his childhood were passed in England, and on the return of his parents to America he was put to school in Baltimore. At the age of fourteen he entered the Navy as a midshipman, and continued in the service for nine years, quitting it then to take up the study of the law. He died in 1828. A small volume of his poems was printed at Baltimore in 1825.

ITALY.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose ?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dew;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved ! speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail,
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved ! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household goods, to fix for evermore.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair.
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.

Thrice beautiful !—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls,
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire.
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame—
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved ! hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

SONG.

We break the glass whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane ;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts by after times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays,
Thine image chambered in my brain ;
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, thy words.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than
heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her
words ;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each
flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her
hours ;

Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young
flowers ;

And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain ;

But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's, but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood some more
of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825; Longfellow was one of his classmates, and in the class above him was Franklin Pierce. After leaving college he went to Salem, and lived for many years a life of study and seclusion, contributing tales and sketches to the *Salem Gazette*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Boston Token* and the *Democratic Review*, and engaging at one time in a literary enterprise with Mr. S. G. Goodrich. He had issued anonymously, in 1828, a romantic tale entitled *Fanshaw*. In 1837 he published in book form a collection of his fugitive tales and sketches, under the title of *Twice-Told Tales*. A second series followed in 1845. Meanwhile he had been appointed, in 1838, to a subordinate position in the Boston Custom House, but had soon retired and joined the Brook Farm Community at Roxbury. Of this social experiment he has given an account in his *American Note Books*, and in an idealized form in the *Blithedale Romance*, published in 1852. In 1842 he married, and removed to Concord. Of his life here he has furnished some record in the introduction to *Mosses from an old Manse*, a collection of tales published in 1846. In this latter year he was appointed Surveyor of the Custom House at Salem; a position which he held till 1849. In 1850 he removed to Lenox, Mass., and published his first romance, *The Scarlet Letter*. This was followed by the *House of the Seven Gables* in 1852, in which year he also returned to Concord. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce consul to Liverpool, and spent the next four years in England, and the three following on the continent, mostly in Italy. In 1860 was published *The Marble Faun*, and in 1863 a book of English sketches, *Our Old Home*. Hawthorne returned to America in 1860, and died at Plymouth, N. H., in 1864. His published writings embrace besides those already mentioned, a posthumous fragment, *The Dolliver Romance*, with its completed sketch, *Septimius Felton*; *The Snow Image*; the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, written for children; *French and Italian Note Books*; a "Campaign" life of Pierce, and the *Journal of an African Cruiser*, written from a friend's MS.

GOVERNOR PYNCHION.

Judge Pyncheon, while his two relatives have fled away with such ill-considered haste, still sits in the old parlor, keeping house, as the familiar phrase is, in the absence of its ordinary occupants. To him, and to the venerable

House of the Seven Gables, does our story now betake itself, like an owl bewildered in the daylight, and hastening back to his hollow tree.

The Judge has not shifted his position for a long while now. He has not stirred hand or foot, nor withdrawn his eyes so much as a hair's breadth from their fixed gaze toward the corner of the room, since the footsteps of Hepzibah and Clifford creaked along the passage, and the outer door was closed cautiously behind their exit. He holds his watch in his left hand, but clutched in such a manner that you cannot see the dial-plate. How profound a fit of meditation ! Or, supposing him asleep, how infantile a quietude of conscience, and what wholesome order in the gastric region are betokened by slumber so entirely undisturbed with starts, cramp, twitches, muttered dream-talk, trumpet-blasts through the nasal organ, or any, the slightest, irregularity of breath ! You must hold your own breath to satisfy yourself whether he breathes at all. It is quite inaudible. You hear the ticking of his watch ; his breath you do not hear. A most refreshing slumber, doubtless ! And yet, the Judge cannot be asleep. His eyes are open ! A veteran politician, such as he, would never fall asleep with wide-open eyes, lest some enemy or mischief-maker, taking him thus at unawares, should peep through these windows into his consciousness, and make strange discoveries among the reminiscences, projects, hopes, apprehensions, weaknesses, and strong points, which he has heretofore shared with nobody. A cautious man is proverbially said to sleep with one eye open. That may be wisdom. But not with both ; for this were heedlessness. No, no ! Judge Pyncheon cannot be asleep.

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It is odd, however, that a gentleman so burthened with engagements, and noted, too, for punctuality, should linger thus in an old lonely mansion, which he has never seemed very fond of visiting. The oaken chair, to be sure, may tempt him with its roominess. It is indeed a spacious, and, allowing for the rude age that fashioned it, a moderately easy seat, with capacity enough, at all events, and offering no restraint to the Judge's breadth of beam. A bigger man might find ample accommodation in it. His ancestor, now pictured upon the wall, with all his English beef about him, used hardly to present a front extending from elbow to elbow of this chair, or a base that would cover its whole cushion. But there are better chairs than this, mahogany, black-walnut, rosewood, spring-seated and damask-cushioned, with varied slopes, and innumerable artifices to make them easy, and obviate the irksomeness of too tame an ease ;—a score of such might be at Judge Pyncheon's service. Yes, in a score of drawing-rooms he would be more than welcome. Mamma would advance to meet him, with outstretched hands ; the virgin daughter, elderly as he has now got to be,—an old widower, as he smilingly describes himself,—would shake up the cushion for the Judge, and do her pretty little utmost to make him comfortable. For the Judge is a prosperous man. He cherishes his schemes, moreover, like other people, and reasonably brighter than most others ; or did so at least, as he lay abed this morning, in an agreeable half-drowse, planning the business of the day, and speculating on the probabilities of the next fifteen years. With his firm health, and the little inroad that age has made upon him, fifteen years or twenty—yes, or perhaps five-and-twenty !—are no more than he may

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fairly call his own. Five-and-twenty years for the enjoyment of his real estate in town and country, his railroad, bank, and insurance shares, his United States stock,—his wealth, in short, however invested, now in possession, or soon to be acquired ; together with the public honors that have fallen upon him, and the weightier ones that are yet to fall ! It is good ! It is excellent ! It is enough !

Still lingering in the old chair ! If the Judge has a little time to throw away, why does not he visit the insurance-office, as is his frequent custom, and sit awhile in one of their leather-cushioned arm-chairs, listening to the gossip of the day, and dropping some deeply-designed chance-word, which will be certain to become the gossip of to-morrow ? And have not the bank directors a meeting, at which it was the Judge's purpose to be present, and his office to preside ? Indeed they have ; and the hour is noted on a card, which is, or ought to be, in Judge Pyncheon's right vest-pocket. Let him go thither, and loll at ease upon his money-bags ! He has lounged long enough in the old chair !

This was to have been such a busy day ! In the first place, the interview with Clifford. Half an hour, by the Judge's reckoning, was to suffice for that ; it would probably be less, but—taking into consideration that Hepzibah was first to be dealt with, and that these women are apt to make many words where a few would do much better—it might be safest to allow half an hour. Half an hour ? Why, Judge, it is already two hours, by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer ! Glance your eye down at it and see ! Ah, he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head, or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful time-keeper within his range of

vision ! Time, all at once, appears to have become a matter of no moment with the Judge !

And has he forgotten all the other items of his memoranda ? Clifford's affair arranged, he was to meet a State Street broker, who has undertaken to procure a heavy percentage, and the best of paper, for a few loose thousands which the Judge happens to have by him uninvested. The wrinkled note-shaver will have taken his railroad trip in vain. Half an hour later, in the street next to this, there was to be an auction of real estate, including a portion of the old Pyncheon property, originally belonging to Maule's garden-ground. It has been alienated from the Pyncheons these fourscore years ; but the Judge had kept it in his eye, and had set his heart on reannexing it to the small demesne still left around the several gables ;---and now, during this odd fit of oblivion, the fatal hammer must have fallen, and transferred our ancient patrimony to some alien possessor. Possibly, indeed, the sale may have been postponed till fairer weather. If so, will the Judge make it convenient to be present, and favor the auctioneer with his bid on the proximate occasion ?

The next affair was to buy a horse for his own driving. The one heretofore his favorite stumbled, this very morning, on the road to town, and must be at once discarded. Judge Pyncheon's neck is too precious to be risked on such a contingency as a stumbling steed. Should all the above business be reasonably got through with, he might attend the meeting of a charitable society ; the very name of which, however, in the multiplicity of his benevolence, is quite forgotten ; so that this engagement may pass unfulfilled and no harm done. And if he have

time, amid the press of more urgent matters, he must take measures for the renewal of Mrs. Pyncheon's tombstone, which, the sexton tells him, has fallen on its marble face, and is cracked quite in twain. She was a praiseworthy woman enough, thinks the Judge, in spite of her nervousness, and the tears that she was so oozy with, and her foolish behavior about the coffee; and as she took her departure so seasonably, he will not grudge the second tombstone. It is better, at least, than if she had never needed any! The next item on his list was to give orders for some fruit-trees, of a rare variety, to be deliverable at his country-seat in the ensuing autumn. Yes, buy them, by all means; and may the peaches be luscious in your mouth, Judge Pyncheon! After this comes something more important. A committee of his political party has besought him for a hundred or two of dollars, in addition to his previous disbursements, toward carrying on the fall campaign. The Judge is a patriot; the fate of the country is staked on the November election; and besides, as will be shadowed forth in another paragraph, he has no trifling stake of his own, in the same great game. He will do what the committee asks; nay, he will be liberal beyond their expectations; they shall have a check for five hundred dollars, and more anon, if it be needed. What next? A decayed widow, whose husband was Judge Pyncheon's early friend, has laid her case of destitution before him, in a very moving letter. She and her fair daughter have scarcely bread to eat. He partly intends to call on her, to-day,—perhaps so—perhaps not—accordingly as he may happen to have leisure, and a small bank-note.

Another business, which, however, he puts no great

weight on (it is well, you know, to be heedful, but not over-anxious, as respects one's personal health), another business, then, was to consult his family physician. About what, for Heaven's sake? Why, it is rather difficult to decide the symptoms. A mere dimness of sight and dizziness of brain, was it?—or a disagreeable choking, or stifling, or gurgling, or bubbling, in the region of the thorax, as the anatomists say?—or was it a pretty severe throbbing and kicking of the heart, rather creditable to him than otherwise, as showing that the organ had not been left out of the Judge's physical contrivance? No matter what it was. The doctor, probably, would smile at the statement of such trifles to his professional ear; the Judge would smile, in his turn; and meeting one another's eyes, they would enjoy a hearty laugh together! But a fig for medical advice! The Judge will never need it.

Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look at your watch, now! What—not a glance! It is within ten minutes of the dinner-hour! It surely cannot have slipped your memory that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate. Yes, precisely the most important; although, in the course of your somewhat eminent career, you have been placed high toward the head of the table at splendid banquets, and have poured out your festive eloquence to ears yet echoing with Webster's mighty organ-tones. No public dinner this, however. It is merely a gathering of some dozen or so of friends from several districts of the State; men of distinguished character and influence, assembling, almost casually, at the house of a common friend, likewise distinguished, who will make them welcome to a

little better than his ordinary fare. Nothing in the way of French cookery, but an excellent dinner nevertheless. Real turtle, we understand, and salmon, tautog, canvasbacks, pig, English mutton, good roast-beef or dainties of that serious kind, fit for substantial country gentlemen, as these honorable persons mostly are. The delicacies of the season, in short, and flavored by a brand of old Madeira which has been the pride of many seasons. It is the Juno brand ; a glorious wine, fragrant, and full of gentle might ; a bottled-up happiness, put by for use ; a golden liquid, worth more than liquid gold ; so rare and admirable, that veteran wine-bibbers count it among their epochs to have tasted it ! It drives away the heart-ache, and substitutes no headache ! Could the judge but quaff a glass, it might enable him to shake off the unaccountable lethargy which—(for the ten intervening minutes, and five to boot, are already past) has made him such a laggard at this momentous dinner. It would all but revive a dead man ! Would you like to sip it now, Judge Pyncheon ?

Alas, this dinner ! Have you really forgotten its true object ? Then let us whisper it, that you may start at once out of the oaken chair, which really seems to be enchanted, like the one in *Comus*, or that in which Moll Pitcher imprisoned your own grandfather. But ambition is a talisman more powerful than witchcraft. Start up, then, and, hurrying through the streets, burst in upon the company, that they may begin before the fish is spoiled ! They wait for you ; and it is little for your interest that they should wait. These gentlemen—need you be told it?—have assembled, not without purpose, from every quarter of the State. They are practiced politicians,

every man of them, and skilled to adjust those preliminary measures which steal from the people, without its knowledge, the power of choosing its own rulers. The popular voice, at the next gubernatorial election, though loud as thunder, will be really but an echo of what these gentlemen shall speak, under their breath, at your friend's festive board. They meet to decide upon their candidate. This little knot of subtle schemers will control the convention, and, through it, dictate to the party. And what worthier candidate,—more wise and learned, more noted for philanthropic liberality, truer to safe principles, tried oftener by public trusts, more spotless in private character, with a larger stake in the common welfare; and deeper grounded, by hereditary descent, in the faith and practice of the Puritans,—what man can be presented for the suffrage of the people, so eminently combining all these claims to the chief-rulership as Judge Pyncheon here before us?

Make haste, then! Do your part! The meed for which you have toiled, and fought, and climbed, and crept, is ready for your grasp! Be present at this dinner!—drink a glass or two of that noble wine!—make your pledge in as low a whisper as you will!—and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old State! Governor Pyncheon of Massachusetts!

And is there no potent and exhilarating cordial in a certainty like this? It has been the grand purpose of half your lifetime to obtain it. Now, when there needs little more than to signify your acceptance, why do you sit so lumpishly in your great-great-grandfather's oaken chair, as if preferring it to the gubernatorial one! We have all heard of King Log; but, in these jostling times, one of

that royal kindred will hardly win the race for an elective chief-magistracy.

Well! it is absolutely too late for dinner! Turtle, salmon, tautog, woodcock, boiled turkey, South-Down mutton, pig, roast-beef, have vanished, or exist only in fragments, with lukewarm potatoes, and gravies crested over with cold fat. The Judge, had he done nothing else, would have achieved wonders with his knife and fork. It was he, you know, of whom it used to be said, in reference to his ogre-like appetite, that his Creator made him a great animal, but that the dinner-hour made him a great beast. Persons of his large sensual endowments must claim indulgence at their feeding-time. But, for once, the Judge is entirely too late for dinner! Too late, we fear, even to join the party at their wine! The guests are warm and merry; they have given up the Judge; and, concluding that the Free-Soilers have him, they will fix upon another candidate. Were our friend now to stalk in among them, with that wide-open stare, at once wild and stolid, his ungenial presence would be apt to change their cheer. Neither would it be seemly in Judge Pyncheon, generally so scrupulous in his attire, to show himself at a dinner-table with that crimson stain upon his shirt-bosom. By the by, how came it there? It is an ugly sight, at any rate; and the wisest way for the Judge is, to button his coat closely over his breast, and, taking his horse and chaise from the livery-stable, to make all speed to his own house. There, after a glass of brandy and water, and a mutton-chop, a beef-steak, a broiled fowl, or some such hasty little dinner and supper all in one, he had better spend the evening by the fire-side. He must toast his slippers a long while, in order to get rid of

the chilliness which the air of this vile old house has sent curdling through his veins.

Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up ! You have lost a day. But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise betimes, and make the most of it ? To-morrow ! To-morrow ! To-morrow ! We, that are alive, may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him that has died to-day, his morrow will be the resurrection morn.

Meanwhile the twilight is glooming upward out of the corners of the room. The shadows of the tall furniture grow deeper, and at first become more definite ; then spreading wider, they lose their distinctness of outline in the dark gray tide of oblivion, as it were, that creeps slowly over the various objects, and the one human figure sitting in the midst of them. The gloom has not entered from without ; it has brooded here all day, and now, taking its own inevitable time, will possess itself of everything. The Judge's face, indeed, rigid, and singularly white, refuses to melt into this universal solvent. Fainter and fainter grows the light. It is as if another double-handful of darkness had been scattered through the air. Now it is no longer gray, but sable. There is still a faint appearance at the window ; neither a glow, nor a gleam, nor a glimmer,—any phrase of light would express something far brighter than this doubtful perception, or sense, rather, that there is a window there. Has it yet vanished ? No ! yes !—not quite ! And there is still the swarthy whiteness,—we shall venture to marry these ill-agreeing words,—the swarthy whiteness of Judge Pyncheon's face. The features are all gone ; there is only the paleness of them left. And how looks it now ? There is no window ! There is no face ! An infinite, inscrutable

blackness has annihilated sight ! Where is our universe ? All crumbled away from us ; and we, adrift in chaos, may hearken to the gusts of homeless wind, that go sighing and murmuring about, in quest of what was once a world.

Is there no other sound ? One other, and a fearful one. It is the ticking of the Judge's watch, which, ever since Hepzibah left the room in search of Clifford, he has been holding in his hand. Be the cause what it may, this little quiet, never-ceasing throb of Time's pulse, repeating its small strokes with such busy regularity in Judge Pyncheon's motionless hand, has an effect of terror, which we do not find in any other accompaniment of the scene.

But, listen ! that puff of the breeze was louder ; it had a tone unlike the dreary and sullen one which has be-moaned itself, and afflicted all mankind with miserable sympathy, for five days past. The wind has veered about ! It now comes boisterously from the north-west, and, taking hold of the aged frame-work of the Seven Gables, gives it a shake, like a wrestler that would try strength with his antagonist. Another and another sturdy tussle with the blast ! The old house creaks again, and makes a vociferous but somewhat unintelligible bellowing in its sooty throat (the big flue, we mean, of its wide chimney), partly in complaint at the rude wind, but rather, as befits their century and a half of hostile intimacy, in tough defiance. A rumbling kind of a bluster roars behind the fire-board. A door has slammed above-stairs. A window, perhaps, has been left open, or else is driven in by an unruly gust. It is not to be conceived, beforehand, what wonderful wind-instruments are these old timber mansions, and how haunted with the strangest noises, which immediately begin to sing, and sigh, and sob, and shriek,

—and to smite with sledge-hammers, airy, but ponderous, in some distant chamber,—and to tread along the entries as with stately foot-steps, and rustle up and down the stair-case, as with silks miraculously stiff, whenever the gale catches the house with a window open, and gets fairly into it. Would that we were not an attendant spirit here! It is too awful! The clamor of the wind through the lonely house, the Judge's quietude, as he sits invisible, and that pertinacious ticking of his watch.

As regards Judge Pyncheon's invisibility, however, that matter will soon be remedied. The north-west wind has swept the sky clear. The window is distinctly seen. Through its panes, moreover, we dimly catch the sweep of the dark clustering foliage outside, fluttering with a constant irregularity of movement, and letting in a peep of starlight, now here, now there. Oftener than any other object, these glimpses illuminate the Judge's face. But here comes more effectual light. Observe that silvery dance upon the upper branches of the pear-tree, and now a little lower, and now on the whole mass of boughs, while through their shifting intricacies the moonbeams fall aslant into the room. They play over the Judge's figure, and show that he has not stirred throughout the hours of darkness. They follow the shadows, in changeful sport, across his unchanging features. They gleam upon his watch. The grasp conceals the dial-plate; but we know that the faithful hands have met, for one of the city clocks tells midnight.

A man of sturdy understanding, like Judge Pyncheon, cares no more for twelve o'clock at night than for the corresponding hour of noon. However just the parallel drawn, in some of the preceding pages, between his Pu-

ritan ancestor and himself, it fails in this point. The Pyncheon of two centuries ago, in common with most of his contemporaries, professed his full belief in spiritual ministrations, although reckoning them chiefly of a malignant character. The Pyncheon of to-night, who sits in yonder arm-chair, believes in no such nonsense. Such, at least, was his creed, some few hours since. His hair will not bristle, therefore, at the stories which—in times when chimney corners had benches in them, where old people sat poking into the ashes of the past, and raking out traditions like live coals—used to be told about this very room of his ancestral house. In fact, these tales are too absurd to bristle even childhood's hair. What sense, meaning, or moral, for example, such as even ghost stories should be susceptible of, can be traced in the ridiculous legend, that, at midnight, all the dead Pyncheons are bound to assemble in this parlor? And, pray, for what? Why, to see whether the portrait of their ancestor still keeps its place upon the wall, in compliance with his testamentary directions! Is it worth while to come out of their graves for that?

We are tempted to make a little sport with the idea. Ghost stories are hardly to be treated seriously, any longer. The family party of the defunct Pyncheons, we presume, goes off in this wise:—

First comes the ancestor himself, in the black cloak, steeple-hat, and trunk-breeches, girt about the waist with a leathern belt, in which hangs his steel-hilted sword; he has a long staff in his hand, such as gentlemen in advanced life used to carry, as much for the dignity of the thing as for the support to be derived from it. He looks up at the portrait,—a thing of no substance, gazing at its

own painted image ! All is safe. The picture is still there. The purpose of his brain has been kept sacred thus long after the man himself has sprouted up in graveyard grass. See ! he lifts his ineffectual hand, and tries the frame. All safe ! But is that a smile ?—is it not, rather, a frown of deadly import, that darkens over the shadow of his features ? The stout colonel is dissatisfied ! So decided is his look of discontent as to impart additional distinctness to his features, through which, nevertheless, the moonlight passes, and flickers on the wall beyond. Something has strangely vexed the ancestor ! With a grim shake of the head, he turns away. Here come other Pyncheons, the whole tribe, in their half a dozen generations, jostling and elbowing one another, to reach the picture. We behold aged men and grandames, a clergyman, with the Puritanic stiffness still in his garb and mien, and a red-coated officer of the old French war, and there comes the shop-keeping Pyncheon of a century ago, with the ruffles turned back from his wrists ; and there the periwigged and brocaded gentleman of the artist's legend, with the beautiful and pensive Alice, who brings no pride out of her virgin grave. All try the picture-frame. What do these ghostly people seek ? A mother lifts her child, that her little hands may touch it ! There is evidently a mystery about the picture that perplexes these poor Pyncheons, when they ought to be at rest. In a corner, meanwhile, stands the figure of an elderly man, in a leather jerkin and breeches, with a carpenter's rule sticking out of his side pocket ; he points his finger at the bearded colonel and his descendants, nodding, jeering, mocking, and finally bursting into obstreperous, though inaudible laughter.

Indulging our fancy in this freak, we have partly lost the power of restraint and guidance. We distinguish an unlooked-for figure in our visionary scenes. Among those ancestral people there is a young man, dressed in the very fashion of to-day ; he wears a dark frock-coat, almost destitute of skirts, gray pantaloons, gaiter boots of patent leather, and has a finely wrought gold chain across his breast, and a little silver-headed whalebone stick in his hand. Were we to meet this figure at noon-day, we should greet him as young Jaffrey Pyncheon, the Judge's only surviving child, who has been spending the last two years in foreign travel. If still in life, how comes his shadow hither? If dead, what a misfortune ! The old Pyncheon property, together with the great estate acquired by the young man's father, would devolve on whom? On poor, foolish Clifford, gaunt Hepzibah, and rustic little Phoebe ! But another and a greater marvel greets us ! Can we believe our eyes ? A stout, elderly gentleman has made his appearance ; he has an aspect of eminent respectability, wears a black coat and pantaloons, of roomy width, and might be pronounced scrupulously neat in his attire, but for a broad crimson stain across his snowy neck-cloth and down his shirt-bosom. Is it the Judge, or no ? How can it be Judge Pyncheon ? We discern his figure, as plainly as the flickering moonbeams can show us anything, still seated in the oaken chair ! Be the apparition whose it may, it advances to the picture, seems to seize the frame, tries to peep behind it, and turns away, with a frown as black as the ancestral one.

The fantastic scene just hinted at must by no means be considered as forming an actual portion of our story. We were betrayed into this brief extravagance by the quiver

of the moonbeams ; they dance hand-in-hand with shadows, and are reflected in the looking-glass, which you are aware, is always a kind of window or door-way into the spiritual world. We needed relief, moreover, from our too long and exclusive contemplation of that figure in the chair. This wild wind, too, has tossed our thoughts into strange confusion, but without tearing them away from their one determined centre. Yonder leaden Judge sits immovably upon our soul. Will he never stir again ? We shall go mad, unless he stirs ! You may the better estimate his quietude by the fearlessness of a little mouse, which sits on its hind legs, in a streak of moonlight, close by Judge Pyncheon's foot, and seems to meditate a journey of exploration over this great black bulk. Ha ! what has startled the nimble little mouse ? It is the visage of grimalkin, outside of the window, where he appears to have posted himself for 'a deliberate watch. This grimalkin has a very ugly look. Is it a cat watching for a mouse, or the devil for a human soul ? Would we could scare him from the window.

Thank Heaven, the night is well-nigh past ! The moonbeams have no longer so silvery a gleam, nor contrast so strongly with the blackness of the shadows among which they fall. They are paler now ; the shadows look gray, not black. The boisterous wind is hushed. What is the hour ? Ah ! the watch has at last ceased to tick ; for the Judge's forgetful fingers neglected to wind it up, as usual, at ten o'clock, being half an hour, or so, before his ordinary bed-time ;—and it has run down for the first time in five years. But the great world-clock of Time still keeps its beat. The dreary night,—for oh, how dreary seems its haunted waste, behind us !—gives place

to a fresh, transparent, cloudless morn. Blessed, blessed radiance! The day-beam,—even what little of it finds its way into this always dusky parlor—seems part of the universal benediction, annulling evil, and rendering all goodness possible, and happiness attainable. Will Judge Pyncheon now rise up from his chair? Will he go forth, and receive the early sunbeams on his brow? Will he begin this new day,—which God has smiled upon, and blessed, and given to mankind,—will he begin it with better purposes than the many that have been spent amiss? Or are all the deep-laid schemes of yesterday as stubborn in his heart, and as busy in his brain, as ever?

In this latter case, there is much to do. Will the Judge still insist with Hepzibah on the interview with Clifford? Will he buy a safe, elderly gentleman's horse? Will he persuade the purchaser of the old Pyncheon property to relinquish the bargain in his favor? Will he see his family physician, and obtain a medicine that shall preserve him, to be an honor and blessing to his race, until the utmost term of patriarchal longevity? Will Judge Pyncheon, above all, make due apologies to that company of honorable friends, and satisfy them that his absence from the festive board was unavoidable, and so fully retrieve himself in their good opinion that he shall yet be Governor of Massachusetts? And, all these great purposes accomplished, will he walk the streets again, with that dog-day smile of elaborate benevolence, sultry enough to tempt flies to come and buzz in it? Or will he, after the tomb-like seclusion of the past day and night, go forth a humbled and repentant man, sorrowful, gentle, seeking no profit, shrinking from worldly honor, hardly daring to love God, but bold to love his fellow-man, and

to do him what good he may? Will he bear about with him,—no odious grin of feigned humility, insolent in its pretence and loathsome in its falsehood,—but the tender sadness of a contrite heart, broken at last, beneath its own weight of sin? For it is our belief, whatever show of honor he may have piled upon it, that there was heavy sin at the base of this man's being.

Rise up, Judge Pyncheon! The morning sunshine glimmers through the foliage, and, beautiful and holy as it is, shuns not to kindle up your face. Rise up, thou subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted hypocrite, and make thy choice whether still to be subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted, and hypocritical, or to tear these sins out of thy nature, though they bring the life-blood with them! The Avenger is upon thee! Rise up, before it be too late!

What! Thou art not stirred by this last appeal? No, not a jot! And there we see a fly,—one of your common house-flies, such as are always buzzing on the window-pane,—which has smelt out Governor Pyncheon, and alights, now on his forehead, now on his chin, and now, Heaven help us! is creeping over the bridge of his nose, toward the would-be chief magistrate's wide-open eyes! Canst thou not brush the fly away? Art thou too sluggish? Thou man, that hadst so many busy projects yesterday! Art thou too weak, that wast so powerful? Not brush away a fly! Nay, then, we give thee up!

And, hark! the shop-bell rings. After hours like these latter ones, through which we have borne our heavy tale, it is good to be made sensible that there is a living world, and that even this old, lonely mansion retains some manner of connections with it. We breathe more

freely, emerging from Judge Pyncheon's presence into the street before the seven gables.

THE SUBURBAN VILLA.

Donatello, while it was still a doubtful question betwixt afternoon and morning, set forth to keep the appointment which Miriam had carelessly tendered him in the grounds of the Villa Borghese.

The entrance to these grounds (as all my readers know, for everybody now-a-days has been in Rome) is just outside of the Porta del Popolo. Passing beneath that not very impressive specimen of Michael Angelo's architecture, a minute's walk will transport the visitor from the small uneasy lava stones of the Roman pavement into broad gravelled carriage drives, whence a little farther stroll brings him to the soft turf of a beautiful seclusion. A seclusion, but seldom a solitude; for priest, noble, and populace, stranger and native, all who breathe Roman air, find free admission, and come hither to taste the languid enjoyment of the daydream that they call life.

But Donatello's enjoyment was of a livelier kind. He soon began to draw long and delightful breaths among those shadowy walks. Judging by the pleasure which the sylvan character of the scene excited in him, it might be no merely fanciful theory to set him down as the kinsman, not far remote, of that wild, sweet, playful, rustic creature, to whose marble image he bore so striking a resemblance. How mirthful a discovery would it be (and yet with a touch of pathos in it) if the breeze which sported fondly with his clustering locks were to waft them suddenly aside, and show a pair of leaf-shaped, furry ears! What an honest strain of wildness would it in-

dicate ! and into what regions of rich mystery would it extend Donatello's sympathies, to be thus linked (and by no monstrous chain) with what we call the inferior tribes of being, whose simplicity, mingled with his human intelligence, might partly restore what man has lost of the divine !

The scenery amid which the youth now strayed was such as arrays itself in the imagination when we read the beautiful old myths, and fancy a brighter sky, a softer turf, a more picturesque arrangement of venerable trees, than we find in the rude and untrained landscapes of the Western world. The ilex-trees, so ancient and time-honored were they, seemed to have lived for ages undisturbed, and to feel no dread of profanation by the axe any more than overthrow by the thunderstroke. It had already passed out of their dreamy old memories that only a few years ago they were grievously imperilled by the Gaul's last assault upon the walls of Rome. As if confident in the long peace of their lifetime, they assumed attitudes of indolent repose. They leaned over the green turf in ponderous grace, throwing abroad their great branches without danger of interfering with other trees, though other majestic trees grew near enough for dignified society, but too distant for constraint. Never was there a more venerable quietude than that which slept among their sheltering boughs; never a sweeter sunshine than that now gladdening the gentle gloom which these leafy patriarchs strove to diffuse over the swelling and subsiding lawns.

In other portions of the grounds the stone-pines lifted their dense clump of branches upon a slender length of stem, so high that they looked like green islands in the

air, flinging down a shadow upon the turf so far off that you hardly knew which tree had made it. Again, there were avenues of cypress, resembling dark flames of huge funeral candles, which spread dusk and twilight round about them instead of cheerful radiance. The more open spots were all a-bloom, even so early in the season, with anemones of wondrous size, both white and rose-colored, and violets that betrayed themselves by their rich fragrance, even if their blue eyes failed to meet your own. Daisies, too, were abundant, but larger than the modest little English flower, and therefore of small account.

These wooded and flowery lawns are more beautiful than the finest of English park-scenery, and more touching, more impressive, through the neglect that leaves nature so much to her own ways and methods. Since man seldom interferes with her, she sets to work in her quiet way and makes herself at home. There is enough of human care, it is true, bestowed long ago and still bestowed, to prevent wildness from growing into deformity ; and the result is an ideal landscape, a woodland scene that seems to have been projected out of the poet's mind. If the ancient Faun were other than a mere creation of old poetry, and could have reappeared anywhere, it must have been in such a scene as this.

In the openings of the wood there are fountains plashing into marble basins, the depths of which are shaggy with water-weeds ; or they tumble like natural cascades. from rock to rock, sending their murmur afar to make the quiet and silence more appreciable. Scattered here and there with careless artifice, stand old altars bearing Roman inscriptions. Statues, gray with the long corrosion of even that soft atmosphere, half hide and half re-

veal themselves high on pedestals, or perhaps fallen and broken on the turf. Terminal figures, columns of marble or granite porticoes, arches, are seen in the vistas of the wood-paths, either veritable relics of antiquity, or with so exquisite a touch of artful ruin on them that they are better than if really antique. At all events, grass grows on the tops of the shattered pillars, and weeds and flowers root themselves in the chinks of the massive arches and fronts of temples, and clamber at large over their pediments, as if this were the thousandth summer since their winged seeds alighted there.

What a strange idea—what a needless labor—to construct artificial ruins in Rome, the native soil of ruin ! But even these sportive imitations, wrought by man in emulation of what time has done to temples and palaces, are perhaps centuries old, and, beginning as illusions, have grown to be venerable in sober earnest. The result of all is a scene, pensive, lovely, dream-like, enjoyable, and sad, such as is to be found nowhere save in these princely villa-residences in the neighborhood of Rome ; a scene that must have required generations and ages, during which growth, decay, and man's intelligence wrought kindly together, to render it so gently wild as we behold it now.

The final charm is bestowed by the malaria. There is a piercing, thrilling, delicious kind of regret in the idea of so much beauty thrown away, or only enjoyable at its half-development, in winter and early spring, and never to be dwelt amongst, as the home-scenery of any human being. For if you come hither in summer, and stray through these glades in the golden sunset, fever walks arm in arm with you, and death awaits you at the end of

the dim vista. Thus the scene is like Eden in its loveliness ; like Eden, too, in the fatal spell that removes it beyond the scope of man's actual possessions. But Donatello felt nothing of this dream-like melancholy that haunts the spot. As he passed among the sunny shadows, his spirit seemed to acquire new elasticity. The flicker of the sunshine, the sparkle of the fountain's gush, the dance of the leaf upon the bough, the woodland fragrance, the green freshness, the old sylvan peace and freedom, were all intermingled in those long breaths which he drew.

The ancient dust, the mouldiness of Rome, the dead atmosphere in which he had wasted so many months, the hard pavements, the smell of ruin and decaying generations, the chill palaces, the convent-bells, the heavy incense of altars, the life he had led in those dark, narrow streets, among priests, soldiers, nobles, artists, and women—all the sense of these things rose from the young man's consciousness like a cloud which had darkened over him without his knowing how densely.

He drank in the natural influences of the scene, and was intoxicated as by an exhilarating wine. He ran races with himself along the gleam and shadow of the wood-paths. He leapt up to catch the overhanging bough of an ilex, and swinging himself by it, alighted far onward, as if he had flown thither through the air. In a sudden rapture he embraced the trunk of a sturdy tree, and seemed to imagine it a creature worthy of affection and capable of a tender response ; he clasped it closely in his arms, as a Faun might have clasped the warm, feminine grace of the nymph, whom antiquity supposed to dwell within that rough encircling rind. Then, in order to

bring himself closer to the genial earth, with which his kindred instincts linked him so strongly, he threw himself at full length on the turf, and pressed down his lips, kissing the violets and daisies, which kissed him back again, though shyly, in their maiden fashion.

While he lay there, it was pleasant to see how the green and blue lizards, who had been basking on some rock or on a fallen pillar that absorbed the warmth of the sun, scrupled not to scramble over him with their small feet ; and how the birds alighted on the nearest twigs and sang their little roundelays unbroken by any chirrup of alarm ; they recognized him, it may be, as something akin to themselves, or else they fancied that he was rooted and grew there ; for these wild pets of nature dreaded him no more in his buoyant life than if a mound of soil and grass and flowers had long since covered his dead body, converting it back to the sympathies from which human existence had estranged it.

All of us, after long abode in cities, have felt the blood gush more joyously through our veins with the first breath of rural air ; few could feel it so much as Donatello, a creature of simple elements, bred in the sweet sylvan life of Tuscany, and for months back dwelling amid the mouldy gloom and dim splendor of old Rome. Nature has been shut out for numberless centuries from those stony-hearted streets, to which he had latterly grown accustomed ; there is no trace of her except for what blades of grass spring out of the pavements of the less trodden piazzas, or what weeds cluster and tuft themselves on the cornices of ruins. Therefore his joy was like that of a child that had gone astray from home, and finds himself suddenly in his mother's arms again.

At last, deeming it full time for Miriam to keep her tryst, he climbed to the tiptop of the tallest tree, and thence looked about him, swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze, which was like the respiration of that great leafy, living thing. Donatello saw beneath him the whole circuit of the enchanted ground; the statues and columns pointing upward from among the shrubbery, the fountains flashing in the sunlight, the paths winding hither and thither, and continually finding out some nook of new and ancient pleasantness. He saw the villa, too, with its marble front encrusted all over with bas-reliefs, and statues in its many niches. It was as beautiful as a fairy palace, and seemed an abode in which the lord and lady of this fair domain might fitly dwell, and come forth each morning to enjoy as sweet a life as their happiest dreams of the past night could have depicted. All this he saw, but his first glance had taken in too wide a sweep, and it was not till his eyes fell almost directly beneath him, that Donatello beheld Miriam just turning into the path that led across the roots of his very tree.

He descended among the foliage, waiting for her to come close to the trunk, and then suddenly dropped from an impending bough, and alighted at her side. It was as if the swaying of the branches had let a ray of sunlight through. The same ray likewise glimmered among the gloomy meditations that encompassed Miriam, and lit up the pale, dark beauty of her face, while it responded pleasantly to Donatello's glance.

"I hardly know," said she, smiling, "whether you have sprouted out of the earth, or fallen from the clouds. In either case, you are welcome."

And they walked onward together.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

was born at Charleston in 1806. He was admitted to the bar of his native city at the age of twenty-one, but soon gave up practice for a literary life, and engaged in editing the *Charleston City Gazette*. In 1825 he published his first poem, *A Monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*, and in 1827 two volumes of verse, mainly lyrical. These were followed by many others, the most ambitious among which was *Atlantis, a Story of the Sea* (1832), and by over thirty prose novels and romances, mostly illustrative of Revolutionary history, Southern life, and wild adventure. His miscellaneous writings include several histories and biographies, political tracts, addresses, and critical and other papers contributed to the magazines. Mr. Simms was strongly Southern in his sympathies, though his paper, the *Gazette*, took ground against the nullifiers. The greater portion of his life was spent in Charleston or its neighborhood. He made a few visits to the North, and he sat at one time in the State legislature. He died in 1870.

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'Tis a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypressess
Crowd on the dank, wet earth, and, stretched at length
The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
Slumbers, half-buried in the sedgy grass.
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvelous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught
And startled at our rapid, near approach,

The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
In silence, to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, traveling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vex'd the plumed citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers:—but seeks in vain—
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres—foetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,—
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings and a scene more sweet,
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

was born at Portland, Maine, in 1806, and graduated from Yale College in 1827, in which year he published a small volume of poems, entitled *Sketches*. After one or two experiments in journalism, he associated himself with Geo. P. Morris in 1830 in the conduct of the *New York Mirror*, and shortly afterwards went abroad to spend several years traveling in Europe and the East. His sketches of foreign travel, *Pencilings by the Way*, were sent to the *Mirror* for publication. In 1837 he returned to America, and spent the next two years in rural retirement in a little estate on the Susquehanna. Here he wrote his *Letters from Under a Bridge*. In 1839 he returned to active life, and edited in succession the *Corsair*, the *Evening Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*, all published at New York. With the last-named paper he remained connected until his death in 1867. He also continued his travels, making two more trips to Europe, and visiting the West Indies and the Western and Southern States of the Union. In 1846 he took up his residence at Idlewild, a country seat near Newburg, on the Hudson. Mr. Willis's collected writings are very miscellaneous, including poems, plays, tales, sketches of society, travel and adventure, letters, journals, and all manner of paragraphs and ephemera gathered from his magazine papers, etc.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The shadows lay along Broadway,

'Twas near the twilight tide—

And slowly there a lady fair,

Was walking in her pride.

Alone walk'd she ; but, viewlessly,

Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,

And Honor charm'd the air ;

And all astir look'd kind on her,

And call'd her good as fair—

For all God ever gave to her,

She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo ;
But honor'd well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way !
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed away.

ALBINA McLUSH.

I have a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror. I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have

followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the Dolcefarniente Society, no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—(the college law of rising before breakfast excepted). Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there. Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—"it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody!" I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy one, exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a burst apricot. And then her eyes—large, languid and sleepy—they languished beneath their long, black fringes as if they had no business with

daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh ! it was lovely to look into them !

She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders, when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep ; as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide towards her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eyes upon it with a kind of indolent surprise drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace

and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening, just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between her steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I who never before could summon energy to sigh—I to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

“Lady Albina,” said I, in my softest tone, “how are you to-day?”

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool, soft fingers to my lips—unbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep.

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as it is expected, in 1833, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

NAHANT.

If you can imagine a buried Titan, lying along the length of a continent, with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the place to which I would transport you, reader mine, would lie, as it were, in the palm of

the giant's hands. The small promontory to which I refer, which becomes an island in certain states of the tide, is at the end of one of the long capes of Massachusetts, and is still called by its Indian name, Nahant. Not to make you uncomfortable, I beg to introduce you, at once, to a pretentious hotel, "squat like a toad" upon the unsheltered and highest point of this citadel in mid sea, and a very great resort for the metropolitan New-Englanders. Nahant is, perhaps, liberally measured, a square half mile; and it is distant from what may fairly be called mainland, perhaps a league.

Road to Nahant there is none. The *hoi polloi* go there by steam; but when the tide is down, you may drive there with a thousand chariots, over the bottom of the sea. As I suppose there is not such another place in the known world, my tale will wait while I describe it more fully. If the Bible had been a fiction (not to speak profanely) I should have thought the idea of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host had its origin in some such wonder of nature.

Nahant is so far out into the ocean, that what is called the "ground swell," the majestic heave of its great bosom going on forever like respiration (though its face may be like a mirror beneath the sun, and a wind may not have crisped its surface for days and weeks), is as broad and powerful within a rood of the shore as it is a thousand miles at sea.

The promontory itself is never wholly left by the ebb; but, from its western extremity, there runs a narrow ridge, scarce broad enough for a horse-path, impassable for the rocks and seaweed of which it is matted, and extending at just high-water mark from Nahant to the mainland.

Seaward from this ridge, which is the only connection of the promontory with the continent, descends an expanse of sand, left bare six hours out of the twelve by the retreating sea, as smooth and hard as marble, and as broad, and apparently as level, as the plain of the Hermus. For three miles it stretches away without shell or stone, a surface of white, fine-grained sand, beaten so hard by the eternal hammer of the surf that the hoof of a horse scarce marks it, and the heaviest wheel leaves it as printless as a floor of granite. This will be easily understood, when you remember the tremendous rise and fall of the ocean swell, from the very bosom of which, in all its breadth and strength, roll in the waves of the flowing tide, breaking down on the beach, every one, with the thunder of a host precipitated from the battlements of a castle. Nothing could be more solemn and anthem-like than the succession of these plunging surges. And when the "tenth wave" gathers, far out at sea, and rolls onward to the shore—first with a glassy and heaving swell, as if some mighty monster were lurching inland beneath the water, and then, bursting up into foam, with a front like an endless and sparry crystal wall, advances and overwhelms everything in its progress, till it breaks with a centupled thunder on the beach—it has seemed to me, standing there, as if thus might have beaten the first surge on the shore after the fiat which "divided sea and land." I am no Cameronian, but the sea (myself on shore) always drives me to Scripture for an illustration of my feelings.

The promontory of Nahant must be based on the earth's axle, else I cannot imagine how it should have lasted so long. In the mildest weather, the groundswell of the sea gives it a fillip at every heave that would

lay the "castled crag of Drachenfels" as low as Memphis. The wine trembles in your beaker of claret, as you sit after dinner at the hotel; and, if you look out at the eastern balcony (for it is a wooden pagoda, with balconies, verandahs, and colonnades *ad libitum*), you will see the grass breathless in the sunshine upon the lawn, and the ocean as polished and calm as *Miladi's* brow beyond, and yet the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air between, and enveloping the "Devil's Pulpit" (a tall rock, split off from the promontory's front), in a perpetual kaleidoscope of mist and rainbows. Take the trouble to transport yourself there! I will do the remaining honors on the spot. A cavern, as cool (not as silent) as those of Trophonius, lies just under the brow of yonder precipice, and the waiter shall come after us with our wine. You have dined with the Borromeo, in the grotto of Isola Bella, I doubt not, and know the perfection of art—I will show you that of nature. I should like to transport you, for a similar contrast, from Terni to Niagara, or from San Giovanni Laterano to an aisle in a forest of Michigan; but the Daedalian mystery, alas! is unsolved. We "fly not yet."

Here we are, then, in the "Swallow's Cave." The floor descends by a gentle declivity to the sea, and, from the long, dark cleft, stretching outward, you look forth upon the broad Atlantic—the shore of Ireland the first *terra firma* in the path of your eye. Here is a dark pool, left by the retreating tide for a refrigerator; and, with the champagne in the midst, we will recline about it like the soft Asiatics, of whom we learned pleasure in the East, and drink to the small-featured and purple-lipped "Mignons" of Syria—those fine-limbed and fiery slaves,

adorable as Peris, and by turns languishing and stormy, whom you buy for a pinch of piastres (say, £5 5s.) in sunny Damascus. Your drowsy Circassian, faint and dreamy, or your crockery Georgian—fit dolls for the sensual Turk—is, to him who would buy *soul*, dear at a penny the hecatomb.

We recline, as it were, in an ebon pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sky. The light comes in, mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half-ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which, at first, just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the lip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below, the “tenth” surge alone rallying, as if in scorn of its retreating fellows, and, like the chieftain of Culloden Moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no more, come forward, and look on the sea! The swell lifts! Would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it? It falls! Would you not think the foundation of the deep had given way? A plain, broad enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily, as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment, spell-bound, in its place, and falls again as far—the respiration of a sleeping child not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes. Blessed emblem! it is at peace with itself! The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! what godlike unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave!

By the deeper bass of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! how it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull hiss among the sea-weed, and, like a myriad of small tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird, lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merry England." She is freighted with more than merchandise. The home-sick exile will gaze on her snowy sail, as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it, for the wind that first filled it on its way, swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea? How much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture!

Mais montons nous! I hear the small hoofs of Thalaba; my stanhope waits; we will leave this half bottle of champagne, that "remainder biscuit," and the echoes of our philosophy, to the Naiads who have lent us their drawing-room. Undine, or Egeria! Lurly, or Arethusa! whatever thou art called, nymph of this shadowy cave! adieu!

Slowly, Thalaba ! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent ! So ! Here we are, on the floor of the vasty deep ! What a glorious race-course ! The polished and printless sand spreads away before you, as far as the eye can see, the surf comes in below breast-high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. Oh, how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and in the trout-like pull of the ribands by the excited animal before us. Mark the color of the sand ! White at high-water mark, and thence deepening to a silvery-gray as the water has evaporated less—a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible. Shell or rock, weed or quicksand, there is none ; and, mar or deface its bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crow-quill—you may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

Most wondrous and beautiful of all, within twenty yards of the surf, or for an hour after the tide has left the sand, it holds the water without losing its firmness, and is like a gray mirror, bright as the bosom of the sea. (By your leave, Thalaba !) And now lean over the dasher, and see those small fetlocks striking up from beneath—the flying mane, the thorough-bred action, the small and expressive head, as perfect in the reflection as in the reality ; like Wordsworth's swan, he

“ *Trots double, horse and shadow.* ”

You would swear you were skimming the surface of the sea ; and the delusion is more complete, as the white foam of the "tenth wave" skims in beneath wheel and hoof, and you urge on, with the treacherous element gliding away visibly beneath you.

We seem not to have driven fast, yet three miles, fairly measured, are left behind, and Thalaba's blood is up. Fine creature ! I would not give him

"For the best horse the sun has in the stable."

We have won champagne ere now, Thalaba and I, trotting on this silvery beach ; and if ever old age comes on me, and I intend it never shall, on aught save my mortal coil (my spirit vowed to perpetual youth), I think these vital breezes, and a trot on these exhilarating sands, would sooner renew my prime than a rock in St. Hilary's cradle, or a dip in the well of Kanathos. May we try the experiment together, gentle reader !

I am not settled in my own mind whether this description of one of my favorite haunts in America was written most to introduce the story that is to follow, or the story to introduce the description. Possibly the latter, for, having consumed my callow youth in wandering "to and fro in the earth," like Sathanas of old, and looking on my country now with an eye from which all the minor and temporary features have gradually faded, I find my pride in it (after its glory as a republic) settling principally on the superior handiwork of nature in its land and water. When I talk of it now, it is looking through another's eyes—his who listens. I do not describe it after my own memory of what it was once to me, but accord-

ing to my idea of what it will seem now to a stranger. Hence, I speak not of the friends I made, rambling by lake or river. The lake and the river are there, but the friends are changed—to themselves and me. I speak not of the lovely and loving ones that stood by me, looking on glen or waterfall. The glen and the waterfall are romantic still, but the form and the heart that breathed through it are no longer lovely or loving. I should renew my joys by the old mountain and river, for, all they ever were I should find them still, and never seem to myself grown old, or cankered of the world, or changed in form or spirit, while they reminded me but of my youth, with their familiar sunshine and beauty. But the friends that I knew—as I knew them—are dead. They look no longer the same; they have another heart in them; the kindness of the eye, the smilingness of the lip, are no more there. Philosophy tells me the material and living body changes and renews, particle by particle, with time; and experience—cold-blooded and stony monitor—tells me, in his frozen monotone, that heart and spirit change with it and renew! But the name remains, mockery that it is, and the memory sometimes; and so these apparitions of the past—that we almost fear to question when they encounter us, lest the change they have undergone should freeze our blood—stare coldly on us, yet call us by name, and answer, though coldly to their own, and have that terrible similitude to what they were, mingled with their unsympathizing and hollow mummery, that we wish the grave of the past, with all that it contained of kind or lovely, had been sealed forever. The heart we have lain near before our birth (so read I the book of human life) is the only one that cannot for-

get that it has loved us. As we once wove the sentiment
into verse :

" Mother ! dear mother ! the feelings nurst
As I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first—
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain,
'Tis the only one that will long remain ;
And as year by year, and day by day,
Some friend, still trusted, drops away,
Mother ! dear mother ! oh, dost thou see
How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee !"

EDGAR ALLAN POE

was born at Boston in 1809. His parents were actors, who died during his infancy, and he was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond. In 1817 he was put to school for a few years at Stoke Newington, in England. In 1826 he attended the University of Virginia for a single session. He afterwards entered West Point, but was dismissed in 1830 for irregularities. While yet under age he had published several collections of verses which had attracted little attention. In 1833 his prose tale *MS. found in a Bottle* received a prize offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor*, and was printed in that magazine. From this time on, Poe entered upon the profession of letters, and was successively connected as editor or regular contributor with *The Southern Literary Messenger* (Richmond), *The New York Review*, *The Gentleman's*—afterward *Graham's*—*Magazine* (Philadelphia), *The Northern Monthly* (New York), and *The Mirror* (New York). In 1838 the longest of his prose tales, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, was published at New York. This was followed in 1840 by *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, published at Philadelphia. He died at Baltimore in 1849. His collected writings consist mainly of poems, tales, and reviews, contributed to the periodicals above mentioned and to many others. The latest and perhaps best edition of his complete works was published at Edinburgh in 1877, edited by John H. Ingram. *The Raven* first appeared, anonymously, in February, 1845, in *Colton's Whig Review*.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

Son cœur est un luth suspendu ;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.—DE BERANGER.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country ; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the afterdream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble ; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the un-

satisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boom companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness—of a mental disorder which oppressed him—and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch ; in other words, that the entire family lay in direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher”—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can

be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air.

Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation, and passed on. The valet now threw open a door, and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of

encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around ; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down ; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher ! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion ; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison ; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve ; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations ; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy ; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity ; these features, with an

inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now, in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length,

into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—

in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years—his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread—and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother—but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting

away of the person, and frequent, although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto, she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed ; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer ; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself : and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together ; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and

amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why ;—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least—in the circumstances that surrounded me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing, yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible ; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to

the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled *The Haunted Palace*, ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus :

I.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow ;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)

And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king,

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate ;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate !)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad, led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men* have thought thus,) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn.

* Watson, Dr. Percival, Spallanzani, and especially the Bishop of Llandaff.—See "Chemical Essays," vol. v.

Its evidence—the evidence of the sentence—was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke,) in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm*, by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorium*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Cægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliae Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiae Maguntinae*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his inten-

tion of preserving her corpse for a fortnight. (previously to its final interment,) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an

unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon trestles within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention ; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more ; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were

times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. † It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame ; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not

whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me, but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—“you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing

away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this—yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars—nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. “These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement;—the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild, overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of

the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus :

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with blows, quickly made room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand ; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.”

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment, paused ; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) —it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention ; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the

sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story :

“ But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit ; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver ; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin ;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win ;

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.”

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon’s unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation,

the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question ; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber ; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded :

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall ; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet ; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat.

His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person ; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back,

upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long, tumultuous, shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door ;
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered,
“Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore !

And the silken sad uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ;
Hesitating then no longer,
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is, I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you ”—
Here I opened wide the door :—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
Ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, “ Lenore ! ”—
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word “ Lenore ! ”—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping,

Something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice :
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment
And this mystery explore ;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ;
Not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
But with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore !"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly
Fowl to here discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
 Little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing
 Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
 Bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely
On that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
 That one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ;
Not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
 “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me,
 As my Hopes have flown before.”
 Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters
 Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
 Till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore !' ”

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird and bust and door ;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.

“Wretch !” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore !”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !
Prophet still, if bird or devil !—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—~~is~~ there balm in Gilead ?
Tell me—tell me, I implore !”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil !—
Prophet still, if bird or devil !—
By that Heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore ?”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend,” I shrieked upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night’s Plutonian shore !
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken !—
Quit the bust above my door !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door !”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o’er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow,
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—Nevermore !

TO HELEN.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago :
I must not say *how* many—but *not* many.
It was a July midnight ; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,

There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses,
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—'
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses,
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining ; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd, alas, in sorrow !

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow),
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (O Heaven ! O God !
How my heart beats in coupling those two words !)
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted !)

The pearly lustre of the moon went out ;
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees
Were seen no more : the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.

All—all expired save thee—save less than thou :
Save only the divine light in thine eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres !
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope !
How silently serene a sea of pride !
How daring an ambition ! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love !

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud ;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They *would not* go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, *to be saved* by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night ;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain, and a shrine,
All wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last !
Ah, starry Hope ! that didst arise
But to be overcast !
A voice from out the Future cries,
On ! on !—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast !

For, alas ! alas ! with me
The light of life is o'er !
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar !

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,

née Sarah Margaret Fuller, was born at Cambridgeport Mass., in 1810. She received a very superior education, and in 1836, after the death of her father had left the family in straightened circumstances, she became a teacher in Mr. Alcot's school at Boston, and took classes of her own in French, German, and Italian literature. In 1837 she became principal of a school at Providence, Rhode Island, but soon returned to Boston, and started a conversation class, which her eloquence rendered very popular and famous. In 1840-1 she edited *The Dial*; in 1843 she traveled in the West, and in 1844 came to New York and took employment on the *Tribune*, residing in Mr. Greeley's family.

In 1846 she visited Europe, where she made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Carlyle, George Sand, and other *literati*. At Rome she took part in the revolutionary movements of Mazzini, and during the siege of the city by the French, took charge of one of the hospitals. She was married in 1847 to an Italian gentleman, the Marquis Ossoli. In 1850 the ship on which she was returning home, with her husband and child, was wrecked on Fire Island Beach, and all three were lost. Her collected writings include papers on *Literature and Art*; *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*; *Summer on the Lakes*; *Letters from Abroad*, etc. A memorial edition, with biographical notices, was published in 1874.

ROCK RIVER AND OREGON.

(FROM "SUMMER ON THE LAKES.")

In the afternoon of this day we reached the Rock River, in whose neighborhood we proposed to make some stay, and crossed at Dixon's Ferry.

This beautiful stream flows full and wide over a bed of rocks, traversing a distance of near two hundred miles, to reach the Mississippi. Great part of the country along its banks is the finest region of Illinois, and the scene of some of the latest romance of Indian warfare. To these beautiful regions Black Hawk returned with his band

“to pass the summer,” when he drew upon himself the warfare in which he was finally vanquished. No wonder he could not resist the longing, unwise though its indulgence might be, to return in summer to this home of beauty.

Of Illinois, in general, it has often been remarked, that it bears the character of country which has been inhabited by a nation skilled like the English in all the ornamental arts of life, especially in landscape-gardening. The villas and castles seem to have been burnt, the enclosures taken down, but the velvet lawns, the flower-gardens, the stately parks, scattered at graceful intervals, by the decorous hand of art, the frequent deer, and the peaceful herd of cattle, that make picture of the plain, all suggest more of the masterly mind of man, than the prodigal, but careless, motherly love of Nature. Especially is this true of the Rock River country. The river flows sometimes through these parks and lawns, then betwixt high bluffs, whose grassy ridges are covered with fine trees, or broken with crumbling stone, that easily assumes the forms of buttress, arch, and clustered columns. Along the face of such crumbling rocks, swallows' nests are clustered, thick as cities, and eagles and deer do not disdain their summits. One morning, out in the boat along the base of these rocks, it was amusing, and affecting too, to see these swallows put their heads out to look at us. There was something very hospitable about it, as if man had never shown himself a tyrant near them. What a morning that was ! Every sight is worth twice as much by the early morning light. We borrow something of the spirit of the hour to look upon them.

The first place where we stopped was one of singular

beauty, a beauty of soft, luxuriant wildness. It was on the bend of the river, a place chosen by an Irish gentleman, whose absenteeism seems of the wisest kind, since, for a sum which would have been but a drop of water to the thirsty fever of his native land, he commands a residence which has all that is desirable, in its independence, its beautiful retirement, and means of benefit to others.

His park, his deer-chase, he found already prepared ; he had only to make an avenue through it. This brought us to the house by a drive, which in the heat of noon seemed long, though afterward, in the cool of morning and evening, delightful. This is, for that part of the world, a large and commodious dwelling. Near it stands the log-cabin where its master lived while it was building, a very ornamental accessory.

In front of the house was a lawn, adorned by the most graceful trees. A few of these had been taken out, to give a full view of the river, gliding through banks such as I have described. On this bend the bank is high and bold, so from the house or the lawn the view was very rich and commanding. But if you descended a ravine at the side to the water's edge, you found there a long walk on the narrow shore, with a wall above of the richest hanging wood, in which they said the deer lay hid. I never saw one, but often fancied that I heard them rustling, at daybreak, by these bright, clear waters, stretching out in such smiling promise, where no sound broke the deep and blissful seclusion, unless now and then this rustling, or the splash of some fish a little gayer than the others ; it seemed not necessary to have any better heaven, or fuller expression of love and freedom, than in the mood of Nature here.

Then, leaving the bank, you would walk far and yet farther, through long, grassy paths, full of the most brilliant, also the most delicate flowers. The brilliant are more common on the prairie, but both kinds loved this place.

Amid the grass of the lawn, with a profusion of wild strawberries, we greeted also a familiar love, the Scottish harebell, the gentlest and most touching form of the flower-world.

The master of the house was absent, but with a kindness beyond thanks, had offered us a resting-place there. Here we were taken care of by a deputy, who would, for his youth, have been assigned the place of a page in former times, but in the young West, it seems, he was old enough for a steward. Whatever be called his function, he did the honors of the place so much in harmony with it, as to leave the guests free to imagine themselves in Elysium, and the three days passed here were days of unalloyed, spotless happiness.

There was a peculiar charm in coming here, where the choice of location, and the unobtrusive good taste of all the arrangements showed such intelligent appreciation of the spirit of the scene, after seeing so many dwellings of the new settlers, which showed plainly that they had no thought beyond satisfying the grossest material wants. Sometimes they looked attractive, these little brown houses, the natural architecture of the country, in the edge of the timber. But almost always, when you came near, the slovenliness of the dwelling and the rude way in which objects around it were treated, when so little care would have presented a charming whole, were very repulsive. Seeing the traces of the Indians, who chose

the most beautiful sites for their dwellings, and whose habits do not break in on that aspect of Nature under which they were born, we feel as if they were the rightful lords of a beauty they forbore to deform. But most of these settlers do not see it at all ; it breathes, it speaks in vain to those who are rushing into its sphere. Their progress is Gothic, not Roman, and their mode of cultivation will, in the course of twenty, perhaps ten years, obliterate the natural expression of the country.

This is inevitable, fatal ; we must not complain, but look forward to a good result. Still, in traveling through this country, I could not but be struck with the force of a symbol. Wherever the hog comes, the rattlesnake disappears ; the omnivorous traveler, safe in its stupidity, willingly and easily makes a meal of the most dangerous of reptiles, and one which the Indian looks on with a mystic awe. Even so the white settler pursues the Indian, and is victor in the chase. But I shall say more upon the subject by and by.

While we were here, we had one grand thunder-storm, which added new glory to the scene.

One beautiful feature was the return of the pigeons every afternoon to their home. At this time they would come sweeping across the lawn, positively in clouds, and with a swiftness and softness of winged motion more beautiful than anything of the kind I ever knew. Had I been a musician, such as Mendelssohn, I felt that I could have improvised a music quite peculiar, from the sound they made, which should have indicated all the beauty over which their wings bore them. I will here insert a few lines left at this house on parting, which feebly indicate some of the features :

THE WESTERN EDEN.

Familiar to the childish mind were tales
Of rock-girt isles amid a desert sea,
Where unexpected stretch the flowery vales
To soothe the shipwrecked sailor's misery.
Fainting, he lay upon a sandy shore,
And fancied that all hope of life was o'er ;
But let him patient climb the frowning wall,
Within, the orange glows beneath the palm-tree tall,
And all that Eden boasted waits his call.

Almost these tales seem realized to-day,
When the long dullness of the sultry way—
Where " independent " settlers' careless cheer
Made us indeed feel we were " strangers " here—
Is cheered by sudden sight of this fair spot,
On which " improvement " yet has made no blot,
But Nature all-astonished stands, to find
Her plan protected by the human mind.

Blest be the kindly genius of the scene ;
The river, bending in unbroken grace,
The stately thickets, with their pathways green,
Fair, lonely trees, each in its fittest place ;
Those thickets haunted by the deer and fawn ;
Those cloudlike flights of birds across the lawn !
The gentlest breezes here delight to blow,
And sun and shower and star are emulous to deck the show.

Wondering, as Crusoe, we survey the land ;
Happier than Crusoe we, a friendly band.
Blest be the hand that reared this friendly home,
The heart and mind of him to whom we owe
Hours of pure peace such as few mortals know ;
May he find such, should he be led to roam,

Be tended by such ministering sprites,
Enjoy such gayly childish days, such hopeful nights !
And yet, amid the goods to mortals given,
To give those goods again is most like heaven.

Hazelwood, Rock River, June 30, 1843.

The only really rustic feature was of the many coops of poultry near the house, which I understood it to be one of the chief pleasures of the master to feed.

Leaving this place, we proceeded a day's journey along the beautiful stream, to a little town named Oregon. We called at a cabin, from whose door looked out one of those faces which, once seen, are never forgotten ; young, yet touched with many traces of feeling, not only possible, but endured ; spirited, too, like the gleam of a finely tempered blade. It was a face that suggested a history, and many histories, but whose scene would have been in courts and camps. At this moment their circles are dull for want of that life which is waning unexcited in this solitary recess.

The master of the house proposed to show us a "short cut," by which we might, to especial advantage, pursue our journey. This proved to be almost perpendicular, down a hill studded with young trees and stumps. From these he proposed, with a hospitality of service worthy an Oriental, to free our wheels whenever they should get entangled, also to be himself the drag, to prevent our too rapid descent. Such generosity deserved trust ; however, we women could not be persuaded to render it. We got out and admired, from afar, the process. Left by our guide and prop, we found ourselves in a wide field, where, by playful quips and turns, an endless "creek," seemed to divert itself with our attempts to cross it. Failing in

this, the next best was to whirl down a steep bank, which feat our charioteer performed with an air not unlike that of Rhesus, had he but been as suitably furnished with chariot and steeds !

At last, after wasting some two or three hours on the "short cut," we got out by following an Indian trail,—Black Hawk's ! How fair the scene through which it led ! How could they let themselves be conquered, with such a country to fight for !

Afterward, in the wide prairie, we saw a lively picture of nonchalance (to speak in the fashion of dear Ireland). There, in the wide sunny field, with neither tree nor umbrella above his head, sat a peddler, with his pack, waiting apparently for customers. He was not disappointed. We bought what hold, in regard to the human world, as unmarked, as mysterious, and as important an existence, as the infusoria to the natural, to wit, pins. This incident would have delighted those modern sages, who, in imitation of the sitting philosophers of ancient Ind, prefer silence to speech, waiting to going, and scornfully smile, in answer to the motions of earnest life,

" Of itself will nothing come,
That ye must still be seeking?"

However, it seemed to me to-day, as formerly on these sublime occasions, obvious that nothing would come, unless something would go ; now, if we had been as sublimely still as the peddler, his pins would have tarried in the pack, and his pockets sustained an aching void of pence.

Passing through one of the fine, park-like woods, almost clear from underbrush and carpeted with thick

grasses and flowers, we met (for it was Sunday) a little congregation just returning from their service, which had been performed in a rude house in its midst. It had a sweet and peaceful air, as if such words and thoughts were very dear to them. The parents had with them all their little children; but we saw no old people; that charm was wanting which exists in such scenes in older settlements, of seeing the silver bent in reverence beside the flaxen head.

At Oregon, the beauty of the scene was of even a more sumptuous character than at our former "stopping-place." Here swelled the river in its boldest course, interspersed by halcyon isles on which Nature had lavished all her prodigality in tree, vine, and flower, banked by noble bluffs, three hundred feet high, their sharp ridges as exquisitely definite as the edge of a shell; their summits adorned with those same beautiful trees, and with buttresses of rich rock, crested with old hemlocks, which wore a touching and antique grace amid the softer and more luxuriant vegetation. Lofty natural mounds rose amidst the rest, with the same lovely and sweeping outline, showing everywhere the plastic power of water,—water, mother of beauty,—which, by its sweet and eager flow, had left such lineaments as human genius never dreamt of.

Not far from the river was a high crag, called the Pine Rock, which looks out, as our guide observed, like a helmet above the brow of the country. It seems as if the water left here and there a vestige of forms and materials that preceded its course, just to set off its new and richer designs.

The aspect of this country was to me enchanting, be-

yond any I have ever seen, from its fullness of expression, its bold and impassioned sweetness. Here the flood of emotion has passed over and marked everywhere its course by a smile. The fragments of rock touch it with a wildness and liberality which give just the needed relief. I should never be tired here, though I have elsewhere seen country of more secret and alluring charms, better calculated to stimulate and suggest. Here the eye and heart are filled.

How happy the Indians must have been here ! It is not long since they were driven away, and the ground, above and below, is full of their traces.

“ The earth is full of men.”

You have only to turn up the sod to find arrowheads and Indian pottery. On an island, belonging to our host, and nearly opposite his house, they loved to stay, and, no doubt, enjoyed its lavish beauty as much as the myriad wild pigeons that now haunt its flower-filled shades. Here are still the marks of their tomahawks, the troughs in which they prepared their corn, their caches.

A little way down the river is the site of an ancient Indian village, with its regularly arranged mounds. As usual, they had chosen with the finest taste. When we went there, it was one of those soft, shadowy afternoons when Nature seems ready to weep, not from grief, but from an overfull heart. Two prattling, lovely little girls, and an African boy, with glittering eye and ready grin, made our party gay ; but all were still as we entered the little inlet and trod those flowery paths. They may

blacken Indian life as they will, talk of its dirt, its brutality, I will ever believe that the men who chose that dwelling-place were able to feel emotions of noble happiness as they returned to it, and so were the women that received them. Neither were the children sad or dull, who lived so familiarly with the deer and the birds, and swam that clear wave in the shadow of the Seven Sisters. The whole scene suggested to me a Greek splendor, a Greek sweetness, and I can believe that an Indian brave, accustomed to ramble in such paths, and be bathed by such sunbeams, might be mistaken for Apollo, as Apollo was for him by West. Two of the boldest bluffs are called the Deer's Walk (not because deer do *not* walk there), and the Eagle's Nest. The latter I visited one glorious morning; it was that of the fourth of July, and certainly I think I had never felt so happy that I was born in America. Woe to all country folks that never saw this spot, never swept an enraptured gaze over the prospect that stretched beneath. I do believe Rome and Florence are suburbs compared to this capital of Nature's art.

The bluff was decked with great bunches of a scarlet variety of the milkweed, like cut coral, and all starred with a mysterious-looking dark flower, whose cup rose lonely on a tall stem. This had, for two or three days, disputed the ground with the lupine and phlox. My companions disliked, I liked it.

Here I thought of, or rather saw, what the Greek expresses under the form of Jove's darling, Ganymede, and the following stanzas took form :

GANYMEDE TO HIS EAGLE.

SUGGESTED BY A WORK OF THORWALDSEN'S.

Composed on the height called the Eagle's Nest, Oregon, Rock River, July 4th,
1843.

Upon the rocky mountain stood the boy,
A goblet of pure water in his hand ;
His face and form spoke him one made for joy,
A willing servant to sweet love's command,
But a strange pain was written on his brow,
And thrilled throughout his silver accents now.

"My bird," he cries, "my destined brother friend,
Oh, whither fleets to-day thy wayward flight ?
Hast thou forgotten that I here attend,
From the full noon until this sad twilight ?
A hundred times, at least, from the clear spring,
Since the full noon o'er hill and valley glowed,
I've filled the vase which our Olympian king
Upon my care for thy sole use bestowed ;
That, at the moment when thou shouldst descend,
A pure refreshment might thy thirst attend.

"Hast thou forgotten earth, forgotten me,
Thy fellow-bondsman in a royal cause,
Who, from the sadness of infinity,
Only with thee can know that peaceful pause
In which we catch the flowing strain of love,
Which binds our dim fates to the throne of Jove ?

“ Before I saw thee, I was like the May,
Longing for summer that must mar its bloom,
Or like the morning star that calls the day,
Whose glories to its promise are the tomb ;
And as the eager fountain rises higher
To throw itself more strongly back to earth,
Still, as more sweet and full rose my desire,
More fondly it reverted to its birth,
For what the rosebud seeks tells not the rose,
The meaning that the boy foretold the man cannot disclose.

“ I was all Spring, for in my being dwelt
Eternal youth, where flowers are the fruit ;
Full feeling was the thought of what was felt,
Its music was the meaning of the lute ;
But heaven and earth such life will still deny,
For earth, divorced from heaven, still asks the question,
Why ?

“ Upon the highest mountains my young feet
Ached, that no pinions from their lightness grew,
My starlike eyes the stars would fondly greet,
Yet win no greeting from the circling blue ;
Fair, self-subsistent each in its own sphere,
They had no care that there was none for me ;
Alike to them that I was far or near,
Alike to them time and eternity.

“ But from the violet of lower air
Sometimes an answer to my wishing came ;
Those lightning-births my nature seemed to share,
They told the secrets of its fiery frame,

The sudden messengers of hate and love,
The thunderbolts that arm the hand of Jove,
And strike sometimes the sacred spire, and strike the
sacred grove.

“Come in a moment, in a moment gone,
They answered me, then left me still more lone ;
They told me that the thought which ruled the world
As yet no sail upon its course had furled,
That the creation was but just begun,
New leaves still leaving from the primal one,
But spoke not of the goal to which *my* rapid wheels
would run.

“Still, still my eyes, though tearfully, I strained
To the far future which my heart contained,
And no dull doubt my proper hope profaned.

“At last, O bliss ! thy living form I spied,
Then a mere speck upon a distant sky ;
Yet my keen glance discerned its noble pride,
And the full answer of that sun-filled eye ;
I knew it was the wing that must upbear
My earthlier form into the realms of air.

“Thou knowest how we gained that beauteous height,
Where dwells the monarch of the sons of light ;
Thou knowest he declared us two to be
The chosen servants of his ministry,
Thou as his messenger, a sacred sign
Of conquest, or, with omen more benign,
To give its due weight to the righteous cause,
To express the verdict of Olympian laws.

“ And I to wait upon the lonely spring,
Which slakes the thirst of bards to whom 'tis given
The destined dues of hopes divine to sing,
And weave the needed chain to bind to heaven.
Only from such could be obtained a draught
For him who in his early home from Jove's own cup has
quaffed.

“ To wait, to wait, but not to wait too long,
Till heavy grows the burden of a song ;
O bird ! too long hast thou been gone to-day,
My feet are weary of their frequent way,
The spell that opes the spring my tongue no more can
say.

“ If soon thou com'st not, night will fall around,
My head with a sad slumber will be bound,
And the pure draught be spilt upon the ground.

“ Remember that I am not yet divine,
Long years of service to the fatal Nine
Are yet to make a Delphian vigor mine.

“ Oh, make them not too hard, thou bird of Jove !
Answer the stripling's hope, confirm his love,
Receive the service in which he delights,
And bear him often to the serene heights,
Where hands that were so prompt in serving thee
Shall be allowed the highest ministry,
And Rapture live with bright Fidelity.”

SYLVESTER JUDD

was born at Westhampton, Mass., in 1813, and graduated at Yale College in 1836. In 1837 he entered the Harvard Divinity School, and in 1840 became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Augusta, Maine, where he remained till his death, in 1853. Mr. Judd's published works include *Margaret* (1845); *Philo* and *Richard Edney* (1850)—the former a poem, and the latter, like *Margaret*, a religious novel; and a posthumous work, *The Church* (1854), consisting of sermons.

A WINTER DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

(FROM "MARGARET.")

It is the middle of winter, and is snowing, and has been all night, with a strong north-east wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any ordinary locomotion; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through this great Sahara of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snowshoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in the general accumulation, as if it had foundered and was going to the bottom; the face of the Pond is smooth, white and stiff as death; the oxen and the cow in the barnyard, in their storm-fleeces, look like a new variety of sheep. All is silence and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snowshoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there

are, what by a kind of provincial misnomer is called the black growth, pines and firs, green as in summer, some flanking the hill behind, looking like the real snowballs, blossoming in midwinter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke of the stunt gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon ; or if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly ; and prettily is it striped and particolored, as it passes successively the green trees, bare rocks, and white crown of Indian's Head ; nor does its interest cease, even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it many outshows and denotements of spiritualities ; others would say, the house is buried so deep it must come from the hot, mischief-hatching heart of the earth ; others still would fancy the whole region to be in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked into the house they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own notion is that that smoke is a quiet, domestic affair, that it even has the flavor of some sociable cookery, and is legitimately issued from a grateful and pleasant fire ; and that if we should go into the house we should find the family as usual there ; a suggestion which, as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the midst of snowbanks, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fireplace burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog and forestick, and a high cobwork of crooked and knotty

refuse wood. The flame is as bright and golden as in Windsor Palace, or Fifth Avenue, New York. The smoke goes off out doors with no more hesitancy than if it was summer time. The wood sings, the sap drops on the hot coals, and explodes as if it was Independence Day. Great red coals roll out on the hearth, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white down-like cinders, and then dissolve into brown ashes.

To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connection with the external world is by a rude aperture through the sides of the building ;—yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room is Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending shoes ; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop, for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand, and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock. In the centre sits Brown Moll, with bristling and grizzly hair, and her inseparable pipe, winding yarn from a swift. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret ; the latter with the “*Orbis Pictus, or World Displayed*,” a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her ; the former with his violin, endeavoring to describe the notes in Dr. Byle’s “*Collection of Sacred Music*,” also a loan of the Master’s, and at intervals trail-

ing on the lead of his father in some popular air. We shall also see that one of Chilion's feet is raised on a stool, bandaged, and apparently disabled. Bull, the dog, lies rounded on the hearth, his nose between his paws, fast asleep. Dick, the gray squirrel, sits swinging listlessly in his wire wheel, like a duck on a wave. Robin, the bird, in its cage, shrugs and folds itself into its feathers, as if it were night. Over the fireplace, on the rough stones of the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter never cease to be warm, are Margaret's flowers ; a blood-root, in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. Here, also, as a sort of mantel-tree ornament, sits the marble kitten that Rufus made, under a cedar twig. At one end of the crane, in the vacant side of the fireplace, hang rings of pumpkin-rinds drying for beer. On the walls, in addition to what was there last summer, are strings of dried apples. There is also a draw-horse, on which Hash smooths and squares his shingles ; and a pile of fresh, sweet-scented white shavings and splinters. Through the yawns of the back-door, and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in, unweariedly, fine particles of snow, and thus along the sides of the rooms rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters.

Within doors is a mixed noise of miscellaneous operations ; without is the rushing of the storm. Pluck snipsnaps with his wife, cracks on Hash, shows his white teeth to Margaret ; Chilion asks his sister to sing ; Hash orders her to bring a coal to light his pipe ; her mother gets her to pick a snarl out of the yarn. She climbs upon a stool and looks out of the window. The scene is obscured by

the storm ; the thick driving flakes throw a brownish mizzly shade over all things, air, trees, hills, and every avenue the eye has been wont to traverse. The light tufts hiss like arrows as they shoot by. The leafless butternut, whereon the whippoorwill used to sing, and the yellow warbler make its nest, sprawls its naked arms, and moans pitifully in the blast ; the snow that for a moment is amassed upon it, falls to the ground like a harvest of alabaster fruit. The peach-tree, that bears Margaret's own name, and is of her own age, seems to be drowning in the snow. Water drops from the eaves, occasioned by the snow melting about the chimney.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had a snow-storm, before it's over, Molly," said Pluck, strapping his knife on the edge of the kit.

"And you are getting ready for it fast," rejoined his wife. "I should be thankful for those shoes any time before next July. I can't step out without wetting my feet."

"Wetting is not so bad after all," answered Pluck. "For my part I keep too dry. Who did the Master tell you was the god of shoemakers?" he asked, addressing Margaret.

"St. Crispin," replied the child.

"Guess I'll pay him a little attention," said the man, going to the rum bottle that stood by the chimney. "I feel some interest in these things, and I think I have some reason to indulge a hope that I am among the elect."

"He wouldn't own you," said his wife, tartly.

"Why, dear?"

"Because you are not a man ; you are not the thrum

of one. Scrape you all up, and we shouldn't get lint enough to put on Chilion's foot."

"Look at that," said her husband, exposing his bare arm, flabby and swollen; "what do you think now?"

"Mutton fat! Try you out, run you into cakes, make a present of you to your divinity to grease his boots with. The fire is getting low, Meg; can't you bring in some wood?"

"You are a *woman* really!" retorted Pluck, "to send the child out in such a storm, when it would take three men to hold one's head on."

"Ha, ha!" laughed out his spouse. "You must have stitched your own on; I don't wonder you are afraid. That is the way you lost your ear, trying to hold on your head in a storm, ha, ha!"

"Well," rejoined Pluck, "you think you are equal to three men in wit, learning, providing, don't you?"

"Mayhaps so."

"And weaving, spinning, coloring, reeling, twisting, cooking, clinching, henpecking, I guess you are. Can you tell, dearest Maria, what is Latin for the Widow's Obed's red hair?"

"I can for the maggot that makes powder-post of our whole family, Didymus Hart."

Pluck laughed, and staggered towards his bench.

"I knew we should have a storm," said his wife, "after such a cold spell; I saw a Bull's Eye towards night; my corns have been pricking more than usual; a flight of snow-birds went by day before yesterday. And it won't hold up till after the full, and that's to-night."

"I thought as much too," answered Pluck. "Bottle has emptied fast, glums been growing darker in the face,

windle spun faster, cold potatoes for dinner, hot tongue for supper."

"You *shall* fetch the wood, Meg, or I'll warm your back with a shingle," said her mother, flinging out a threat which she had no intention of executing. "Hash is good for something, that he is."

"Yes, Maharshalalhashbaz, my second born," interjected Pluck, "sell your shingles to the women; they'll give you more than Deacon Penrose; it is such a nice thing for heating a family with. We shan't need any more roofs to our houses,—always excepting, of course, your dear and much-honored mother, who is a warming-pan in herself, good as a Bath stove."

Hash, spurred on by this double shot, plied his mallet the harder, and declared with an oath that *he* would not get the wood, they might freeze first; adding that he hauled and cut it, and that was his part.

Chilion whispered to his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased, and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. The flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scamble, and anon slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current, and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick-spun silver threads, afar across the landscape. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It

sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble *jet d'eau*, or a frozen flame of fire ; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mould it and finish it ; and it became thinner, and more tapering and spiral ; each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip, with instinctive nicety ; till at last it broke off by its own weight,—then a new one went on to be formed. Under this drift lay the wood Margaret was after, and she hesitated to demolish the pretty structure. The cistern was overrun with ice ; the water fell from the spout in an ice tube, the half barrel was rimmed about with a broad round moulding of similar stuff, and where the water flowed off, it had formed a solid wavy cascade, and under the cold snows the clear cold water could be heard babbling and singing as if it no whit cared for the weather. From the corner of the house the snow fretted and spirted in continuous shower. A flock of snowbirds suddenly flashed before the eyes of the child, borne on by the wind ; they endeavored to tack about, and run in under the lee of the shed, but the remorseless elements drifted them on, and they were apparently dashed against the woods beyond. Seeing one of the little creatures drop, Margaret darted out through the snow, caught the luckless or lucky wanderer, and amid the butting winds, sharp rack, and smothering sheets of spray, carried it into the house. In her “Book of Birds,” she found it to be a snow-bunting ; that it was hatched in a nest of reindeer’s hair near the North Pole, that it had sported among eternal solitudes of rocks and ice, and come thousands of miles. It was purely white, while others of the species

are rendered in darker shades. She put it in the cage with Robin, who received the traveled stranger with due respect.

Night came on, and Margaret went to bed. The wind puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked, her bed rocked under her, loose boards on the roof clattered and rattled, snow pelted the window shutter. In such a din and tussle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her, and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck, and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light, and see that all was safe.

In the fearfulness of that night, she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he, however, must have given her for a different purpose,—for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself,—and she had taken a floating impression that the Higher Agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin :—

“O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata!
Ora, ora, pro nobis!”

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distill upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul. In her dream she was walking in a large, high, self-illuminated hall, with flowers, statues, and columns on either side. Above, it seemed to vanish into a sort of opaline-colored invisibility. The statues, of clear white marble, large as life, and the flowers in marble vases, alternated with each

other between the columns, whose ornamented capitals merged in the shadows above. There was no distinct articulate voice, but a low murmuring of the air, or sort of musical pulsation, that filled the place. The statues seemed to be for the most part marble embodiments of pictures she had seen in the Master's books. There were the Venus de Medicis ; Diana, with her golden bow ; Ceres, with poppies and ears of corn ; Humanity, "with sweet and lovely countenance ;" Temperance, pouring water from a pitcher ; Diligence, with a sickle and sheaf ; Peace, and her crown of olives ; Truth, with "her looks serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet modest." The flowers were such as she had sometimes seen about houses in the village, but of rare size and beauty ;—cactuses, dahlias, carnations, large pink hydrangeas, white japonicas, calla lilies, and others. Their shadows waved on the white walls, and it seemed to her as if the music she heard issued from their cups.

Sauntering along she came to a marble arch or doorway, handsomely sculptured, and supported on caryatides. This opened to a large rotunda, where she saw nine beautiful female figures swimming in a circle in the air. These strewed on her as she passed leaves and flowers of amaranth, angelica, myrtle, white jasmin, white poppy, and eglantine ; and spun round and round silently as swallows. By a similar arch, she went into another rotunda, where was a marble monument or sarcophagus, from which two marble children with wings were represented as rising, and above them fluttered two iris-colored butterflies. Through another doorway she entered a larger space opening to the heavens. In this she saw a woman, the same woman she had before seen in her

dreams, with long black hair, and a pale, beautiful face, who stood silently pointing to a figure far off on the rose-colored clouds. This figure was Christ, whom she recognized. Near him, on the round top of a purple cloud, having the blue distant sky for a background, was the milk-white Cross, twined with evergreens ; about it, hand in hand, she saw moving as in a distance four beautiful female figures, clothed in white robes. These she remembered as the ones she saw in her dream at the Still, and she now knew them to be Faith, Hope, Love, and their sister, who was yet of their own creation, Beauty. Then in her dream she returned, and at the door where she entered this mysterious place she found a large green bull-frog, with great goggle eyes, having a pond-lily saddled to his back. Seating herself in the cup, she held on by the golden pistils as the pommel of a saddle, and the frog leaped with her clear into the next morning, in her own little dark chamber.

When she awoke, the wind and noise without had ceased. A perfect cone of pure white snow lay piled up over her feet, and she attributed her dream partly to that. She opened the window-shutter ; it was even then snowing in large, quiet, moist flakes, which showed that the storm was nearly at an end ; and in the east, near the sun-rising, she saw the clouds bundling up, ready to go away. She descended to the kitchen, where a dim, dreary light entered from the window. Chilion, who, unable to go up the ladder to his chamber, had a bunk of pelts of wild beasts near the fire, still lay there. Under a bank of ashes and cinders, smoked and sweltered the remains of the great backlog.

Pluck opened the ashes and drew forward the charred

stick, which cracked and crumbled into large deep crimson, fine-grained, glowing coals, throwing a ruddy glare over the room. He dug a trench for the new log, deep as if he were laying a cellar-wall.

After breakfast, Margaret opened the front door to look out. Here rose a straight and sheer breastwork of snow, five feet or more in height, nicely scarfing the door and lintels. Pluck could just see over it, but for this purpose Margaret was obliged to use a chair. The old gentleman, in a fit of we shall not say uncommon good feeling, declared he would dig through it. So, seizing a shovel, he went by the back door to the front of the house, at a spot where the whiffling winds had left the earth nearly bare, and commenced his subnivean work. Margaret, standing in the chair, saw him disappear under the snow, which he threw behind him like a rabbit. She awaited in great excitement his reappearance under the drift, hallooed to him, and threatened to set the dog on him as a thief. Pluck made some gruff unusual sound, beneath the earth with his shovel ; the dog bow-wow'd at the snow ; Margaret laughed. Soon this mole of a man poked his shovel through, and straightway followed with himself, all in a sweat, and the snow melting like wax from his hot, red face. Thus was opened a snow-tunnel, as good to Margaret as the Thames, two or three rods long, and three or four feet high, and through it she went.

The storm had died away ; the sun was struggling through the clouds as if itself in search of warmth from what looked like the hot, glowing face of the earth ; there were blue breaks in the sky overhead ; and far off, above the frigid western hills, lay violet-fringed cloud-drifts. A bank of snow, reaching in some places quite to the eaves

of the house, buried many feet deep the mallows, dandelions, rosebushes, and hencoops.

The chestnuts shone in the new radiance with their polished, shivering, cragged limbs, a spectacle both to pity and admire. The evergreens drooped under their burdens like full-blown sunflowers. The dark, leafless spray of the beeches looked like bold delicate netting or linear embroidery on the blue sky, or as if the trees, interrupted in their usual method of growth, were taking root in mid-winter up among the warm transparent heavens.

Pluck sported with Margaret, throwing great armfuls of snow that burst and scattered over her like rocks of down, then suffering himself to be fired at in turn. He set her astride the dog, who romped and flounced, and pitched her into a drift, whence her father drew her by her ankles. As he was going in through the tunnel, a pile of snow that lay on the roof of the house fell and broke the frail arch, burying the old man in chilly ruins. He gasped, floundered, and thrust up his arms through the superincumbent mass, like a drowning man. Margaret leaped with laughter, and Brown Moll herself coming to the door was so moved by the drollery of the scene as to be obliged to withdraw her pipe to laugh also. Bull was ordered to the rescue, who, doing the best he could under the circumstances, wallowing belly-deep in the snow, seized the woolen shirt-sleeve of his master, and tugged at it, till he raised its owner's head to the surface. Pluck, unmoved in humor by the coolness of the drench, stood sunk to his chin in the snow, and laughed as heartily as any of them, his shining bald pate and whelky red face streaming with moisture and shaking with merriment.

At length both father and child got into the house, and dried themselves by the fire.

Chilion demanded attention ; his foot pained him ; it grew swollen and inflamed. Margaret bathed and poulticed it ; she held it in her lap, and soothed it with her hand. A preparation of the widow's was suggested. Hash would not go for it, Pluck and his wife could not, and Margaret must go. Bull could not go with her, and she must go alone. She was equipped with a warm hood, martin-skin tippet, and a pair of snow-shoes. She mounted the high, white, fluffy plain, and went on with a soft, yielding, yet light step, almost as noiseless as if she were walking the clouds. There was no guide but the trees ; ditches by the wayside, knolls, stones, were all a uniform level. She saw a slightly raised mound, indicating a large rock she clambered over in summer. Black spikes and seed-heads of dead golden-rods and mulleins dotted the way. Here was a grape-vine that seemed to have had a skirmish with the storm, and both to have conquered, for the vine was crushed, and the snow lay in tatters upon it. About the trunk of some of the large trees was a hollow pit reaching quite to the ground, where the snow had waltzed round and round till it grew tired, and left. Wherever there was a fence, thither had the storm betaken itself, and planted alongside mountain-like embankments, impenetrable dikes, and inaccessible bluffs.

Entering thicker woods, Margaret saw the deep, unalloyed beauty of the season ; the large moist flakes that fell in the morning had furred and mossed every limb and twig, each minute process and filament, each aglet and thread, as if the pure spirits of the air had undertaken to

frost the trees for the marriage festival of their prince. The slender white birches, with silver bark and ebon boughs, that grew along the path, were bent over ; their arms met intertwiningly ; and thus was formed a perfect arch, voluptuous, dream-like, glittering, under which she went. All was silent as the moon ; there was no sound of birds, or cows, sheep, dinner-horns, axes, or wind. There was no life, but only this white, shining, still-life wrought in boreal ivory. No life? From the dusky woods darted out those birds that bide a New England winter ; dove-colored nut-hatches quank-quanked among the hemlocks ; a whole troop of titmice and woodpeckers came bustling and whirring across the way, shaking a shower of fine tiny raylets of snow on the child's head ; she saw the graceful snowbirds, our common bird, with ivory bill, slate-colored back, and white breast, perched on the tops of the mulleins and picking out the seeds. Above all, far above the forest and the snow-capped hills, caw-cawed the great black crow. All at once, too, darted up from the middle of a snowdrift by the side of the road a little red squirrel, who sat bolt upright on his hind legs, gravely folded his paws, and surveyed her for a moment, as much as to say, " How do you do ? " then in a trice, with a squeak, he dove back into his hole.

Approaching the widow's, she crossed the *Porta Salutaris* and all the scrawls of the stump fence, without touching them, on a mound of snow that extended across the garden, half covering the side of the house, wholly hiding Obed's savory beds, and nearly enveloping the beehive, where, on the paradoxical idea that snow keeps out cold, the bees must have been cosey and warm. Reaching the door, she stooped to find the handle, but

Obed, who espied her coming, was already on the spot, and handed her down from the drift as he would from the back of a horse. The Goddess of the Temple very cordially received her in her adytum, that is to say, the kitchen.

What with the deep snowbanks without, the great fire within, and the deft and accurate habits of the lady of the house, everything was neat, snug, and comfortable as heart could wish. A kettle over the fire simmered like the live-long singing of crickets in a bed of brakes in summer-time, and there was a pleasant garden perfume from numerous herbs dispersed through the room.

The widow asked her son to read sundry scraps of writing she had, for Margaret's particular edification. "You see," she said, "he's as smart and perlite as any on um. His nat'ral parts is equal to the Master's, and he only needs a little eddecation ten be a great man. There's a good deal in the way of bringing children up, Peggy; you'll know when you have been a mother as long as I have. How much have I sold, think, sens the Master was here? Nigh forty boxes."

After having sufficiently enlightened Margaret in these matters, she promised her the salve of which she was in quest, provided she would help Obed awhile in pasting labels on the boxes. These she had sent to Kidderminster to be printed, black type on a red ground.

When Margaret left for home, the sun had gone down, and the moon rose full, to run its high circuit in these winter heavens. The snow that had melted on the trees during the day, as the cool air of evening came on, descended in long wavy icicles from the branches, and the woods in their entire perspective were tricked with these pendants.

It was magic land to the child, almost as beautiful as her dream, and she looked for welcome faces up among the glittering trees, and far off in the white clouds. It was still as her dream, too, and her own voice as she went singing along, echoing in the dark forest, was all she could hear. The moon tinged the icicles with a bright silver lustre, and the same pure radiancy was reflected from the snow. Anon, she fell into the shade of the moon on her left; while at her right through the dark boughs of the evergreens, she saw the planet Venus, large and brilliant, just setting on the verge of the horizon in the impearled pathway of the sun. She thought of her other dream at the Still, of Beauty, fair sister of three fair sisters, and she might have gone off in waking dreams among the fantasies of real existence, when she was drawn back by the recollection of her brother, to whose assistance she hastened. It was very cold, her breath showed like smoke in the clear atmosphere, and the dew from her mouth froze on her tippet. All at once there was a glare of red light about her, the silver icicles were transformed to rubies, and the snowfields seemed to bloom with glowing sorrel-flowers. It was the northern lights that shot up their shafts, snapped their sheets, unfurled their flaming pennons, and poured their rich crimson dyes upon the enameled earth. She thought the winter and the world were beautiful, her way became more bright, and she hurried on to Chilion;—for whom, day by day, hour by hour, she labored and watched, assiduously, tenderly; till his foot mended apace, though it never got entirely well.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

was born at Concord, Mass., in 1817, and graduated at Harvard College in 1837. After leaving college, he engaged in school-teaching and in the manufacture of lead pencils, but soon gave up all regular business and devoted his time to walking, reading, and the study of nature. In 1845 he built, with his own hands, a small cabin on the banks of Walden Pond, near Concord, and lived there a life of seclusion for two years. He was at one time a private tutor in a family on Staten Island, and he also supported himself for a season by odd jobs in land surveying for the farmers about Concord. He made expeditions from time to time to Cape Cod, the Maine Woods, the White Mountains, Canada, and the West. He died in 1862. In 1849 he published *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, and in 1854 *Walden*. After his death there were published *Excursions*—a collection of papers which had in part appeared before in *The Dial* and other periodicals; *The Maine Woods*; *Cape Cod*; *Letters*; and *A Yankee in Canada*.

CONCORD RIVER.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds, mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies,
Here, in pine houses, built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell."

EMERSON.

The Musketaquid, or Grass-ground River, though probably as old as the Nile or Euphrates, did not begin to have a place in civilized history until the fame of its grassy meadows and its fish attracted settlers out of England in 1635, when it received the other but kindred name of Concord, from the first plantation on its banks, which appears to have been commenced in a spirit of peace and harmony. It will be Grass-ground River as long as grass grows and water runs here; it will be Concord River only while men lead peaceable lives on its

banks. To an extinct race it was grass-ground, where they hunted and fished, and it is still perennial grass-ground to Concord farmers, who own the Great Meadows, and get the hay from year to year.

"One branch of it," according to the historian of Concord, for I love to quote so good authority, "rises in the south part of Hopkinton, and another from a pond and a large cedar swamp in Westborough," and flowing between Hopkinton and Southborough, through Framingham, and between Sudbury and Wayland, where it is sometimes called Sudbury River, it enters Concord at the south part of the town, and after receiving the North or Assabeth River, which has its source a little farther to the north and west, goes out at the northeast angle, and flowing between Bedford and Carlisle, and through Billerica, empties into the Merrimac at Lowell. In Concord it is, in summer, from four to fifteen feet deep, and from one hundred to three hundred feet wide, but in the spring freshets, when it overflows its banks, it is in some places nearly a mile wide. Between Sudbury and Wayland the meadows acquire their greatest breadth, and when covered with water, they form a handsome chain of shallow vernal lakes, resorted to by numerous gulls and ducks. Just above Sherman's Bridge, between these towns, is the largest expanse, and when the wind blows freshly in a raw March day, heaving up the surface into dark and sober billows or regular swells, skirted as it is in the distance with alder-swamps and smoke-like maples, it looks like a smaller Lake Huron, and is very pleasant and exciting for a landsman to row or sail over. The farm-houses along the Sudbury shore, which rises gently to a considerable height, command fine water prospects at this

season. The shore is more flat on the Wayland side, and this town is the greatest loser by the flood. Its farmers tell me that thousands of acres are flooded now, since the dams have been erected, where they remember to have seen the white honey-suckle or clover growing once, and they could go dry with shoes only in summer. Now there is nothing but blue-joint and sedge and cut-grass there, standing in water all the year round. For a long time, they made the most of the driest season to get their hay, working sometimes till nine o'clock at night, sedulously paring with their scythes in the twilight round the hummocks left by the ice ; but now it is not worth the getting when they can come at it, and they look sadly round to their wood-lots and upland as a last resource.

It is worth the while to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us ; great hills, and a hundred brooks, and farm-houses, and barns, and hay-stacks, you never saw before, and men everywhere. Sudbury, that is *Southborough* men, and Wayland, and Nine-Acre-Corner men, and Bound Rock, where four towns bound on a rock in the river, Lincoln, Wayland, Sudbury, Concord. Many waves are there agitated by the wind, keeping nature fresh, the spray blowing in your face, reeds and rushes waving ; ducks by the hundred, all uneasy in the surf, in the raw wind, just ready to rise, and now going off with a clatter and a whistling like riggers straight for Labrador, flying against the stiff gale with reefed wings, or else circling round first, with all their paddles briskly moving, just over the surf, to reconnoitre you before they leave these parts ; gulls wheeling overhead, muskrats swimming for dear life, wet and cold, with no fire to warm

them by that you know of ; their labored homes rising here and there like hay-stacks ; and countless mice and moles and winged titmice along the sunny windy shore ; cranberries tossed on the waves and heaving up on the beach, their little red skiffs beating about among the alders ;—such healthy natural tumult as proves the last day is not yet at hand. And there stand all around the alders, and birches, and oaks, and maples, full of glee and sap, holding in their buds until the waters subside. You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island, only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above water, to show where the danger is, and get as good a freezing there as anywhere on the Northwest Coast. I never voyaged so far in all my life. You shall see men you never heard of before, whose names you don't know, going away down through the meadows with long ducking-guns, with watertight boots wading through the fowl-meadow grass, on bleak, wintry, distant shores, with guns at half-cock, and they shall see teal, blue-winged, green-winged, shell-drakes, whistlers, black ducks, ospreys, and many other wild and noble sights before night, such as they who sit in parlors never dream of. You shall see rude and sturdy, experienced and wise men, keeping their castles, or teaming up their summer's wood, or chopping alone in the woods, men fuller of talk, and rare adventure in the sun and wind and rain, than a chestnut is of meat, who were out not only in '75 and 1812, but have been out every day of their lives ; greater men than Homer, or Chaucer, or Shakespeare, only they never got time to say so ; they never took to the way of writing. Look at their fields, and imagine what they might write, if ever they should put pen to paper. Or what have they not written on

the face of the earth already, clearing, and burning, and scratching, and harrowing, and plowing, and subsoiling, in and in, and out and out, and over and over, again and again, erasing what they had already written for want of parchment.

As yesterday and the historical ages are past, as the work of to-day is present, so some flitting perspectives, and demi-experiences of the life that is in nature are in time veritably future, or rather outside to time, perennial, young, divine, in the wind and rain which never die.

The respectable folks,—
Where dwell they?
They whisper in the oaks,
And they sigh in the hay;
Summer and winter, night and day,
Out on the meadow, there dwell they.
They never die,
Nor snivel, nor cry,
Nor ask our pity
With a wet eye.
A sound estate they ever mend,
To every asker readily lend;
To the ocean wealth,
To the meadow health,
To Time his length,
To the rocks strength,
To the stars light,
To the weary night,
To the busy day,
To the idle play;
And so their good cheer never ends,
For all are their debtors, and all their friends.

Concord River is remarkable for the gentleness of its current, which is scarcely perceptible, and some have re-

ferred to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord, as exhibited in the Revolution, and on later occasions. It has been proposed that the town should adopt for its coat-of-arms a field verdant, with the Concord circling nine times round. I have read that a descent of an eighth of an inch in a mile is sufficient to produce a flow. Our river has, probably, very near the smallest allowance. The story is current, at any rate, though I believe that strict history will not bear it out, that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch, within the limits of the town, was driven up stream by the wind. But wherever it makes a sudden bend, it is shallower and swifter, and asserts its title to be called a river. Compared with the other tributaries of the Merrimack, it appears to have been properly named Musketaquid, or Meadow River, by the Indians. For the most part, it creeps through broad meadows, adorned with scattered oaks, where the cranberry is found in abundance, covering the ground like a moss-bed. A row of sunken dwarf willows borders the stream on one or both sides, while at a greater distance the meadow is skirted with maples, alders, and other fluviatile trees, overrun with the grape-vine, which bears fruit in its season, purple, red, white and other grapes. Still farther from the stream, on the edge of the firm land, are seen the gray and white dwellings of the inhabitants. According to the valuation of 1831, there were in Concord two thousand one hundred and eleven acres, or about one seventh of the whole territory in meadow; this standing next in the list after pasture and unimproved lands, and judging from the returns of previous years, the meadow is not reclaimed so fast as the woods are cleared.

The sluggish artery of the Concord meadows steals thus unobserved through the town, without a murmur or a pulse-beat, its general course from southwest to northeast, and its length about fifty miles ; a huge volume of water, ceaselessly rolling through the plains and valleys of the substantial earth, with the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior, making haste from the high places of the earth to its ancient reservoir. The murmurs of many a famous river on the other side of the globe reach even to us here, as to more distant dwellers on its banks ; many a poet's stream floating the helms and shields of heroes on its bosom. The Xanthus or Scamander is not a mere dry channel and bed of a mountain torrent, but fed by the overflowing springs of fame ;—

“ And thou, Simois, that as an arrowe, clere
Through Troy rennest, aie downward to the sea ;”—

and I trust that I may be allowed to associate our muddy but much abused Concord River with the most famous in history.

“ Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.”

The Mississippi, the Ganges, and the Nile, those journeying atoms from the Rocky Mountains, the Himmaleh and Mountains of the Moon, have a kind of personal importance in the annals of the world. The heavens are not yet drained over their sources, but the Mountains of the Moon still send their annual tribute to the Pasha without fail, as they did to the Pharaohs, though he must

collect the rest of his revenue at the point of the sword. Rivers must have been the guides which conducted the footsteps of the first travelers. They are the constant lure, when they flow by our doors, to distant enterprise and adventure, and, by a natural impulse, the dwellers on their banks will at length accompany their currents to the lowlands of the globe, or explore at their invitation the interior of continents. They are the natural highways of all nations, not only leveling the ground and removing obstacles from the path of the traveler, quenching his thirst and bearing him on their bosoms, but conducting him through the most interesting scenery, the most populous portions of the globe, and where the animal and vegetable kingdoms attain their greatest perfection.

I had often stood on the banks of the Concord, watching the lapse of the current, an emblem of all progress, following the same law with the system, with time, and all that is made ; the weeds at the bottom gently bending down the stream, shaken by the watery wind, still planted where their seeds had sunk, but ere long to die and go down likewise ; the shining pebbles, not yet anxious to better their condition, the chips and weeds, and occasional logs and stems of trees that floated past, fulfilling their fate, were objects of singular interest to me, and at last I resolved to launch myself on its bosom, and float whither it would bear me.

THE WILD.

In this Billerica solid men must have lived, select from year to year ; a series of town clerks, at least ; and there are old records that you may search. Some spring the

white man came, built him a house, and made a clearing here, letting in the sun, dried up a farm, piled up the old gray stones in fences, cut down the pines around his dwelling, planted orchard-seeds brought from the old country, and persuaded the civil apple-tree to blossom next to the wild pine and the juniper, shedding its perfume in the wilderness. Their old stocks still remain. He culled the graceful elm from out the woods and from the river-side, and so refined and smoothed his village plot. He rudely bridged the stream, and drove his team afield into the river meadows, cut the wild grass, and laid bare the homes of beaver, otter, muskrat ; and with the whetting of his scythe, scared off the deer and bear. He set up a mill, and fields of English grain sprang in the virgin soil. And with his grain he scattered the seeds of the dandelion and the wild trefoil over the meadows, mingling his English flowers with the wild native ones. The bristling burdock, the sweet-scented catnip, and the humble yarrow planted themselves along his woodland road ; they, too, seeking "freedom to worship God" in their way. And thus he plants a town. The white man's mullein soon reigned in Indian cornfields, and sweet-scented English grasses clothed the new soil. Where, then, could the red man set his foot? The honey-bee hummed through the Massachusetts woods, and sipped the wild flowers round the Indian's wigwam ; it stung the red child's hand, forerunner of that industrious tribe that was to come and pluck the wild-flower of his race up by the root.

The white man comes, pale as the dawn, with a load of thought, with a slumbering intelligence as a fire raked up, knowing well what he knows, not guessing, but calculat-

ing ; strong in community, yielding obedience to authority ; of experienced race ; of wonderful, wonderful common sense ; dull, but capable ; slow, but persevering ; severe, but just ; of little humor, but genuine ; a laboring man, despising game and sport, building a house that endures—a framed house. He buys the Indian's moccasins and baskets ; then buys his hunting-grounds, and at length forgets where he is buried, and plows up his bones. And here town records, old, tattered, time-worn, weather-stained chronicles, contain the Indian sachem's mark, perchance an arrow or a beaver, and the few fatal words by which he deeded his hunting-ground away. He comes with a list of ancient Saxon, Norman, and Celtic names, and strews them up and down the river,—Framingham, Sudbury, Bedford, Carlisle, Billerica, Chelmsford—and this is New Angleland, and these are the new West Saxons, whom the red men call, not Angle-ish or English, but Yengeese, and so at last they are known for Yankees.

When we were opposite to the middle of Billerica, the fields on either hand had a soft and cultivated English aspect, the village spire being seen over the copses which skirt the river, and sometimes an orchard straggled down to the water-side, though generally our course this forenoon was the wildest part of our voyage. It seemed that men led a quiet and very civil life there. The inhabitants were plainly cultivators of the earth, and lived under an organized political government. The school-house stood with a meek aspect, entreating a long truce to war and savage life. Every one finds by his own experience, as well as in history, that the era in which men cultivate the apple, and the amenities of the garden, is essentially different from that of the hunter and forest life, and neither

can displace the other without loss. We have all had our day-dreams, as well as more prophetic nocturnal vision ; but as for farming, I am convinced that my genius dates from an older era than the agricultural. I would at least strike my spade into the earth with such careless freedom but accuracy as the woodpecker his bill into a tree. There is in my nature, methinks, a singular yearning toward all wildness. I know of no redeeming qualities in myself but a sincere love for some things, and when I am reproved I fall back on to this ground. What have I to do with plows? I cut another furrow than you see. Where the off ox treads, there is it not, it is farther off ; where the nigh ox walks, it will not be ; it is nigher still. If corn fails, my crop fails not, and what are drought and rain to me? The rude Saxon pioneer will sometimes pine for that refinement and artificial beauty which are English, and love to hear the sound of such sweet and classical names as the Pentland and Malvern Hills, the cliffs of Dover and the Trosachs, Richmond, Derwent, and Winandermere, which are to him now instead of the Acropolis and Parthenon, of Baiæ, and Athens with its sea-walls, and Arcadia and Tempe.

Greece, who am I that should remember thee,
Thy Marathon and thy Thermopylæ?
I, my life vulgar, my fate mean,
Which on these golden memories can lean?

We are apt enough to be pleased with such books as Evelyn's *Sylva*, *Acetarium*, and *Kalendarium Hortense*, but they imply a relaxed nerve in the reader. Gardening is civil and social, but it wants the vigor and freedom of the forest and the outlaw. There may be an excess of

cultivation as well as of anything else, until civilization becomes pathetic. A highly cultivated man,—all whose bones can be bent! whose heaven-born virtues are but good manners! The young pines springing up in the cornfields from year to year are to me a refreshing fact. We talk of civilizing the Indians, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods, and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with nature. He has glances of starry recognition to which our saloons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars, compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and short-lived blaze of candles. The Society Islanders had their day-born gods, but they were not supposed to be of equal antiquity with the *atua fanau po*, or night-born gods. It is true, there are the innocent pleasures of country life, and it is sometimes pleasant to make the earth yield her increase, and gather the fruits in their seasons, but the heroic spirit will not fail to dream of remoter retirements and more rugged paths. It will have its garden-plots and its *parterres* elsewhere than on the earth, and gather nuts and berries by the way for its subsistence, or orchard fruits with such heedlessness as berries. We would not always be soothing and taming nature, breaking the horse and the ox, but sometimes ride the horse wild and chase the buffalo. The Indian's intercourse with nature is at least such as admits of the greatest independence of each. If he is somewhat of a stranger in her midst, the gardener is too much of a familiar. There is something vulgar and foul in the latter's closeness to his mistress, something

noble and cleanly in the former's distance. In civilization, as in a southern latitude, man degenerates at length, and yields to the incursion of more northern tribes,

"Some nation yet shut in,
With hills of ice."

There are other, savager, and more primeval aspects of nature than our poets have sung. It is only white man's poetry. Homer and Ossian even can never revive in London or Boston. And yet behold how these cities are refreshed by the mere tradition, or the imperfectly transmitted fragrance and flavor of these wild fruits. If we could listen but for an instant to the chant of the Indian's muse, we should understand why he will not exchange his savageness for civilization. Nations are not whimsical. Steel and blankets are strong temptations; but the Indian does well to continue Indian.

After sitting in my chamber many days, reading the poets, I have been out early on a foggy morning, and heard the cry of an owl in a neighboring wood as from a nature behind the common, unexplored by science or by literature. None of the feathered race has yet realized my youthful conceptions of the woodland depths. I had seen the red election-birds brought from their recesses on my comrades' string, and fancied that their plumage would assume stranger and more dazzling colors, like the tints of evening, in proportion as I advanced farther into the darkness and solitude of the forest. Still less have I seen such strong and wild tints on any poet's string.

SOUNDS BY WALDEN POND.

Now that the cars are gone by, and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the distant highway.

Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods, this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, a vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I was sometimes serenaded, who

might be straying over hill and dale ; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap and natural music of the cow. I do not mean to be satirical, but to express my appreciation of those youths' singing, when I state that I perceived clearly that it was akin to the music of the cow, and they were at length one articulation of Nature.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whip-poor-wills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge-pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant, as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

When other birds are still, the screech-owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags ! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the

infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses trilled along the woodside ; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds ; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape nightwalked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-n ! sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then—that I never had been bor-r-r-n ! echoes another on the farther side, with tremulous sincerity, and—bor-r-r-n ! comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being,—some poor weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley, made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness,—I find myself beginning with the letters gl when I try to imitate it,—expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance. Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoerer, hoo, and indeed, for the most part, it suggested only pleasing asso-

ciations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the single spruce stands hung with usnea lichens, and small hawks circulate above, and the chickadee lisps amid the evergreens, and the partridge and rabbit skulk beneath ; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of nature there.

Late in the evening I heard the distant rumbling of wagons over bridges,—a sound heard farther than almost any other at night,—the baying of dogs, and sometimes again the lowing of some disconsolate cow in a distant barn-yard. In the meanwhile all the shore rang with the trump of bullfrogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake,—if the Walden nymphs will pardon the comparison, for though there are almost no weeds, there are frogs there,—who would fain keep up the hilarious rules of their old festal tables, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth, and the wine has lost its flavor, and become only liquor to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation and waterloggedness, and distention. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a heart-leaf,

which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passes round the cup with the ejaculation tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk ! and straightway comes over the water from some distant cove the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark ; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, tr-r-r-oonk ! and each in his turn repeats the same down to the least distended, leakiest and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake ; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing troonk from time to time, and pausing for a reply.

I am not sure that I ever heard the sound of cockcrow-ing from my clearing, and I thought that it might be worth the while to keep a cockerel for his music merely, as a singing bird. The note of this once wild Indian pheasant is certainly the most remarkable of any bird's, and if they could be naturalized without being domesticated, it would soon become the most famous sound in our woods, surpassing the clangor of the goose and the hooting of the owl ; and then imagine the cackling of the hens to fill the pauses when their lord's clarions rested. No wonder that man added this bird to his tame stock—to say nothing of the eggs and drumsticks. To walk in a winter morning in a wood where these birds abounded—their native woods—and hear the wild cockerels crow on the trees, clear and shrill for miles over the resounding earth, drowning the feebler notes of other birds : think of it ! It would put nations on the alert. Who would

not be early to rise, and rise earlier and earlier every successive day of his life, till he became unspeakably healthy, wealthy, and wise? This foreign bird's note is celebrated by the poets of all countries along with the notes of their native songsters. All climates agree with brave Chanticleer. He is more indigenous even than the natives. His health is ever good; his lungs are sound; his spirits never flag. Even the sailor on the Atlantic and Pacific is awakened by his voice; but its shrill sound never roused me from my slumbers. I kept neither dog, cat, cow, pig, nor hens; so that you would have said there was a deficiency of domestic sounds; neither the churn nor the spinning-wheel, nor even the singing of the kettle, nor the hissing of the urn, nor children crying, to comfort one. An old-fashioned man would have lost his senses or died of *ennui* before this. Not even rats in the wall, for they were starved out, or rather were never baited in, only squirrels on the roof and under the floor, a whip-poorwill on the ridge-pole, a blue-jay screaming beneath the window, a hare or woodchuck under the house, a screech-owl or a cat-owl behind it, a flock of wild geese or a laughing loon on the pond, and a fox to bark in the night. Not even a lark or an oriole, those wild plantation birds, ever visited my clearing. No cockerels to crow, nor hens to cackle in the yard. No yard! but unfenced Nature reaching up to your very sills. A young forest growing up under your windows, and wild sumachs and blackberry vines breaking through into your cellar; sturdy pitch-pines rubbing and creaking against the shingles for want of room, their roots reaching quite under the house. Instead of a scuttle or a blind blown off in the gale, a pine-tree snapped off or torn up by the roots

behind your house for fuel. Instead of no path to the front yard gate in the Great Snow, no gate, no front yard, and no path to the civilized world !

SMOKE.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
And making slow acquaintance with the day ;
Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
With as uncertain purpose and slow deed,
As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
Whose mind still slumbering and sluggish thoughts
Have not yet swept into the onward current
Of the new day ;—and now it streams afar,
The while the chopper goes with step direct
And mind intent to swing the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
The earliest, latest pilgrim from the roof,
To feel the frosty air, inform the day ;
And while he crouches still beside the hearth,
Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
Draped the tree-tops, loitered upon the hill,
And warmed the pinions of the early bird ;
And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

TRUE LOVE.

My love must be as free
As is the eagle's wing,
Hovering o'er land and sea
And everything.

I must not dim my eye,
In thy saloon,
I must not leave my sky
And nightly moon.

Be not the fowler's net
Which stays my flight,
And craftily is set
T' allure the sight.

But be the favoring gale
That bears me on,
And still doth fill my sail
When thou art gone.

I cannot leave my sky
For thy caprice,
True love would soar as high
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook
Her mate thus won,
Who trained his eye to look
Beneath the sun.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL:

was born at East Hartford, Conn., in 1820, and graduated at Trinity College in 1841. He resided most of his life in his native town, devoting himself to reading and study. In 1850 he published a small volume of poems. On the breaking out of the civil war, he joined the navy, and was appointed secretary to Admiral (then Commodore) Farragut, on whose flag-ship, the *Hartford*, he was present during several great naval engagements, the "Bay Fight" at Mobile, the "Passage of the Forts" and others, which he has described in a series of dramatic lyrics, in his *Lyrics of a Day*, published in 1864, and his *War Lyrics*, published in 1866. Mr. Brownell died in 1872. Among his miscellaneous prose is a history of the War of 1812.

ANNUS MEMORABILIS.

CONGRESS, (1860-61.)

Stand strong and calm as Fate ! not a breath of scorn or
hate.—

Of taunt for the base, or of menace for the strong—
Since our fortunes must be sealed on that old and famous
Field,

Where the Right is set in battle with the Wrong.

'Tis coming, with the loom of Khamsin or Simoom,
The tempest that shall try if we are of God or no—
Its roar is in the sky,—and they there be which cry,
Let us cower and the storm may over-blow.

Now, nay ! stand firm and fast ! (that was a spiteful
blast !)

This is not a war of men, but of angels good and ill—
'Tis hell that storms at heaven—'tis the black and deadly
Seven,
Sworn 'gainst the Shining Ones to work their damnéd
will !

How the ether glooms and burns, as the tide of combat
turns,

And the smoke and dust above it whirl and float !

It eddies and it streams—and, certes, oft it seems

As the Sins had the Seraphs fairly by the throat.

But we all have read (in that legend grand and dread),

How Michael and his host met the Serpent and his crew—

Naught has reached us of the fight—but, if I have
dreamed aright,

'Twas a loud one and a long, as ever thundered through !

Right stiffly, past a doubt, the Dragon fought it out,

And his angels, each and all, did for Tophet their de-
voir—

There was creak of iron wings, and whirl of scorpion
stings,

Hiss of bifid tongues, and the Pit in full uproar !

But, naught thereof enscribbled, in one brief line 'tis told

(Calm as dew the Apocalyptic pen),

That on the Infinite Shore their place was found no more.

God send the like on this our earth ! Amen.

JANUARY 6, 1861.

THE COLOR-BEARER.

(VICKSBURG, MAY 22, 1863.)

Let them go !—they are brave, I know—

But a berth like this, why, it suits me best ;

I can't carry back the Old Colors to-day,

We've come together a long rough way—

Here's as good a spot as any to rest.

No look, I reckon, to hold them long ;
So here, in the turf, with my bayonet,
To dig for a bit, and plant them strong—
(Look out for the point—we may want it yet !)

Dry work !—but the old canteen holds fast
A few drops of water—not over fresh—
So, for a drink !—it may be the last—
My respects to you, Mr. Secesh !

No great show for the snakes to-night ;
Our boys keep 'em busy yet, by the powers !—
Hark, what a row going on, to the right !
Better luck there, I hope, than ours.

Half an hour !—(and you'd swear 'twas three)—
Here, by the bully old staff, I've sat—
Long enough, as it seems to me,
To lose as many lives as a cat.
Now and then, they sputter away ;
A puff and a crack, and I hear the ball,
Mighty poor shooting, I should say—
Not bad fellows, maybe, after all.

My chance, of course, isn't worth a dime—
But I thought 'twould be over, sudden and quick ;
Well, since it seems that we're not on time,
Here's for a touch of the Killikinick.

Cool as a clock !—and what is strange,
Out of this dream of death and alarm
(This wild, hard week of battle and change),
Out of the rifle's deadly range—
My thoughts are all at the dear old farm.

'Tis green as a sward, by this, I know—
The orchard is just beginning to set,
They mowed the home-lot a week ago—
The corn must be late, for that piece is wet.

I can think of one or two, that would wipe
A drop or so from a soft blue eye,
To see me sit and puff at my pipe,
With a hundred death's heads grinning hard by.

And I wonder when this has all passed o'er,
And the tattered old stars in triumph wave on
Through street and square, with welcoming roar,
If ever they'll think of us who are gone?

How we marched together, sound or sick,
Sank in the trench o'er the heavy spade—
How we charged on the guns, at double-quick,
Kept rank for Death to choose and to pick—
And lay on the bed no fair hands made.

Ah, well!—at last, when the nation's free,
And flags are flapping from bluff to bay,
In old St. Lou what a time ther'll be!
I mayn't be there, the hurrah to see—
But if the Old Rag goes back to-day,
They never shall say 'twas carried by me!

APRIL 19, 1775-1861.*

Once again, (our dear old Massachusetts!)
Once again the drops that made their way,

* The Sixth Massachusetts was attacked by the Baltimore mob on April 19th, the anniversary of Concord Fight.

Red, ah, not in vain ! on that old greensward—
It is six-and-eighty years this very day.

Six-and-eighty years—aye, it seemed but a memory—
Little left of all that glory—so we thought—
Only the old firelocks hung on farm-house chimneys,
And rude blades the village blacksmith wrought.

Only here and there a white head that remembers
How the frocks of homespun stood against King
George—
How the hard hands stretched them o'er the scanty embers
When the sleet and snow came down at Valley Forge.

Once more, dear Brother-State ! thy pure, brave blood
baptizes
Our last and noblest struggle for freedom and for
right—
It fell on the cruel stones !—but an awful Nation rises
In the glory of its conscience, and the splendor of its
might.

FROM THE BAY LIGHT.

O Mother Land ! this weary life
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee,
Thine the strong agony of strife,
And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,
The weary rows of cots that lie
With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives ;
The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's
Most dear and precious lives.

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
Dread Nature clears our murky air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind :
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind !

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread apostles of His Name ;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong : already slants the gold
Athwart these wild and stormy skies ;
From out this blackened waste, behold,
What happy homes shall rise !

But see thou well no traitor gloze,
No striking hands with Death and Shame,
Betray the sacred blood that flows
So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe—
Thy children's hearts are strong and high ;
Nor mourn too fondly—well they know
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
 Though, ever smiling round the brave,
 The blue sea bear us on to death,
 The green were one wide grave.

U. S. FLAGSHIP *Hartford*, MOBILE BAY,
 August, 1864.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY

were sisters, born respectively in 1820 and 1824, on a farm a few miles from Cincinnati. They began at an early age to write verses for the Cincinnati papers and for other periodicals, such as *Graham's Magazine* and the Boston *Ladies' Repository*. These were widely read and were praised by Poe, Whittier, Dr. Griswold, Horace Greeley, and others. In 1850 the sisters published jointly a volume of poems at Philadelphia, and in the same year they came to New York to live. In 1851 Alice published the first series of *Clover Nook Papers*; in 1853 a second series of the same, and in 1854 *Clover Nook Children*; in 1853 *Lyra*, and other poems; in 1855 *The Maiden of Hascala*; a poem; and in 1866 *Lyrics and Hymns*. She wrote besides these a number of novels, sketches, "juveniles," etc., and was a constant contributor to the magazines and newspapers. Phœbe published in 1854 *Poems and Parodies*; and in 1868 *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love*. Alice died in 1870, and Phœbe in the following year. A collection of the poetical works of Alice and Phœbe Cary was published in 1878, with a memoir by Mary Clemmer. The first four of the following selections are by Alice; the remainder by Phœbe.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Her voice was tender as a lullaby,
 Making you think of milk-white dews that creep
 Among the mid-May violets, when they lie,
 All in the yellow moonlight fast asleep.

Ay, tender as that most melodious tone
The lark has, when within some covert dim,
With leaves, he talks with morning all alone,
Persuading her to rise and come to him.

Shy in her ways ; her father's cattle knew—
No neighbor half so well—her footstep light,
For by the pond where mint and mallows grew,
Always she came and called them home at night.

A sad, low pond that cut the field in two
Wherein they ran, and never billow sent
To play with any breeze, but still withdrew
Into itself, in wrinkled, dull content.

And here, through mint and mallows she would stray,
Musing the while she called, as it might be
On the cold clouds, or winds that with rough gray
Shingled the landward slope of the near sea.

God knows ! not I, on what she mused o' nights,
Straying about the pond ; she had no woe
To think upon, they said, nor such delights
As maids are wont to hide. I only know

We do not know the weakness or the worth
Of any one : the sun as he will may trim
His golden lights ; he cannot see the earth
He loves but on the side she turns to him.

I only know that when this lonesome pond
Lifted the buried lilies from its breast,
One warm, wet day (I nothing know beyond),
It lifted her white face up with the rest.

FADED LEAVES.

The hills are bright with maples yet ;
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still, sharp air, the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride :
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away, in the disgrace
Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging toward the sun ;
And all the wide and withered fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

O Memory, be sweet to me—

Take, take all else at will,
So thou but leave me safe and sound,
Without a token my heart to wound,
The little house on the hill !

Take all the best from east to west,
So thou but leave me still
The chamber, where in the starry light
I used to lie awake at night
And list to the whip-poor-will.

Take violet-bed, and rose-tree red,
And the purple flags by the mill,
The meadow gay, and the garden-ground,
But leave, O leave me safe and sound
The little house on the hill !

The daisy-lane, and the dove's low plain,
And the cuckoo's tender bill,
Take one and all, but leave the dreams
That turned the rafters to golden beams,
In the little house on the hill !

The gables brown, they have tumbled down,
And dry is the brook by the mill ;
The sheets I used with care to keep
Have wrapped my dead for the last long sleep,
In the valley, lone and still.

But, Memory, be sweet to me,
And build the walls, at will,
Of the chamber where I used to mark,
So softly ruffling over the dark,
The song of the whip-poor-will !

Ah, Memory, be sweet to me,
All other fountains chill ;
But leave that song so weird and wild,
Dear as its life to the heart of the child,
In the little house on the hill !

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all :
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe ;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkled the vale below ;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge ;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red cherries be,
Not the pinks nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth the best to me.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace, asleep :
Light as the down on the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face :
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ARTHUR'S WIFE.

I'm getting better, Miriam, though it tires me yet to
speak ;
And the fever clinging to me, keeps me spiritless and
weak,

And leaves me with a headache, always, when it passes off ;
But I'm better, almost well at last, except this wretched
cough !

I should have passed the live-long day alone here but for
you ;
For Arthur never comes till night, he has so much to do !
And so sometimes I lie and think, till my heart seems
nigh to burst,
Of the fire that lit my future, when I watched his coming
first.

I wonder why it is that now he does not seem the same ;
Perhaps my fancy is at fault, and he is not to blame ;
It surely cannot be because he has me always near,
For I feared and felt it long before the time he brought
me here.

Yet still, I said, his wife will charm each shadow from his
brow,
What can I do to win his love, or prove my loving now ?
So I waited, studying patiently his every look and
thought ;
But I fear that I shall never learn to please him as I
ought.

I've tried so many ways to smooth his path where it was
rough,
But I always either do too much, or fail to do enough ;
And at times, as if it wearied him, he pushes off my
arm—
The very things that used to please him have somehow
lost their charm.

Ah, Arthur ! take this chair of mine ; I feel so well and strong ;
Besides, I'm getting tired of it—I've sat here all day long.
Poor dear ! you work so hard for me, and I'm so useless, too !
A trouble to myself, and worse, a trouble now to you.

ALAS.

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter if half the weary world
Lies out between our feet ?

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine ?—
Our hearts were just as far apart
If I held your hand in mine !

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
I leave the past behind ;
And standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
And I have no word to say ;
Yet, alas ! to be as we have been,
And to be as we are to-day !

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between;
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm ;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of the living faith !

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER,

born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1822 ; died at Cincinnati in 1847. I can learn nothing of Mr. Fenner's life, further than the dates of his birth and death, and his authorship of the fine poem below, which I find in Dana's *Household Book of Poetry*.

GULF WEED.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine ;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea ;
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be ;
My spangled leaves when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array ;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea ;

Bear they yet on each beating breast,
The eternal type of the wondrous whole
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. At the age of seventeen he went to Cincinnati, and entered the study of Clevenger, the sculptor. He soon abandoned sculpture for painting, and after making a reputation in Cincinnati as a successful portrait painter, he came to the East in 1841, and resided successively at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia until 1850, in which year he went abroad. In 1853 he made a second trip to Europe, and resided at Florence for a number of years. Returning about 1857, he made his home alternately at Philadelphia and Cincinnati; but went abroad again and spent the last few years of his life in Italy, dying in 1872. His first volume of poems was published in 1847. This has since been followed by many other volumes. *Lays and Ballads* [1848]; *The New Pastoral* [1855]; *Sylvia* [1857]; *A Summer Story* [1865]; *Good Samaritans* [1867]; etc., etc.

THE DESERTED ROAD

Ancient road that wind'st deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market,
Like a stream without a sail :

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish,
Like thy whitely-tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village,
As in youth's departed morn ;
But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn—

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more ;
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings unnoticed at the door ;

While the old, decrepit tollman,
Waiting for the few who pass,
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly-springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquished :
The usurper of the vale
Rolls in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected ;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray, and grassy,
Still I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys
And as blest a calm as thine.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master

Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away !

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down, to save the day !"

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldiers' Temple of Fame ;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
 "Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, twenty miles away !"

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
 My winged boat,
 A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote :—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail ;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid ;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march ;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan ;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak, and the sense is dim,
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed Moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

GEORGE H. DERBY

was born in Norfolk County, Mass., in 1824, and graduated at West Point in 1846, with the rank of second lieutenant in the Ordnance Department. In 1847 he was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Topographical Engineers, and in the same year was wounded in the engagement of Cerro Gordo, in the Mexican War, and breveted first lieutenant. He was afterward promoted to a captaincy, and was employed by Government for two years in erecting light-houses on the Georgia and Florida coasts. In this service he suffered a sunstroke, which affected his eyesight, and finally resulted in softening of the brain. He died at New York in 1861. His contributions to humorous literature consist of a number of *facetia*, written mostly on the Pacific coast, and contributed to various periodicals. These were collected into two volumes, *The Squibob Papers*, published in 1856, and *Phoenixiana*, in 1855. His *nom de plume* was John Phoenix.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

I have often thought that the adjectives of the English language were not sufficiently definite for the purposes of description. They have but three degrees of comparison—a very insufficient number, certainly, when we consider that they are to be applied to a thousand objects, which, though of the same general class or quality, differ from each other by a thousand different shades or degrees of the same peculiarity. Thus, though there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, all of which must, from the nature of things, differ from each other in the matter of climate,—we have but half a dozen expressions to convey to one another our ideas of this inequality. We say—"It is a fine day;" "it is a *very* fine day;" "it is the *finest* day we have seen;" or, "it is an unpleasant

day ;" "a *very* unpleasant day ;" "the *most* unpleasant we ever saw." But it is plain that none of these expressions give an *exact* idea of the nature of the day ; and the two superlative expressions are generally untrue. I once heard a gentleman remark, on a rainy, snowy, windy and (in the ordinary English language) indescribable day, that it was "most preposterous weather." He came nearer to giving a correct idea of it than he could have done by any ordinary mode of expression ; but his description was not sufficiently definite.

Again :—we say of a lady, "She is beautiful ;" "she is *very* beautiful," or "she is *perfectly* beautiful ;"—descriptions which, to one who never saw her, are no descriptions at all, for among thousands of women he has seen, probably no two are equally beautiful ; and as to a *perfectly* beautiful woman, he knows that no such being was ever created—unless by G. P. R. James, for one of the two horsemen to fall in love with, and marry at the end of the second volume.

If I meet Smith in the street, and ask him—as I am pretty sure to do—"How he does?" he infallibly replies "*Tolerable*, thank you"—which gives me no *exact* idea of Smith's health, for he has made the same reply to me on a hundred different occasions, on every one of which there *must* have been some slight shade of difference in his physical economy, and of course a corresponding change in his feelings.

To a man of a mathematical turn of mind—to a student and lover of the exact sciences, these inaccuracies of expression—this inability to understand *exactly* how things are, must be a constant source of annoyance ; and to one who, like myself, unites this turn of mind to an

ardent love of truth for its own sake—the reflection that the English language does not enable us to speak the truth with exactness is peculiarly painful. For this reason I have, with some trouble, made myself thoroughly acquainted with every ancient and modern language, in the hope that I might find some one of them that would enable me to express precisely my ideas; but the same insufficiency of adjectives exists in all except that of the Flathead Indians of Puget Sound, which consists of but forty-six words, mostly nouns; but to the constant use of which exists the objection that nobody but that tribe can understand it. And as their literary and scientific advancement is not such as to make a residence among them, for a man of my disposition, desirable, I have abandoned the use of their language, in the belief that for me it is *hyās. cultus.*, or, as the Spaniard hath it, *no me vale nada.*

Despairing, therefore, of making new discoveries in foreign languages, I have set myself seriously to work to reform our own; and have, I think, made an important discovery, which, when developed into a system and universally adopted, will give a precision of expression, and a consequent clearness of idea, that will leave little to be desired, and will, I modestly hope, immortalize my humble name as the promulgator of the truth and the benefactor of the human race.

Before entering upon my system, I will give you an account of its discovery (which, perhaps, I might with more modesty term an adaptation and enlargement of the idea of another), which will surprise you by its simplicity, and like the method of standing eggs on end, of Columbus, the inventions of printing, gunpowder and the mariner's

compass—prove another exemplification of the truth of Hannah More's beautifully expressed sentiment :

“ Large streams from little fountains flow,
Large aches from little toe-corns grow.”

During the past week, my attention was attracted by a large placard embellishing the corners of our streets, headed in mighty capitals, with the word “PHRENOLOGY,” and illustrated by a map of a man's head, closely shaven, and laid off in lots, duly numbered from one to forty-seven. Beneath this edifying illustration appeared a legend, informing the inhabitants of San Diego and vicinity that Professor Dodge had arrived, and taken rooms (which was inaccurate, as he had but one room) at the Gyascutus House, where he would be happy to examine and furnish them with a chart of their heads, showing the moral and intellectual endowments, at the low price of three dollars each.

Always gratified with an opportunity of spending my money and making scientific researches, I immediately had my hair cut and carefully combed, and hastened to present myself and my head to the Professor's notice. I found him a tall and thin Professor, in a suit of rusty, not to say seedy black, with a closely buttoned vest, and no perceptible shirt-collar or wristbands. His nose was red, his spectacles were blue, and he wore a brown wig, beneath which, as I subsequently ascertained, his bald head was laid off in lots, marked and numbered with Indian ink, after the manner of the diagram upon his advertisement. Upon a small table lay many little books with yellow covers, several of the placards, pen and ink, a pair of iron callipers with brass knobs, and six dollars in sil-

ver. Having explained the object of my visit, and increased the pile of silver by six half-dollars from my pocket—whereat he smiled, and I observed he wore false teeth (scientific men always do; they love to encourage art)—the Professor placed me in a chair, and rapidly manipulating my head, after the manner of a *sham pooh* (I am not certain as to the orthography of this expression), said that my temperament was “lymphatic, nervous, bilious.” I remarked that “I thought myself dyspeptic,” but he made no reply. Then seizing on the callipers, he embraced with them my head in various places, and made notes upon a small card that lay near him on the table. He then stated that my “hair was getting very thin on the top,” placed in my hand one of the yellow-covered books, which I found to be an almanac containing anecdotes about the virtues of Dodge’s Hair Invigorator, and recommending it to my perusal, he remarked that he was agent for the sale of this wonderful fluid, and urged me to purchase a bottle—price two dollars. Stating my willingness to do so, the Professor produced it from a hair trunk that stood in a corner of the room, which he stated, by the way, was originally an ordinary pine box, on which the hair had grown since “the Invigorator” had been placed in it (a singular fact), and recommended me to be cautious in wearing gloves while rubbing it upon my head, as unhappy accidents had occurred—the hair growing freely from the ends of the fingers, if used with the bare hand. He then seated himself at the table, and rapidly filling up what appeared to me a blank certificate, he soon handed over the following singular document :

"PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF M. JOHN PHENIX, by FLATBROKE B. DODGE, Professor of Phrenology, and Inventor and Proprietor of Dodge's Celebrated Hair Invigorator, Stimulator of the Conscience, and Arouser of the Mental Faculties :

Temperament,—*Lymphatic, Nervous, Bilious.*

Size of head, 11.	Imitation, 11.
Amativeness, 11½.	Self-Esteem, ½.
Caution, 3.	Benevolence, 12.
Combativity, 2½.	Mirth, 1.
Credulity, 1.	Language, 12.
Causality, 12.	Firmness, 2.
Conscientiousness, 12.	Veneration, 12.
Destructiveness, 9.	Philoprogenitiveness, 0.
Hope, 10."	

Having gazed on this for a few moments in mute astonishment—during which the Professor took a glass of brandy and water, and afterward a mouthful of tobacco—I turned to him and requested an explanation.

"Why," said he, "it's very simple; the number 12 is the maximum, 1 the minimum; for instance, you are as benevolent as a man can be—therefore I mark you, Benevolence, 12. You have little or no self-esteem—hence I place you, Self-esteem, ½. You've scarcely any credulity—don't you see?"

I did see! This was my discovery. I saw at a flash how the English language was susceptible of improvement, and, fired with the glorious idea, I rushed from the room and the house; heedless of the Professor's request that I would buy more of his Invigorator; heedless of his alarmed cry that I would pay for the bottle I'd got; heedless that I tripped on the last step of the Gyascutus House, and smashed there the precious fluid (the step has now a

growth of four inches of hair on it, and the people use it as a door-mat); I rushed home, and never grew calm till with pen, ink and paper before me, I commenced the development of my system.

This system—shall I say this great system—is exceedingly simple, and easily explained in a few words. In the first place, “*figures won’t lie.*” Let us then represent by the number 100, the maximum, the *ne plus ultra* of every human quality—grace, beauty, courage, strength, wisdom, learning—everything. Let *perfection*, I say, be represented by 100, and an absolute minimum of all qualities by the number 1. Then by applying the numbers between, to the adjectives used in conversation, we shall be able to arrive at a very close approximation to the idea we wish to convey; in other words, we shall be enabled to speak the truth. Glorious, soul-inspiring idea! For instance, the most ordinary question asked of you is, “How do you do?” To this, instead of replying, “Pretty well,” “Very well,” “Quite well,” or the like absurdities—after running through your mind that *perfection* of health is 100, no health at all, 1—you say, with a graceful bow, “Thank you, I’m 52 to-day;” or, feeling poorly, “I’m 13, I’m obliged to you,” or “I’m 68,” or “75,” or “87½,” as the case may be! Do you see how very close in this way you may approximate to the truth; and how clearly your questioner will understand what he so anxiously wishes to arrive at—your *exact* state of health?

Let this system be adopted into our elements of grammar, our conversation, our literature, and we become at once an exact, precise, mathematical, truth-telling people. It will apply to everything but politics; there, truth be-

ing of no account, the system is useless. But in literature, how admirable! Take an example:

"As a 19 young and 76 beautiful lady was 52 gaily tripping down the sidewalk of our 84 frequented street, she came in contact—100 (this shows that she came in close contact)—with a 73 fat, but 87 good-humored looking gentleman, who was 93 (*i. e.* intently) gazing into the window of a toy-shop. Gracefully 56 extricating herself, she received the excuses of the 96 embarrassed Falstaff with a 68 bland smile, and continued on her way. But hardly—7—had she reached the corner of the block, ere she was overtaken by a 24 young man, 32 poorly dressed, but of an 85 expression of countenance; 91 hastily touching her 54 beautifully rounded arm, he said, to her 67 surprise—

" 'Madam, at the window of the toy-shop yonder, you dropped this bracelet, which I had the 71 good fortune to observe, and now have the 94 happiness to hand to you.' (Of course, the expression '94 happiness' is merely the young man's polite hyperbole.)

"Blushing with 76 modesty, the lovely (76, as before, of course) lady took the bracelet—which was a 24 magnificent diamond clasp (24 *magnificent*, playfully sarcastic; it was probably *not* one of Tucker's)—from the young man's hand, and 84 hesitatingly drew from her beautifully 38 embroidered reticule a 67 portmonnaie. The young man noticed the action, and 73 proudly drawing back, added—

" 'Do not thank me; the pleasure of gazing for an instant at those 100 eyes (perhaps too exaggerated a compliment), has already more than compensated me for any trouble that I might have had.'

and in his brightly gleaming eye—a red eye we think it is—we fancy a spark of poetic fervor may be distinguished.

Mr. Mudge called on us yesterday. We were eating watermelon. Perhaps the reader may have eaten watermelon; if so, he knows how difficult a thing it is to speak, when the mouth is filled with the luscious fruit, and the slippery seed and sweet though embarrassing juice is squizzling out all over the chin and shirt-bosom. So at first we said nothing, but waved with our case-knife toward an unoccupied box, as who should say, sit down. Mr. Mudge accordingly seated himself, and removing his hat (whereat all his hair sprang up straight like a Jack-in-the-Box), turned that article of dress over and over in his hands, and contemplated its condition with alarming seriousness.

“Take some melon, Mr. Mudge?” said we, as with a sudden bolt we recovered our speech and took another slice ourself. “No, I thank you,” replied Mr. Mudge, “I wouldn’t choose any, now.”

There was a solemnity in Mr. Mudge’s manner that arrested our attention; we paused, and holding a large slice of watermelon dripping in the air, listened to what he might have to say.

“Thar was a very serious accident happened to us,” said Mr. Mudge, “as we was crossin the plains. ’Twas on the bank of the Peacus river. Thar was a young man named Jeames Hambrick along, and another young feller, he got to fooling with his pistil, and he shot Jeames. He was a good young man, and hadn’t a enemy in the company; we buried him thar on the Peacus river we did, and as we went off, these here lines sorter passed through

my mind." So saying, Mr. Mudge rose, drew from his pocket—his waistcoat pocket—a crumpled piece of paper, and handed it over. Then he drew from his coat-tail pocket a large cotton handkerchief, with a red ground and yellow figure, slowly unfolded it, blew his nose—an awful blast it was—wiped his eyes, and disappeared. We publish Mr. Mudge's lines, with the remark that any one who says they have no poets or poetry in Arkansas, would doubt the existence of William Shakespeare :

DIRGE ON THE DETH OF JEAMES HAMBRICK.

BY MR. ORION W. MUDGE, ESQ.

it was on June the tenth
our hearts were very sad
for it was by an awfull accident
we lost a fine young lad

Jeames Hambrick was his name
and alas it was his lot
to you I tell the same
he was accidentally shot

on the peacus river side
the sun was very hot
and its there he fell and died
where he was accidentally shot

on the road his character was good
without a stain or blot
and in our opinions grewed
until he was accidentally shot

a few words only he spoke
for moments he had not
and only then he seemed to choke
I was accidentally shot

we wraped him in a blanket good
 for coffin we had not
 and then we buried him where he stood
 when he was accidentally shot

and as we stood around his grave
 our tears the ground did blot
 we prayed to god his soul to save
 he was accidentally shot

This is all, but I writ at the time a epitaff which
 think is short and would do to go over his grave :—

EPITAFF.

here lies the body of Jeames Hambrick
 who was accidentally shot
 on the bank of the peacus river
 by a young man

he was accidentally shot with one of the large size colt's
 revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on it was
 one of the old fashion kind brass mounted and of such
 is the kingdom of heaven

truly yourn.

ORION W MUDGE Esq

THEODORE WINTHROP

descended from John Winthrop, the first governor of Connecticut, was born at New Haven in 1828, and graduated at Yale College in 1848. After leaving college, he spent some time in foreign travel, and returning, entered the counting-house of Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, in New York. In the service of the Pacific Steamship Co., he spent two years on the Isthmus of Panama, and extended his travels thence to California and Oregon. He came back to

New York, and opened a law office, but went off again with Lieut. Strain's expedition to the tropics, in 1854. On the outbreak of the civil war, he joined the artillery corps of the New York Seventh, and when his regiment's term of enlistment was up, accompanied Gen. Butler to Fortress Monroe as military secretary and aid, with the rank of Major. He was killed in the action of Big Bethel, June 10th, 1861. Winthrop's writings are nearly all posthumous, and consist of three novels, *Cecil Dreeme*, *John Brent*, and *Edwin Brothertoft*; two volumes of traveling sketches, *Canoe and Saddle*, and *Isthmiana*, and a collection of papers contributed to the magazines, collected under the title of *Life in the Open Air*. These were all published shortly after his death, and between the years 1861-6.

WASHINGTON AS A CAMP.

OUR BARRACKS AT THE CAPITOL.

We marched up the hill, and when the dust opened, there was our Big Tent ready pitched.

It was an enormous tent,—the Sibley pattern modified. A simple soul in our ranks looked up and said,—“Tent! Canvas! I don't see it: that's marble!” Whereupon a simpler soul informed us,—“Boys that's the Capitol.”

And so it was the Capitol,—as glad to see the New York Seventh Regiment as they to see it. The Capitol was to be our quarters, and I was pleased to notice that the top of the dome had been left off for ventilation.

The Seventh had had a wearisome and anxious progress from New York, as I have chronicled in the June “Atlantic.” We had marched from Annapolis, while “rumors to right of us, rumors to left of us, volleyed and thundered.” We had not expected that the attack upon us would be merely verbal. The truculent citizens of Maryland noti-

fied us that we were to find every barn a Concord and every hedge a Lexington. Our Southern brethren at present repudiate their debts ; but we fancied they would keep their warlike promises. At least, everybody thought, "They will fire over our heads, or bang blank cartridges at us." Every nose was sniffing for the smell of powder. Vapor instead of valor nobody looked for. So the march had been on the *qui vive*. We were happy enough that it was over, and successful.

Successful, because Mumbo Jumbo was not installed in the White House. It is safe to call Jeff Davis Mumbo Jumbo now. But there is no doubt that the luckless man had visions of himself receiving guests, repudiating debts, and distributing embassies in Washington, May 1, 1861. And as to La' Davis, there seems to be documentary evidence that she meant to be "At Home" in the capital, bringing the first strawberries with her from Montgomery for her May-day *sairée*. Bah ! one does not like to sneer at people who have their necks in the halter ; but one happy result of this disturbance is that the disturbers have sent themselves to Coventry. The Lincoln party may be wanting in finish. Finish comes with use. A little roughness of manner, the genuine simplicity of a true soul like Lincoln, is attractive. But what man of breeding could ever stand the type of Southern Senator ? But let him rest in such peace as he can find ! He and his peers will not soon be seen where we of the New York Seventh were now entering.

They gave us the Representatives' Chamber for quarters. Without running the gauntlet of caucus, primary, and election, every one of us attained that sacred shrine. In we marched, tramp, tramp. Bayonets took the

place of buncombe. The frowzy creatures in ill-made dress-coats, shimmering satin waistcoats, and hats of the tile model, who lounge, spit, and vociferate there, and name themselves M. C., were off. Our neat uniforms and bright barrels showed to great advantage compared with the usual costumes of the usual *dramatis personæ* of the scene.

It was dramatic business, our entrance there. The new Chamber is gorgeous, but ineffective. Its ceiling is flat, and paneled with transparencies. Each panel is the coat of arms of a State, painted on glass. I could not see that the impartial sunbeams, tempered by this skylight, had burned away the insignia of the malcontent States. Nor had any rampant Secessionist thought to punch any of the seven lost Pleiades out from that firmament with a long pole. Crimson and gold are the prevailing hues of the decorations. There is no unity and breadth of coloring. The desks of the members radiate in double files from a white marble tribune at the centre of the semi-circle.

In came the new actors on this scene. Our presence here was the inevitable sequel of past events. We appeared with bayonets and bullets because of the bosh uttered on this floor ; because of the bills—with treasonable stump-speeches in their bellies—passed here ; because of the cowardice of the poltroons, the imbecility of the dodgers, and the arrogance of the bullies, who had here co-operated to blind and corrupt the minds of the people. Talk had made a miserable mess of it. The *ultima ratio* was now appealed to.

Some of our companies were marched up-stairs into the galleries. The sofas were to be their beds. With

their white cross-belts and bright breast-plates, they made a very picturesque body of spectators for whatever happened in the Hall, and never failed to applaud in the right or the wrong place at will.

Most of us were bestowed in the amphitheatre. Each desk received its man. He was to scribble on it by day, and sleep under it by night. When the desks were all taken, the companies overflowed into the corners and into the lobbies. The staff took committee-rooms. The Colonel reigned in the Speaker's parlor.

Once in, firstly, we washed.

Such a wash merits a special paragraph. I compliment the M. C.'s, our hosts, upon their water-privileges. How we welcomed this chief luxury after our march! And thenceforth how we prized it! For the clean face is an institution which requires perpetual renovation at Washington. "Constant vigilance is the price" of neatness. When the sky here is not traveling earthward in rain, earth is mounting skyward in dust. So much dirt must have an immoral effect.

After the wash, we showed ourselves to the eyes of Washington, marching by companies, each to a different hotel, to dinner. This became one of the ceremonies of our barrack-life. We liked it. The Washingtonians were amused and encouraged by it. Three times a day, with marked punctuality, our lines formed and tramped down the hill to scuffle with awkward squads of waiters for fare more or less tolerable. In these little marches we encountered by and by the other regiments, and, most soldierly of all, the Rhode Island men, in blue flannel blouses and *bersaglière* hats. But of them hereafter.

It was a most attractive post of ours at the Capitol.

Spring was at its freshest and fairest. Every day was more exquisite than its forerunner. We drilled morning, noon, and evening, almost hourly, in the pretty square east of the building. Old soldiers found that they rattled through the manual twice as alert as ever before. Recruits became old soldiers in a trice. And as to awkward squads, men that would have been the veriest louts and lubbers in the piping times of peace, now learned to toe the mark, to whisk their eyes right and their eyes left, to drop the butts of their muskets without crushing their corns, and all the mysteries of flank and file,—and so became full-fledged heroes before they knew it.

In the rests between our drills, we lay under the young shade on the sweet young grass, with the odors of snow-balls and horse-chestnut blooms drifting to us with every whiff of breeze, and amused ourselves with watching the evolutions of our friends of the Massachusetts Eighth, and other less experienced soldiers, as they appeared upon the field. They too, like ourselves, were going through the transformations. These sturdy fellows were then in a rough enough chrysalis of uniform. That shed, they would look worthy of themselves.

But the best of the entertainment was within the Capitol. Some three thousand or more of us were now quartered there. The Massachusetts Eighth were under the dome. No fear of want of air for them. The Massachusetts Sixth were eloquent for their State in the Senate Chamber. It was singularly fitting, among the many coincidences in the history of this regiment, that they should be there, tacitly avenging the assault upon Sumner and the attempts to bully the impregnable Wilson.

In the recesses, caves, and crypts of the Capitol what

other legions were bestowed I do not know. I daily lost myself, and sometimes when out of my reckoning was put on the way by sentries of strange corps, a Reading Light Infantry man, or some other. We all fraternized. There was a fine enthusiasm among us : not the soldierly rivalry in discipline that may grow up in future between men of different States acting together, but the brotherhood of ardent fellows first in the field and earnest in the cause.

All our life in the Capitol was most dramatic and sensational.

Before it was fairly light in the dim interior of the Representatives' Chamber, the *revelles* of the different regiments came rattling through the corridors. Every snorer's trumpet suddenly paused. The impressive sound of the hushed breathing of a thousand sleepers, marking off the fleet moments of the night, gave way to a most vociferous uproar. The boy element is large in the Seventh Regiment. Its slang dictionary is peculiar and unabridged. As soon as we woke, the pit began to chaff the galleries, and the galleries the pit. We were allowed noise nearly *ad libitum*. Our riotous tendencies, if they existed, escaped by the safety-valve of the larynx. We joked, we shouted, we sang, we mounted the Speaker's desk and made speeches,—always to the point ; for if any but a wit ventured to give tongue, he was coughed down without ceremony. Let the M. C.'s adopt this plan and silence their dunces.

With all our jollity we preserved very tolerable decorum. The regiment is *assez bien composé*. Many of its privates are distinctly gentlemen of breeding and character. The tone is mainly good, and the *esprit de corps*

high. If the Colonel should say, "Up, boys, and at 'em!" I know that the Seventh would do brilliantly in the field. I speak now of its behavior in-doors. This certainly did it credit. Our thousand did the Capitol little harm that a corporal's guard of Biddies, with mops and tubs, could not repair in a forenoon's campaign.

Perhaps we should have served our country better by a little Vandalism. The decorations of the Capitol have a slight flavor of the Southwestern steamboat saloon. The pictures (now, by the way, carefully covered) would most of them be the better if the figures were bayoneted and the backgrounds sabred out. Both—pictures and decorations—belong to that by-gone epoch of our country when men shaved the mustache, dressed like parsons, said "Sir," and chewed tobacco,—a transition epoch, now become an historic blank.

The home correspondence of our legion of young heroes was illimitable. Every one had his little tale of active service to relate. A decimation of the regiment, more or less, had profited by the tender moment of departure to pop the question and to receive the dulcet "Yes." These lucky fellows were of course writing to Dulcinea regularly, three meals of love a day. Mr. Van Wyck, M. C., and a brace of colleagues, were kept hard at work all day giving franks and saving three pennies to the ardent scribes. Uncle Sam lost certainly three thousand cents a day in this manner.

What crypts and dens, caves and cellars, there are under that great structure! And barrels of flour in every one of them this month of May, 1861. Do civilians eat in this proportion? Or does long standing in the "Position of a Soldier" (*vide* "Tactics" for a view of that

graceful *pose*) increase a man's capacity for bread and beef so enormously?

It was infinitely picturesque in these dim vaults by night. Sentries were posted at every turn. Their guns gleamed in the gaslight. Sleepers were lying in their blankets wherever the stones were softest. Then in the guard-room the guard were waiting their turn. We have not had much of this scenery in America, and the physiognomy of volunteer military life is quite distinct from anything one sees in European service. The People have never had occasion until now to occupy their Palace with armed men.

JOURNAL OF A DAY AT CAMP CAMERON.

BY PRIVATE W., COMPANY I.

Boom!

I would rather not believe it; but it is—yes, it is—the morning gun, uttering its surly “Hullo!” to sunrise.

Yes,—and, to confirm my suspicions, here rattle in the drums and pipe in the fifes, wooing us to get up, *get up*, with music too peremptory to be harmonious.

I rise up *sur mon séant* and glance about me. I, Private W., chance, by reason of sundry chances, to be a member of a company recently largely recruited and bestowed all together in a big marquee. As I lift myself up, I see others lift themselves up on those straw bags we kindly call our mattresses. The tallest man of the regiment, Sergeant K., is on one side of me. On the other side I am separated from two of the fattest men of the regiment by Sergeant M., another excellent fellow, prime cook and prime forager.

We are all presently on our pins, — K. on those lengthy continuations of his, and the two stout gentlemen on their stout supporters. The deep sleepers are pulled up from those abysses of slumber where they had been choking, gurgling, strangling, death-rattling all night. There is for a moment a sound of legs rushing into pantaloons and arms plunging into jackets.

Then, as the drums and fifes whine and clatter their last notes, at the flap of our tent appears our orderly, and fierce in the morning sunshine gleams his mustache,—one month's growth this blessed day. "Fall in, for roll-call!" he cries, in a ringing voice. The orderly can speak sharp, if need be.

We obey. Not "Walk in!" "March in!" "Stand in!" is the order; but "Fall in!" as sleepy men must. Then the orderly calls off our hundred. There are several boyish voices which reply, several comic voices, a few mean voices, and some so earnest and manly and alert that one says to himself, "Those are the men for me, when work is to be done!" I read the character of my comrades every morning in each fellow's monosyllable "Here!"

When the orderly is satisfied that not one of us has run away and accepted a Colonelcy from the Confederate States since last roll-call, he notifies those unfortunates who are to be on guard for the next twenty-four hours of the honor and responsibility placed upon their shoulders. Next he tells us what are to be the drills of the day. Then, "Right face! Dismissed! Break ranks! March!"

With ardor we instantly seize tin basin, soap, and towels, and invade a lovely oak grove at the rear and left of our camp. Here is a delicious spring, into which we

have fitted a pump. The sylvan scene becomes peopled with "National Guards Washing,"—a scene meriting the notice of art as much as any "Diana and her Nymphs." But we have no Poussin to paint us in the dewy sunlit grove. Few of us, indeed, know how picturesque we are at all times and seasons.

After this *beau idéal* of a morning toilet comes the ante-prandial drill. Lieutenant W. arrives, and gives us a little appetizing exercise in "Carry arms!" "Support arms!" "By the right flank, march!" "Double quick!"

Breakfast follows. My company messes somewhat helter-skelter in a big tent. We have very tolerable rations. Sometimes luxuries appear of potted meats and hermetical vegetables, sent us by the fond New-Yorkers. Each little knot of fellows, too, cooks something savory. Our table furniture is not elegant, our plates are tin, there is no silver in our forks; but *à la guerre, comme à la guerre*. Let the scrubs grow! Lucky fellows, if they suffer no worse hardships than this!

By and by, after breakfast, come company drills, bayonet practice, battalion drills, and the heavy work of the day. Our handsome Colonel, on a nice black nag, manœuvres his thousand men of the line-companies on the parade for two or three hours. Two thousand legs step off accurately together. Two thousand pipe-clayed cross-belts—whitened with infinite pains and waste of time, and offering a most inviting mark to a foe—restrain the beating bosoms of a thousand braves, as they—the braves, not the belts—go through the most intricate evolutions unerringly. Watching these battalion movements, Private W., perhaps, goes off and inscribes in his journal,—“Any clever, prompt man, with a mechanical

turn, an eye for distance, a notion of time, and a voice of command, can be a tactician. It is pure pedantry to claim that the manœuvring of troops is difficult : it is not difficult, if the troops are quick and steady. But to be a general, with patience and purpose and initiative,—ah !” thinks Private W., “for that you must have the man of genius ; and in this war he already begins to appear out of Massachusetts and elsewhere.”

Private W. avows without fear that about noon, at Camp Cameron, he takes a hearty dinner, and with satisfaction. Private W. has had his feasts in cot and chateau in Old World and New. It is the conviction of said private that nowhere and nowhen has he expected his ration with more interest, and remembered it with more affection, than here.

In the middle hours of the day it is in order to get a pass to go to Washington, or to visit some of the camps, which now, in the middle of May, begin to form a cordon around the city. Some of these I may criticise before the end of this paper. Our capital seems arranged by nature to be protected by fortified camps on the circuit of its hills. It may be made almost a Verona, if need be. Our brother regiments have posts nearly as charming as our own, in these fair groves and on these fair slopes on either side of us.

In the afternoon comes target practice, skirmishing-drill, more company or recruit-drill, and, at half past five, our evening parade. Let me not forget tent inspection at four, by the officer of the day, when our band plays deliciously.

At evening parade all Washington appears. A regiment of ladies, rather indisposed to beauty, observe us.

Sometimes the Dons arrive,—Secretaries of State, of War, of Navy,—or military Dons, bestriding prancing steeds, but bestriding them as if "'twas *not* their habit often of an afternoon." All which,—the bad teeth, pallid skins, and rustic toilets of the fair, and the very moderate horsemanship of the brave,—privates, standing at ease in the ranks, take note of, not cynically, but as men of the world.

Wondrous gymnasts are some of the Seventh, and after evening parade they often give exhibitions of their prowess to circles of admirers. Muscle has not gone out, nor nerve, nor activity, if these athletes are to be taken as the types or even as the leaders of the young city-bred men of our time. All the feats of strength and grace of the gymnasiums are to be seen here, and show to double advantage in the open air.

Then comes sweet evening. The moon rises. It seems always full moon at Camp Cameron. Every tent becomes a little illuminated pyramid. Cooking-fires burn bright along the alleys. The boys lark, sing, shout, do all those merry things that make the entertainment of volunteer service. The gentle moon looks on, mild and amused, the fairest lady of all that visit us.

At last, when the songs have been sung and the hundred rumors of the day discussed, at ten, the intrusive drums and scolding fifes get together and stir up a concert, always premature, called tattoo. The Seventh Regiment begins to peel for bed : at all events, Private W. does ; for said W. takes, when he can, precious good care of his cuticle, and never yields to the lazy and unwholesome habit of soldiers,—sleeping in the clothes. At taps—half past ten—out go the lights. If they do not, presently comes the sentry's peremptory command

to put them out. Then, and until the dawn of another day, a cordon of snorers inside of a cordon of sentries surrounds our national capital. The outer cordon sounds its "All's well;" and the inner cordon, slumbering, echoes it.

And that is the history of any day at Camp Cameron. It is monotonous, it is not monotonous, it is laborious, it is lazy, it is a bore, it is a lark, it is half war, half peace, and totally attractive, and not to be dispensed with from one's experience in the nineteenth century.

HENRY TIMROD

was born at Charleston, in 1829. He entered the University of Georgia, but left without completing his course, and, returning to Charleston, began the study of the law. Finding this distasteful, he abandoned it for literary pursuits, and supported himself by private tutoring. In 1848-9 he began a series of contributions to *The Southern Literary Messenger*. He was afterward engaged as a contributor to *Russell's Magazine*, issued at Charleston, and in 1860 he published at Boston his first volume of poems. During the civil war, Timrod acted as war correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* with the Confederate Army of the West, and in 1864 he became assistant editor of the *South Carolinian*, published at Columbia, S. C. Sherman's raid broke up his business, and he returned once more to Charleston, and obtained a temporary position as secretary in the Governor's office. After two years of illness and extreme poverty, he died in 1867. A complete edition of his poems was published at New York in 1873.

KATIE.

It may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home,

By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air !
I cannot tell, but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle, whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still !

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet ;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head ;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup !
I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way !
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath :
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk the rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn !

All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by ;

The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious vein
The mavis pours her mellow strain !
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the glistening woods rejoice
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale.

CHARLESTON.

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand ;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not: in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb!

THE ROSEBUDS.

Yes, in that dainty ivory shrine,
With those three pallid buds, I twine
And fold away a dream divine !

One night they lay upon a breast
Where love hath made his fragrant nest,
And throned me as a life-long guest.

Near that chaste heart that seemed to me
Type of far fairer flowers to be—
The rosebuds of a human tree !

Buds that shall bloom beside my hearth,
And there be held of richer worth
Than all the kingliest gems of earth.

Ah me ! the pathos of the thought !
I had not deemed she wanted aught ;
Yet what a tender charm it wrought !

I know not if she marked the flame
That lit my cheek, but not from shame,
When one sweet image dimly came.

There was a murmur soft and low ;
White folded cambric, parted slow ;
And little fingers played with snow !

How far my fancy dared to stray,
A lover's reverence needs not say—
Enough—the vision passed away !

Passed in a mist of happy tears,
While something in my tranced ears
Hummed like the future in a seer's !

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN

was born in Ireland in 1829, and came to America in 1852. On the breaking out of the civil war, he marched to Washington with the New York Seventh Regiment. He died at Baltimore in 1862, from the effects of a wound received in a cavalry skirmish. At the time of his death, he was on the staff of Gen. Lander. Mr. O'Brien's writings, which consist mainly of poems and tales contributed to various periodicals, have never been published collectively. In the *Round Table* of June 6th, 1868, and in *Harper's Weekly* of April 26th, 1862, may be found a more extended account of his writings and career.

KANE.

DIED 16TH FEBRUARY, 1857.

Aloft, upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced ;
Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting flocs,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came.
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted, and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Northern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done,
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late—too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it ; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven !

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life !
We will not weep for him who died so well ;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well ;
Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell !

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice !
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With Hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow !
Night lengthening into months ; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food ;
The lethargy of famine ; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued ;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind !
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew

Into black thoughts of murder : such the throng
Of horrors round the hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played !
Sinking himself—yet ministering aid

To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate ;
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial—every fate—
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state ;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE !

THE DIAMOND LENS.

At the point where the extract begins, the narrator, an enthusiastic microscopist, having secured by murder and robbery a diamond lens of immense power, proceeds to apply it to a drop of water.

At last the eventful moment came ; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new

worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting

hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity ; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades, until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate were to be seen, save those vast auroral corpses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude ! I had hoped, at least, to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,—but still, some living organism. I find my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words

cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? Or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say "human," I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long lustrous hair, following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beetho-

ven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This, indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly,—alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upward. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand, and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her, as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the

spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold ! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance ? Had she a lover or a husband ? Yes, that was the solution ! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule !

It is true, that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures, that live and struggle and die, in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that ? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once ! Could I for one moment

pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together, to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger, who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart !

But it could not be. No invention, of which human intellect was capable, could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and, even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

THE SPILLING OF THE CUP.

I arose the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my microscope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. *Animula* was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning, when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gam-

boled with the enchanting grace that the Nymph Salma-cis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained, I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of all weight. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips moved. Ah ! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entranced my ears ! what jubilant hymns to Adonaïs would have thrilled the illumined air !

I now comprehend how it was that the Count de Gabbalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs,—beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire, and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light. The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized.

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day from early dawn, and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals. My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction, that, although I could

gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me.

At length I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest, and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. "Come," I said, "this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on Animula charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish."

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful as well as the most graceful woman in the world. I instantly dressed and went to the theatre.

The curtain drew up. The usual semi-circle of fairies in white muslin was standing on the right toe around the enameled flower-bank of green canvas, on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the Signorina. She bounded forward amid thunders of applause, and lighting on one foot remained poised in air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely-painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular and distressed the eye. I could bear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina's *pas de fascination*, and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Animula was there,—but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous lustre of her golden hair had faded. She was ill!—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human birthright, if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed, as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim, and in some places faded away altogether. I watched Animula for hours with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Ani-

mula and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there,—but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye. I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Animula,—and she was dying.

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through. Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light. Ah! the sight was horrible; the limbs, once so round and lovely, shriveling up into nothings; the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throe came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations, that love a joke, invite me to lecture on Optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. "Linley, the mad microscopist," is the name I go by. I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula.

GEORGE ARNOLD

was born at New York in 1834. His parents removed to Alton, Illinois, in 1837, and in 1849 to Strawberry Farms, New Jersey. Arnold never went to school. In 1852 he was placed in the studio of a portrait painter in New York City. He soon abandoned art as a profession, but his early studies were of use to him afterward as an art-critic. His literary career extended over a period of about twelve years, from 1853 to 1865. "In that course of time," says his biographer, "he wrote with equal facility and versatility stories, sketches, essays, poems, comic and satirical verses, criticisms of books and pictures, editorial articles, jokes, and pointed paragraphs" for various magazines and newspapers. The best known of his prose humors were the "McArone" papers, begun in *Vanity Fair* in 1860, and ended in the *New York Weekly Review* in 1865. He died in the latter year. His collected poems were published in two volumes: *Drift, and Other Poems*, in 1866, and *Poems, Grave and Gay*, in 1867.

DRIFT.

O cool, green waves that ebb and flow,
Reflecting calm, blue skies above,
How gently now ye come and go,
Since ye have drowned my love !

Ye lap the shore of beaten sand,
With cool, salt ripples circling by ;
But from your depths a ghostly hand,
Points upward to the sky.

O waves ! strew corals, white and red,
With shells and strange weeds from the deep,
To make a rare and regal bed
Whereon my love may sleep :

May sleep, and sleeping, dream of me,
In dreams that lovers find so sweet ;
And I will couch me by the sea,
That we in dreams may meet.

AN AUTUMN JOY.

It is a fair autumnal day,
The ground is strewn with yellow leaves ;
The maple stems gleam bare and gray ;
The grain is piled in golden sheaves ;
Afar I hear the speckled quails,
Pipe shrill amid the stubble dry ;
And muffled beats from noisy flails,
Within the barn near by.

The latest roses now are dead,
Their petals scattered far and wide,
The sumac-berries, richly red,
Bedeck the lane on either side ;
A dreamy calm is in the air,
A dreamy echo on the sea :
Ah, never was a day more fair
Than this, which comes to me !

I see the stacks of ripened corn,
The golden sunshine on the roof,
The diamond dew-drops of the morn,
That string with gems the spider's woof ;
An azure haze is hanging low
About the outline of the hills,
And chanting sea-fowl southward go
From marshes, lakes, and kills.

For many years the autumn brought
A plaintive sadness to my soul,
That shaded e'en my brightest thought,
And on my gayest moments stole ;

'Twas sad, yet sweet, a strange alloy
Of hope and sorrow intertwined :
This autumn brings me only joy ;
No shadow haunts my mind.

And why is this? the dead leaves fall,
The blossoms wither as of old,
And winter comes, with snowy pall,
To wrap the earth so deadly cold ;
The sea-fowl, strung athwart the sky,
Still chant their plaintive monotone ;
And why, when leaves and blossoms die,
Should I feel joy alone ?

O, ask me not,—I dare not tell ;
I must not all my heart-disclose.
I think a fairy wove a spell
About me, when decayed the rose !
Two gifts did dying summer bring,—
Two symbols of undying bliss,—
Upon my finger glows a ring,
Upon my lips a kiss !

IN THE DARK.

All moveless stand the ancient cedar trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow ;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone ;
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large pale star its glimmering vigil keeps ;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky ;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange, salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll :
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul !

I stretch my hands out in the empty air ;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night ;
Blackness of darkness ! . . . Father, hear my prayer ;
Grant me to see the light.

CHARLES FARRER BROWNE

(ARTEMUS WARD)

was born at Waterford, Maine, in 1836. He was a printer by trade, and afterward a newspaper writer and editor at Boston, Toledo, and finally at Cleveland, Ohio, where his comicalities, printed in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, over the pen name of Artemus Ward, first began to draw attention about 1859, and became rapidly popular. In 1860 he was attracted to New York, and joined the editorial staff of *Vanity Fair*. From the editor's desk he went upon the platform in 1861, as a humorous lecturer, beginning at Norwich, Conn., and extending his travels in 1863-4 to California, and back across the plains, lecturing at San Francisco, Salt Lake

City, and in the mining districts. In 1866 Mr. Browne went to England, and delivered his lecture on the Mormons to crowded houses at Egyptian Hall. His health failing, he went for a short time to the Isle of Jersey, but received no benefit, and died at Southampton in 1867. A volume comprising his complete writings was published at London in 1868. The contents include *Artemus Ward—His Book*; *Artemus Ward Among the Fenians*; *On the Rampage*; *Perlite Literatoor*; *Artemus Ward in London*; with humorous lectures, essays, sketches, etc.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM.

(FROM "LECTURE ON THE MORMONS.")

These are the houses of Brigham Young. The first on the right is the Lion House—so called because a crouching stone lion adorns the central front window. The adjoining small building is Brigham Young's office—and where he receives his visitors. The large house in the centre of the picture—which displays a huge bee-hive—is called the Bee House—the bee-hive is supposed to be symbolical of the industry of the Mormons. Mrs. Brigham Young the first—now quite an old lady—lives here with her children. None of the other wives of the prophet live here. In the rear are the school-houses where Brigham Young's children are educated.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. These spiritual marriages—as the Mormons call them—are contracted with aged widows—who think it a great honor to be sealed—the Mormons call it being sealed—to the prophet.

So we may say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely—but two hundred well. He is dreadfully

married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her—but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

A few days before my arrival in Utah—Brigham was married again—to a young and really pretty girl—but he says he shall stop now. He told me confidentially, that he shouldn't get married any more. He says that all he wants now is to live in peace for the remainder of his days—and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family. Well—that's all right—that's all right—I suppose—but if all his family soothe his dying pillow, he'll have to go out-doors to die.

By the way—Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have? But we will let this pass.

Some of the Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation, in the Mormon village of Provost—but during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew that he was much married—and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success—but I didn't get any money.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

Heber C. Kimball's Harem.—Mr. C. Kimball is the first vice-president of the Mormon church—and would—consequently—succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death.

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some sev-

enty summers—or some'ers there about. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day—while he was absent from home—these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man—which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistuel.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man— informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthaumaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

(Soft Music.)

I hope this sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress, the myrtle, and the willow. This music is a dirge by the eminent pianist for Mr. Kimball's son. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there—and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon—offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day—and taking their soft, white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears.

And I said—"Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size—
They said—

“Oh—soon thou wilt be gonested away !”

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said—“Doth not like us?”

I said—“I doth—I doth !”

I also said—“I hope your intentions are honorable—as I am a lone child—my parents being far—far away.”

They then said—“Wilt not marry us?”

I said—“Oh—no—it cannot was.”

Again they asked me to marry them—and again I declined. When they cried—

“Oh—cruel man ! this is too much—oh ! too much !”

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

This is the Mormon temple.

It is built of adobe—and will hold five thousand persons quite comfortably. A full brass and string band often assists the choir of this church—and the choir—I may add—is a remarkably good one.

Brigham Young seldom preaches now. The younger elders—unless on some special occasion—conduct the services. I only heard Mr. Young once. He is not an educated man—but speaks with considerable force and clearness. The day I was there, there was nothing coarse in his remarks.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The foundations of the Temple.

These are the foundations of the magnificent Temple

the Mormons are building. It is to be built of hewn stone, and will cover several acres of ground. They say it shall eclipse in splendor all other temples in the world. They also say it shall be paved with solid gold.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the architect of this contemplated gorgeous affair repudiated Mormonism, and is now living in London.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The Temple as it is to be.

This pretty little picture is from the architect's design—and cannot therefore, I suppose, be called a fancy sketch.

Should the Mormons continue unmolested—I think they will complete this rather remarkable edifice.

Great Salt Lake.—The great salt dead sea of the desert.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. It is eighty miles wide, and one hundred and thirty miles long. Solid masses of salt are daily washed ashore in immense heaps—and the Mormon in want of salt has only to go to the shore of this lake and fill his cart. Only—the salt for table use has to be subjected to a boiling process.

These are facts—susceptible of the clearest possible proof. They tell one story about this lake—however—that I have my doubts about. They say a Mormon farmer drove forty head of cattle in there once—and they came out first-rate pickled beef.

* * * * *

* * * * *

I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence—I am a man short—and have to work the moon myself.*

I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The Endowment House.

In this building the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of the faith.

Strange stories are told of the proceedings which are held in this building—but I have no possible means of knowing how true they may be.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

Echo Canyon.

Salt Lake City is fifty-five miles behind us—and this is Echo Canyon—in reaching which we are supposed to have crossed the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains.

* "The moon myself."—Here Artemus would leave the rostrum for a few moments, and pretend to be engaged behind. The picture was painted for a night scene, and the effect intended to be produced was that of the moon rising over the lake, and rippling on the waters. It was produced in the usual dioramic way, by making the track of the moon transparent, and throwing the moon on from the bull's-eye of a lantern. When Artemus went behind, the moon would become nervous and flickering, dancing up and down in the most inartistic and undecided manner. The result was that, coupled with the lecturer's oddly-expressed apology, the "moon" became one of the best laughed-at parts of the entertainment.

These ochre-colored bluffs, formed of conglomerate-sandstone, and full of fossils, signal the entrance to the Canyon. At its base lies Weber Station.

Echo Canyon is about twenty-five miles long. It is really the sublimest thing between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. The red wall to the left develops, further up the Canyon, into pyramids—buttresses—and castles, honeycombed and fretted in nature's own massive magnificence of architecture.

In 1856, Echo Canyon was the place selected by Brigham Young for the Mormon General Wells to fortify and make impregnable against the advance of the American army—led by General Albert Sidney Johnson. It was to have been the Thermopylæ of Mormondom—but it wasn't. General Wells was to have done Leonidas—but he didn't.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

A more cheerful view of the desert.

The wild snow-storms have left us, and we have thrown our wolf-skin overcoats aside. Certain tribes of far-western Indians bury their distinguished dead by placing them high in air and covering them with valuable furs. That is a very fair representation of these mid-air tombs. Those animals are horses—I know they are—because my artist says so. I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact. The artist came to me about six months ago—and said—"It is useless to disguise it from you any longer—they are horses."

It was while crossing this desert that I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted. They were dressed in beaver skins—and they were armed with rifles—knives—and pistols.

What could I do?—What could a poor old orphan do? I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run, I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—in wagons—on their way to the battle-field. But there were too many of these Injuns. There were forty of them—and only one of me—and so I said—

“Great Chief—I surrender.”

His name was Wocky-bocky. He dismounted—and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky came very close

(Pointing to Panorama.)

to me, and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses, and he rubbed his dreadful tomahawk across my lily-white face. He said—

“Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean !”

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said, “Wink-ho-loo-boo !”

Says I—“Mr. Wocky-bocky,”—says I,—“Wocky, I have thought so for years—and so's all our family.”

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong Heart—and eat raw dog. It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer pork-pie—because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me—I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days—I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter—and I said to her, in a silvery voice—in a kind of German silvery voice—I said—

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws ! I had paused too long ! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich ; he had diamonds on. As I seized him he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary.

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS

was born in New York City in 1840, and graduated at Yale College in 1862. He then studied law at the Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. His health being delicate, he did not enter on the practice of his profession, but devoted himself to reading and study, and traveled for some time in Europe. In 1866, he published his first volume of poems, and in 1870, a second, entitled *Episodes and Lyric Pieces*. He died at Harlem, N. Y., in 1876. In 1877, a posthumous volume of his verse was published, entitled *Twenty Poems*.

MOONLIGHT.

"Nay, wait me here—I'll not be long ;

"Tis but a little way ;

I'll come ere you have sung the song

I made you yesterday.

"'Tis but to cross yon streak of light,—

And fresh the breezes blow ;

You will not lose me from your sight—

One kiss, and now I go !"

So, in the pleasant night of June,
He lightly sails away,
To where the glimmer of the moon
Lies right across the bay.

And she sits singing on the shore
A song of pure delight ;
The boat flies on—a little more,
And he will cross the light.

The boat flies on, the song is done,
The light before him gleams ;
A little more, and he has won !
'Tis farther than it seems.

The boat flies on, the boat flies fast ;
The wind blows strong and free ;
The boat flies on, the bay is past,
He sails into the sea.

And on, and on, and ever on,
The light lies just before ;
But ah, forevermore is done
The song upon the shore !

A WINTER EVENING.

Expecting his, her fancy talks
(By like and unlike set astir)
Of one of her last summer walks
To where he sat expecting her.

We had no sunset here to-day,
Nor are there any stars to-night ;
But all above was pearly gray
And all beneath was silver white ;

And still the snow-flakes fall and fall
In silence, for the weary breeze
Is sleeping and no noise at all
Is in the bushes or the trees,
On which the snow lies like white moss,
Too light to bend them ; but the grass
Must be quite hidden all across
The meadow through which he will pass
Unheard, unseen, till he is near
The lilac sparkling in the glow
Of this my little lamp, placed here
To call him to me through the snow.

'Tis not so very cold without ;
But here within 'tis light and warm,
The hot wood murmurs, wrapped about
By lithe long flames of fickle form ;
And swiftly running on, to make
Its lurking cuckoo leap and laugh,
The clock's incessant chatterings wake
An answering echo in behalf
Of sweeter noises than its own :
Till, hearing them I seem to see
Once more the meadows overgrown
With waving grass, and every tree
With bright green leaves well woven close
To take the sunlight, and the wind
Almost to take, that comes and goes
And never quite makes up its mind.
And in the meadows near and far,
With daisies and snapdragon dight,
Unanswerable crickets are
Forever singing out of sight ;

And little flickering brooks that flow
To their own music ever, make
For me a music that I know—
How well indeed, who used to take
The path so often close beside
The brightest of them, singing past
Well-watered grass on either side,
Till, o'er the little bridge at last,
Good-by to brook and path, but not
Till, spite of all the surly bees
That grudge the treasure, I have got
As many ear-drops as I please :
And then the meadow ('twas a sin
To flout the quiet daisies so);
With scared grasshoppers out and in
The grasses leaping as I go ;
Along the moss-grown shaky wall,
Across the close-nipped pasture-ground
Where only mulleins dare grow tall,
And blackberry vines creep close around
The gray-green mossy rocks that sleep
Luxurious in the flattering light
Of sunshine all day long, and keep
Warm sides to feel of in the night ;
Past patient cows that mildly gaze
Upon me as I pass them by,
And stop to fix a lock that strays,
And startle at a far-off cry ;—
And then a turn, and there is naught
Between me and the place I know
But vines and bushes interwrought
To make a screening tangle go

About a green and golden glade,
Where 'neath the appointed chestnut tree,
And quaintly dappled by its shade,
Who is it I have come to see?
And yet, forsooth, the eager eyes
Must cloud a little and go astray
A moment with the thoughts that rise
Of many things, and will have way,
Before I dare to draw the screen
Of interwoven leaves apart
A little way, and peer between,
And see him, with as full a heart—

As now I have to see him there,
Behind my lilac in the snow
Peering at me, and with an air
As if a woman would not know !

WINTER SUNSET.

I saw a cloud at set of sun
Exceeding white and fair,
High over every other one,
And poised in purer air.

Like one that follows, forward bent,
With arms outspread before,
Into the splendid west he went
Just as the day was o'er.

I saw him turn to rosy red,
I saw him turn to fire,
I saw him burn away instead
Of ceasing to desire.

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